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George Bancroft.

MEMOIRS

OF

THE LIFE,

WRITINGS AND CORRESPONDENCE,

OF

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

BY

LORD TEIGNMOUTH.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

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MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE, WRITINGS, AND CORRESPONDENCE,

OF

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

SIR WILLIAM JONES embarked for India in the Crocodile frigate; and in April 1783, left his native country, to which he was never to return, with the unavailing regret and affectionate wishes of his numerous friends and admirers.

As to himself, the melancholy impressions which he could not but feel on such an occasion, were alleviated by various considerations. The expectations of five years were now accomplished in the attainment of his wishes; he anticipated the

utility of his official labours to the public, and the occupation so peculiarly delightful to him, of investigating unexplored mines of literature. Sir William Jones was now in his thirty-seventh year, in the full vigour of his faculties, and he looked forward with ardour to the pleasures and advantages arising from his situation in India, without any apprehension that the climate of that country would prove hostile to his constitution. A difference of opinion on great political questions, without diminishing his regard for his friends, had narrowed his habits of intercourse with some whom he sincerely esteemed, and he felt therefore the less regret in quitting those whose principles he wished to approve, but from whom, an adherence to his own frequently compelled him to dissent. He reflected with pleasure on the independency of his station, that the line of duty, which it prescribed, was strait and

defined,

defined, and in leaving his native country, for which he retained the warmest affection, he was not sorry to abandon all political cares and discussions. But his greatest consolation and enjoyment were derived from the society of Lady Jones.

To those who are destitute of internal resources, whose habits have led them to seek for amusement in the miscellaneous occurrences and topics of the day only, a sea voyage is a period of fatigue, languor, and anxiety. To Sir William Jones every new scene was interesting; and his mind, exercised by incessant study and reflection, possessed an inexhaustible fund of subjects; which he could at pleasure select and apply to the purposes of recreation and improvement, but his application during his voyage was more particularly directed to those studies, by which he was to enlarge the requisite qualifications for discharging the duties of his public station,

with satisfaction to himself, and benefit to the community.*

The

* The following memorandum was written by Sir William Jones during his voyage.

Objects of Enquiry during my residence in Asia.

1. The Laws of the Hindus and Mohammedans.
2. The History of the *Ancient* World.
3. Proofs and Illustrations of Scripture.
4. Traditions concerning the Deluge, &c.
5. Modern Politics and Geography of Hindustan.
6. Best Mode of governing Bengal.
7. Arithmetic and Geometry, and mixed Sciences of the Asiatics.
8. Medicine, Chemistry, Surgery, and Anatomy of the Indians.
9. Natural Productions of India.
10. Poetry, Rhetoric, and Morality of Asia.
11. Music of the Eastern Nations.
12. The Shi-King, or 300 Chinese Odes.
13. The best accounts of Tibet and Cashmir.
14. Trade, Manufactures, Agriculture, and Commerce of India.
15. Mogul Constitution, contained in the Defteri Alemghiri, and Ayein Acbari.
16. Mahratta Constitution.

To

The following short letter to Lord Ashburton, written a few weeks after his embarkation, may not be unacceptable to the reader:

To print and publish the *Gospel* of St. Luke in Arabic.

To publish Law Tracts in Persian or Arabic.

To print and publish the *Psalms* of *David* in Persian Verse.

To compose, if God grant me Life,

1. Elements of the Laws of England.
   Model—The Essay on Bailment—Aristotle.
2. The History of the *American* War.
   Model—Thucydides and Polybius.
3. Britain discovered, an Heroic Poem on the Constitution of England. Machinery. Hindu Gods.
   Model—Homer.
4. Speeches, Political and Forensic.
   Model—Demosthenes.
5. Dialogues, Philosophical and Historical.
   Model—Plato.
6. Letters. *Model*—Demosthenes and Plato.

12th July, 1783. Crocodile Frigate.

Sir

Sir WILLIAM JONES to Lord ASHBURTON.

April 27, 1783.

Your kind letter found me on board the Crocodile: I should have been very unhappy had it missed me, since I have long habituated myself to set the highest value on every word you speak, and every line you write. Of the two inclosed letters to our friends, Impey and Chambers, I will take the greatest care, and will punctually follow your directions as to the first of them. My departure was sudden indeed; but the Admiralty were so anxious for the sailing of this frigate, and their orders were so peremptory, that it was impossible to wait for any thing but a breeze. Our voyage has hitherto been tolerably pleasant, and, since we left the Channel, very quick. We begin to see albicores about the ship, and to perceive an agreeable change of climate.

mate. Our days, though short, give me ample time for study, recreation, and exercise; but my joy and delight proceed from the surprising health and spirits of Anna Maria, who joins me in affectionate remembrance to Lady Ashburton. As to you, my dear Lord, we consider you as the spring and fountain of our happiness, as the author and parent, (a Roman would have added, what the coldness of our northern language will hardly admit) the *god* of our fortunes. It is possible indeed, that by incessant labour and irksome attendance at the bar, I might in due time have attained all that my very limited ambition could aspire to; but in no other station than that which I owe to your friendship, could I have gratified at once my boundless curiosity concerning the people of the East, continued the exercise of my profession, in which I sincerely delight, and enjoyed at the same time the comforts

comforts of domestic life. The grand jury of Denbighshire, have found, I understand, the bill against the Dean of St. Asaph, for publishing my dialogue; but as an indictment for a theoretical essay on government was I believe never before known, I have no apprehension for the consequences. As to the doctrines in the tract, though I shall certainly not preach them to the Indians, who must and will be governed by absolute power, yet I shall go through life with a persuasion, that they are just and rational, that substantial freedom is both the daughter and parent of virtue, and that virtue is the only source of public and private felicity. Farewell.

* * * * * *

In the course of the voyage he stopped at Madeira, and, in ten additional weeks of prosperous sailing from the rugged islands of Cape Verd, arrived at Hinzuan

or

or Joanna. Of this island, where he remained a few days only, he has published an interesting and amusing description. He expatiates with rapture on his approach to it, delineates with the skill of an artist the beauties of the scenery, and sketches with the discriminating pen of a philosopher, the characters and manners of the unpolished but hospitable natives. The novelty of the scene was attractive, and its impression upon his mind is strongly marked by the following just and elegant reflection, which in substance is more than once repeated in his writings:—"If life "were not too short for the complete dis- "charge of all our respective duties, pub- "lic and private, and for the acquisition "even of necessary knowledge in any de- "gree of perfection, with how much plea- "sure and improvement might a great part "of it be spent in admiring the beauties of

"this

" this wonderful orb, and contemplating " the nature of man in all its varieties!"*

But it would be injustice to his memory, to pass over without particular notice, the sensible and dignified rebuke, with which he repelled the rude attack of Mussulman bigotry on the divinity of our Saviour. During a visit which he made to a native of the island, a Coran was produced for his inspection, and his attention was pointedly directed to a passage in a commentary accusing the Christians of blasphemy, in calling our Saviour the Son of God. "The " commentator (he replied) was much to " blame for passing so indiscriminate and " hasty a censure; the title which gave " your legislator, (and which gives you such " offence, was often applied in *Judea* by " a bold figure, agreeably to the *Hebrew* " idiom, though unusual in *Arabic*, to *an-*

* Sir William Jones's Works, vol. iv. p. 488.

" *gels*,

"*gels*, to *holy men*, and even to *all mankind*,
"who are commanded to call God their
"father; and in this large sense, the
"Apostle to the Romans calls the elect the
"*children* of God, and the Messiah the
"*first born among many brethren*; but the
"words *only begotten* are applied transcen-
"dantly and incomparably to him alone;
"and as for me, who believe the Scriptures
"which you also profess to believe, though
"you assert without proof that we have
"altered them, I cannot refuse him an
"appellation, though far surpassing our
"reason, by which he is distinguished in
"the Gospel; and the believers in Mo-
"hammed, who expressly names him the
"Messiah, and pronounces him to have
"been born of a virgin (which alone might
"fully justify the phrase condemned by
"this author) are themselves condemn-
"able, for cavilling at words, when they
"cannot

" cannot object to the substance of our " faith, consistently with their own*."

This quotation affords a decisive proof of the belief of Sir William Jones, in the sublime doctrines of the Christian religion. Had he been an infidel, he would have smiled at the scoffs of Mussulman bigotry; and had he been indifferent to his faith, he would have been silent on an occasion, where he could expect neither candour nor concessions from his antagonists. Indeed he was well aware, that a religious dispute with those zealots, would have been fruitless and unseasonable, and might have been dangerous; but, as it was inconsistent with his principles, to disavow or conceal what he firmly believed and professed, he could not suffer the attack to pass without reprehension, and he grounded it on premises, which his oppo-

* Sir William Jones's Works, vol. i. p. 485.

nents could not dispute, nor did they venture to answer.

From Hinzuan to the Ganges, nothing material occurred, and he landed at Calcutta, in September 1783. His reputation had preceded his arrival, which was anxiously expected, and he had the happiness to find, that his appointment had diffused a general satisfaction, which his presence now rendered complete. The students of the Oriental languages were eager to welcome a scholar, whose erudition in that branch of literature was unrivalled, and whose labours and genius had assisted their progress; while the public rejoiced in the possession of a magistrate, whose probity and independence were no less acknowledged than his abilities.

With what rapture he himself contemplated his new situation, may be more easily conceived than described. As a magistrate of the supreme court of judicature,

cature, he had now that opportunity, which he ever ardently desired, of devoting his talents to the service of his native country, and of promoting the happiness of the community in which he resided; while the history, antiquities, natural productions, arts, sciences, and literature of Asia, opened an extensive and almost boundless field to his enquiries. He was now placed amidst a people, whose pretensions to antiquity had hitherto eluded research, and whose manners, religion, and customs, still retained the same characteristical peculiarities, by which they were originally distinguished. Time, who spreads the veil of oblivion over the opinions and works of mankind, who annihilates empires and the records of their existence, had spared the doctrines and language of the followers of Brama, and amidst the ravages of conquest and oppressions of tyranny, seemed to protect with parental care some

of

of the earliest monuments of his reign. The Hindoos in fact presented to the observation of Sir William Jones, a living picture of antiquity: and although the colouring might be somewhat faded and obscured, the lineaments of the original character were still discernible by the most superficial observer, whilst he remarked them with discrimination and rapture.

In December 1783, he entered upon his judicial functions, and at the opening of the sessions, delivered his first charge to the grand jury. The public had formed a high estimate of his oratorical powers, nor were they disappointed. His address was elegant, concise, and appropriate; the exposition of his sentiments and principles was equally manly and conciliatory, and calculated to inspire general satisfaction, as the known sincerity of his character was a test of his adherence to his professions. In glancing at dissentions,

which,

which, at no remote period, had unfortunately prevailed between the supreme executive and judicial powers in Bengal, he shewed that they might and ought to be avoided, that the functions of both were distinct, and could be exercised without danger of collision, in promoting what should be the object of both, the public good.

In the intervals of leisure from his professional duties, he directed his attention to scientific objects; he soon saw that the field of research in India, was of an extent to baffle the industry of any individual; and that whatever success might attend his own indefatigable labours, it could only be explored by the united efforts of many. With these ideas, he devised the institution of a society in Calcutta, on the plan of those established in the principal cities of Europe, as best calculated to excite and facilitate the enquiries

quiries of the ingenious, as affording the means of preserving the numerous little tracts and essays, which otherwise would be lost to the public, and of concentrating all the valuable knowledge, which might be obtained in Asia. The suggestion was received with the greatest satisfaction by several gentlemen to whom he communicated it, and the members of the new association, assembled for the first time, in January 1784.

The repetition of a narrative, which has already appeared in several publications*, may be deemed superfluous; but a detail of the circumstances attending the formation of an Institution, of which Sir William Jones was not only the founder, but the brightest ornament, cannot with propriety be omitted in the memoirs of his life.

* Asiatic Researches, vol. i. Introduction. The account is omitted in the works of Sir William Jones.

It had been resolved to follow, as nearly as possible, the plan of the Royal Society in London, of which the King is the patron, and at the first meeting, it was therefore agreed, to address the Governor-General and Council of Bengal, explaining the objects of the society, and soliciting the honour of their patronage, which was granted in the most flattering terms of approbation. The members next proceeded to the nomination of a president: and as Warren Hastings, Esquire, then Governor-General of India, had distinguished himself as the first liberal promoter of useful knowledge in Bengal, and especially as the great encourager of Persian and Sanscrit literature, they deemed him entitled to every mark of distinction, which it was in their power to offer: and although they were aware, that the numerous and important duties of his public station, might prove an insurmountable objec-

objection to his acquiescence, they nevertheless determined to solicit his acceptance of the honorary title of president of the society, as a just tribute of respect, which the occasion seemed to demand, and which could not have been omitted, without an appearance of inattention to his distinguished merit.

The application was received with the acknowledgment due to the motives which dictated it: but Mr. Hastings, for the reasons which had been anticipated, declined his acceptance of the proffered title, and "begged leave to resign his pre-"tensions to the gentleman, whose genius "had planned the institution, and was "most capable of conducting it, to the "attainment of the great and splendid "purposes of its formation." Sir William Jones, upon the receipt of this answer, was immediately and unanimously

 requested

requested to accept the presidency of the society. On this occasion, he addressed the following letter to Mr. Hastings:

MY DEAR SIR;

Independently of my general presumption, that whatever you determine is right, I cannot but admit the solidity of the reasons, which induce you to decline that precedence, to which, if our society were in its full vigour instead of being in its cradle, you would have a title paramount to all, who have been, are, or will be, in this country. Every part of your letter (except that which your kind indulgence makes so honourable to me) carries with it the clearest conviction. Your first reason (namely, an unwillingness to accept an honorary trust, and want of leisure for one, that may require an active part) must appear satisfactory to all. I trust, you will consider our act as

proceeding

proceeding solely from our anxiety to give you that distinction, which justice obliged us to give. As to myself, I could never have been satisfied, if, in traversing the sea of knowledge, I had fallen in with a ship of your rate and station, without striking my flag. One thing more, my dear Sir, I must assure you of, that in whatever manner your objections had been stated, I should have thought them just and wise; and if it were not for the pleasure, which your friendly communication of them has given me, I should repent of the trouble which our intended homage has occasioned.

I return Mr. Turner's letters, with many thanks for the entertainment which Lady J. and myself have received from them. I promise myself much delight and instruction from his conversation, and hope that when he shall think proper to communicate

cate a relation of his travels*, he will prefer our society to that of London. I will pay my respects to you in the evening, and am concerned, from a selfish motive, that the place where I now write, will so soon lose one of its greatest advantages. Believe me to be, with unfeigned regard, dear Sir,

Your faithful and obedient servant,

WILLIAM JONES.

* * * * * *

To this public and private record of the merit of Mr. Hastings, in promoting and encouraging the pursuits of literature in Asia, the addition of any further testimony

* This relation was published in 1800, under the title of "An Account of an Embassy to the Court of Teshoo "Lama in Tibet;" &c., by Captain Samuel Turner. It is exceedingly curious and interesting. The author, whose amiable manners and good qualities had endeared him to his friends, was seized with an apoplexy as he was walking the streets of London, and died within two days.

must

must be superfluous; yet I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of stating briefly the grounds of his claims to that distinction, which excited the acknowledgments and prompted the solicitation of the society.

Mr. Hastings entered into the service of the East-India company, with all the advantages of a regular classical education, and with a mind strongly impressed with the pleasures of literature. The common dialects of Bengal, after his arrival in that country, soon became familiar to him; and at a period when the use and importance of the Persian language were scarcely suspected, and when the want of that grammatical and philological assistance, which has facilitated the labours of succeeding students, rendered the attainment of it a task of peculiar difficulty, he acquired a proficiency in it. His success not only contributed to make known the advantages of the acquisition, but proved an inducement

ment to others to follow his example, and the general knowledge of the Persian language, which has been since attained by the servants of the East-India company, has conspired to produce political effects of the greatest national importance, by promoting and accelerating the improvements, which have taken place in the system of internal administration in Bengal.

If Mr. Hastings cannot claim the merit of having himself explored the mine of Sanscrit literarure, he is eminently entitled to the praise of having invited and liberally encouraged the researches of others. But he has a claim to commendations of a higher nature; for a conduct no less favourable to the cause of literature, than to the advancement of the British influence in India, by removing that reserve and distrust in the professors of the Braminical Faith, which had taught them to view with suspicion all attempts to investigate their code,

code, and to apprehend the infringement of its ordinances, in our political rule. The importance of his success will be readily acknowledged by those, whose observation qualifies them to form a due estimate of it; and to those who have not had the advantages of local experience, the communication of my own may not be unsatisfactory.

The spirit of the Mohammedan religion is adverse to every appearance of idolatry, and the conquest of Hindustan by the Mussulmans, was prosecuted with the zeal of a religious crusade. The rage of proselytism was united with the ambition of dominion, and the subversion of the Hindu superstition was always considered a religious obligation, the discharge of which might indeed be suspended by political considerations, but could never be renounced: and, notwithstanding occasional marks of toleration in some of the emperors

perors of Hindustan, or their viceroys, their Hindu subjects were ever beheld by them, in the contemptuous light of infidels and idolaters. They were of course naturally disposed to apprehend the effects of a similar bigotry and intolerance in their European governors, so widely discriminated from themselves in manners, language, and religion. The Bramins, too, (who had the feelings common to the bulk of the people,) deemed themselves precluded by laws, in their opinion of sacred and eternal obligation, from any development of their secret doctrines to a race of people, who could only be ranked in the lowest of the four classes of mankind, and to whom, with little exception, their secrecy and reserve had hitherto proved impenetrable. To surmount these obstacles, to subdue the jealousy and prejudices of the Bramins, and to diminish the apprehensions of the people at large, required a conduct regulated

regulated by the most liberal and equitable principles, and the influence of personal intercourse and conciliation. The compilation of a code of laws by Pundits, convened by the invitation of Mr. Hastings, the Persian version of it, made under their immediate inspection, and the translation of the Bagvhat Geeta, a work containing all the grand mysteries of the Braminical Faith, are incontrovertible proofs of the success of his efforts, to inspire confidence in minds where distrust was habitual, while a variety of useful publications, undertaken at his suggestion, demonstrate the beneficial effects of his patronage and encouragement of Oriental literature.

Amongst the original members of the society, who subscribed the address to the Governor-General and Council, proposing the institution, will be found the names of several who have distinguished themselves by their proficiency in Oriental learning;

of

of Mr. William Chambers, whose knowledge of the dialects on the coast of Coromandel, as well as of Persian and Arabic literature, was critical and extensive, and his least praise; of Mr. Francis Gladwyn, the author of many works calculated to assist the students of the Persian language, the translator of various Oriental manuscripts, and particularly of the institutes of Akbar, the wisest, greatest, and most tolerant monarch, that ever swayed the sceptre of India*; of Captain Charles Hamilton,

* The toleration of Akbar, and his curiosity to investigate the religious tenets of other nations, have exposed him to the charge of heresy amongst the Mohammedans in general. In a collection of his letters, published by his learned minister Ab-ul-fuzl, there is one addressed to the king of Portugal, in which he censures in the strongest terms, the slavish propensity of mankind, to adopt the religious principles of their fathers and those amongst whom they have been brought up, without evidence or investigation; he avows his own pleasure and profit, in conversing with the learned professors of different persuasions, and desires that some person of that character,

Hamilton, who published a translation of the Hedaiya, a code of Mohammedan laws, which has been found of great use in the administration of justice in Bengal; and of Charles Wilkins, Esquire,

character, conversant in the Oriental and European languages, may be sent to him. He also requests translations of the *heavenly books*, the Pentateuch, Psalms, and Gospels, or of any others of general utility.

In a code of instructions, specifically addressed to the officers of his empire, I find the two following passages:

"Do not molest mankind on account of their religious "principles. If in the affairs of this world, which are "transitory and perishable, a prudent man is guided by a "regard to his interest; still less, in spiritual concerns, "which are eternal, whilst he retains his senses, will he "adopt what is pernicious. If truth be on his side, do "not oppose it and molest him; but if it be with you, and "he from want of understanding should have imbibed "erroneous notions, ignorance is his malady, and he is "to be considered an object of your compassion and "assistance, not of molestation and severity. Keep "on good terms with the upright and virtuous *of all "persuasions.*

"The best adoration, which man in this world can "pay to his Maker, is duly to administer the affairs of "his creatures, discarding passion and affection, and "without distinction of friend or foe, relation or stranger."

the

the first Englishman who acquired a critical knowledge of the language of the Bramins, and who, by the application of rare talents and industry, by his own personal exertions, invented and cast types of the Debnagree, Persic, and Bengalese characters, in such perfection, that no succeeding attempts have exhibited any improvement upon his labours. Of these names, two only survive.

The loss of Mr. Chambers must be particularly lamented, by all who feel an interest in communicating a knowledge of the doctrines of salvation, to the natives of India. In an early period of life he saw and felt the truth and importance of the Christian Religion, and while his own conduct exhibited the strength of his conviction, he thought it a duty to employ his talents and acquirements in disseminating amongst the untaught natives a knowledge of that faith, which he regarded

of

of supreme and universal importance. In this view, he determined to undertake a translation of the New Testament into Persian, and devoted all his leisure to the performance of this task, with the most zealous solicitude to make it accurate; but he had not completed half the Gospel of St. Matthew, when it pleased Providence to call him out of this life.

Such, amongst others, were the original members of the society formed at Calcutta, for enquiring into the history, antiquities, the natural productions, arts, sciences, and literature of Asia, under the patronage of Sir William Jones, who at the first meeting after the institution was completed, in his capacity of president, unfolded, in an elegant and appropriate address, the objects proposed for their researches, and concluded with a promise, which he amply discharged, of communicating the result of his own studies and enquiries.

That

That he might be qualified to perform this promise, in a manner worthy his high reputation, as well as from more commanding motives, he determined to commence without loss of time the study of the Sanscrit. His reflection had before suggested, that a knowledge of this ancient tongue would be of the greatest utility, in enabling him to discharge with confidence and satisfaction to himself, the duties of a judge; and he soon discovered, what subsequent experience fully confirmed, that no reliance could be placed on the opinions or interpretations of the professors of the Hindu law, unless he were qualified to examine their authorities and quotations, and detect their errors and misrepresentations. On the other hand, he knew that all attempts to explore the religion or literature of India, through any other medium than a knowledge of the Sanscrit, must be imperfect and unsatisfactory; it was evident, that

the most erroneous and discordant opinions on these subjects, had been circulated by the ignorance of those who had collected their information from oral communications only, and that the pictures exhibited in Europe, of the religion and literature of India, could only be compared to the maps constructed by the natives, in which every position is distorted, and all proportion violated. As a lawyer, he knew the value and importance of original documents and records, and as a scholar and man of science, he disdained the idea of amusing the learned world, with secondary information on subjects which had greatly interested their curiosity, when he had the means of access to the original sources. He was also aware, that much was expected by the literati in Europe, from his superior abilities and learning, and he felt the strongest inclination to gratify their expectations in the fullest possible extent.

Of his time he had early learned to be a rigid economist *, and he frequently regretted the sacrifices of it, which custom or ceremony extorted. An adherence to this principle, while it restrained in some degree his habits of social intercourse, necessarily limited his correspondence with his friends. From the few letters which he wrote, I shall now select such, as describe

* As a proof of the strict regularity of Sir William Jones in the application of his time, the reader is presented with a transcript of a card in his own writing. It contains, indeed, the occupations which he had prescribed to himself in a period of the following year; but may serve as a sample of the manner in which he devoted his leisure hours at all times.

DAILY STUDIES
for the
Long Vacation of 1785;

Morning.....One letter.
Ten chapters of the Bible.
Sanscrit Grammar.
Hindu Law, &c.
Afternoon.....Indian Geography.
Evening.....Roman History.
Chess. Ariosto.

his

his feelings, thoughts, and occupations, a few months only after his arrival in Bengal.

Sir WILLIAM JONES to Mr. Justice HYDE.

Friday Evening, at the Chambers, Jan. 1784.

DEAR SIR;

Ramlochimd has raised my curiosity by telling me, that when you had occasion to receive the evidence of some *Mugs*, they produced a book in strange square characters, which they called *Zuboor*, Now *Zuboor* is the name by which the *Psalms of David* are known in Asia. May not this book be the Psalms in old Hebrew or Samaritan, and the people a sect of Jews? Can you give me any information on this head?

Sir WILLIAM JONES to Mr. Justice HYDE.

Garden, May 14, 1784.

Many thanks, my dear Sir, for your kind concern and attention. I was

on the bridge by Col. Tolly's house in the midst of the storm, my horses mad with the fear of the lightning, and my carriage every moment in danger of being overset by the wind; I was wet to the skin, and saved from worse inconvenience by the diligence of my servants, who took off the horses and drew the carriage to a place of safety. I am nevertheless in good health; but Lady Jones is not quite recovered from a severe cold and rheumatism, attended with a fever.

Remember that I am always ready to relieve you at the chambers in the Loll Bazar*, and will cheerfully take the labouring oar nexth month if you please; especially, as I propose to spend the long vacation in a floating house, and to leave Calcutta as soon as the session is over; but

* A house in Calcutta, where the puisné judges of the Supreme Court of Judicature attended by rotation in the evening, as justices of the peace.

I shall

I shall return dead or alive before the 22d of *October*. I am inexpressibly amused by a Persian translation of an old Sanscrit book, called Siry Bha'gwat, which comprizes almost the whole of the *Hindu* religion, and contains the life and achievements of *Crishen*; it is by far the most entertaining book, on account of its novelty and wildness, that I ever read.

Farewell, and believe me, dear Sir,

Ever affectionately yours,

WILLIAM JONES.

Sir WILLIAM JONES to Dr. PATRICK RUSSEL.

Calcutta, March 10, 1784.

You would readily excuse my delay in answering your obliging letter, if you could form an idea of the incessant hurry and confusion, in which I have been kept ever since my arrival in Bengal, by necessary business, or necessary formalities,

and

and by the difficulty of settling myself to my mind, in a country so different from that which I have left. I am indeed at best, but a bad correspondent; for I never write by candle-light, and find so much Arabic or Persian to read, that all my leisure in a morning, is hardly sufficient for a thousandth part of the reading that would be highly agreeable and useful to me; and as I purpose to spend the long vacation up the country, I wish to be a match in conversation with the learned natives, whom I may happen to meet.

I rejoice that you are so near, but lament that you are not nearer, and am not without hope, that you may one day be tempted to visit Bengal, where I flatter myself you will give me as much of your company as possible.

Many thanks for your kind hints in regard to my health. As to me, I do not expect, as long as I stay in India, to be free from

from a bad digestion, the morbus literatorum, for which there is hardly any remedy, but abstinence from too much food, literary and culinary. I rise before the sun, and bathe after a gentle ride; my diet is light and sparing, and I go early to rest; yet the activity of my mind is too strong for my constitution, though naturally not infirm, and I must be satisfied with a valetudinarian state of health. If you should meet with any curiosities on the coast, either in your botanical rambles or in reading, and will communicate them to our society, lately instituted for enquiring into the history, civil and natural, the antiquities, arts, sciences, and literature of Asia, we shall give you our hearty thanks. There is an Abyssinian here, who knew Mr. Bruce at Gwender. I have examined him, and he confirms Bruce's account. Every day supplies me with something new in Oriental learning, and

and if I were to stay here half a century, I should be continually amused.

Sir WILLIAM JONES to ————

April 13, 1784.

* * * * * * *

I am discouraged from writing to you as copiously as I wish, by the fear that my letter may never reach you. I inclose however a hymn to the Indian cupid, which is here said to be the only correct specimen of Hindu mythology that has appeared; it is certainly new and quite original, except the form of the stanza, which is Milton's. I add the character of Lord Ashburton, which my zeal for his fame prompted me to publish*.

Had

* Lord Ashburton died on the 18th of August 1783. His character, written by Sir William Jones, is published in vol. iv. of his works, page 577. I transcribe from it the last paragraph, as a proof of the gratitude and sensibility of the writer.

"For

* * * * * * *

Had I dreamt that the dialogue would have made such a stir, I should certainly have taken more pains with it. I will never cease to avow and justify the doctrine comprised in it. I meant it merely as an imitation of one of Plato's, where a boy wholly ignorant of geometry, is made by a few simple questions to demonstrate

" For some months before his death, the nursery had " been his chief delight, and gave him more pleasure " than the cabinet could have afforded: but this pa- " rental affection, which had been a source of so much " felicity, was probably a cause of his fatal illness. " He had lost one son, and expected to lose another, " when the author of this painful tribute to his me- " mory, parted from him, with tears in his eyes, little " hoping to see him again in a perishable state. As " he perceives, without affectation, that his tears now " steal from him, and begin to moisten the paper on " which he writes, he reluctantly leaves a subject, " which he could not soon have exhausted; and when " he also shall resign his life to the great Giver of it, " he desires no other decoration of his humble grave- " stone, than this honourable truth:

" With none to flatter, none to recommend,
" DUNNING approv'd, and mark'd him as a friend."

a proposition, and I intended to inculcate, that the principles of government were so obvious and intelligible, that a clown might be brought to understand them. As to raising sedition, I as much thought of raising a church.

My dialogue contains my system, which I have ever avowed, and ever will avow; but I perfectly agree (and no man of sound intellect can disagree) that such a system is wholly inapplicable to this country, where millions of men are so wedded to inveterate prejudices and habits, that if liberty could be forced upon them by Britain, it would make them as miserable as the cruelest despotism.

Pray remember me affectionately to all my friends at the bar, whom I have not time to enumerate, and assure my academical and professional friends, that I will write to them all when I have leisure. Farewell, &c.

Sir

Sir WILLIAM JONES to CHARLES CHAPMAN, Esq.

Gardens, near Allipore, April 26, 1784.

Allow me, dear Sir, to give you the warmest thanks in my own name, and in that of our infant society, for the pleasure which we have received from your interesting account of Cochin-china, with considerable extracts from which we have been favoured by our patrons. Our meetings are well attended, and the society may really be said, considering the recent time of its establishment, to flourish.

We have been rather indisposed, the weather being such as we had no idea of in England, excessive heat at noon, and an incessant high wind from morning to night; at this moment it blows a hurricane, and my study reminds me of my cabin at sea. Our way of life however is quite pastoral in this retired spot; as my

my prime favourites, among all our pets, are two large English sheep, which came with us from Spithead, and, having narrowly escaped the knife, are to live as long and as happily with us as they can; they follow us for bread, and are perfectly domestic. We are literally lulled to sleep by Persian nightingales, and cease to wonder, that the Bulbul, with a *thousand tales*, makes such a figure in Oriental poetry. Since I am resolved to sit regularly in court as long as I am well, not knowing how soon I may be forced to remit my attention to business, I shall not be at liberty to enter my budgerow till near the end of July, and must be again in Calcutta on the 22d of October, so that my time will be very limited; and I shall wish if possible to see Benares.

* * * * * *

The principal object of his meditated excursion was to open sources of information,

mation, on topics entirely new in the republic of letters. The indisposition which he mentions, not without apprehensions of its continuance, had not altogether left him when he commenced his journey, and during the progress of it returned with a severity, which long held the public in anxious suspense, before any hopes could be entertained of its favourable termination.

The author of these memoirs saw him in August 1784, at the house of a friend in the vicinity of Moorshedabad, languid, exhausted, and emaciated, in a state of very doubtful convalescence; but his mind had suffered no depression, and exhibited all its habitual fervour. In his conversation he spoke with rapture of the country, of the novel and interesting sources opened to his researches, and seemed to lament his sufferings, only as impediments to the prosecution of them. From Moorshedabad

shedabad he proceeded to Jungipore, at the distance of a day's journey only, and from this place continued his correspondence, which describes his condition.

Sir WILLIAM JONES to CHARLES CHAPMAN, Esq.

August 30, 1784.

Nothing but a series of severe attacks of illness could have prevented my replying long ago to your friendly letter. After resisting them by temperance and exercise for some time, I was quite overpowered by a fever, which has confined me ten weeks to my couch, but is now almost entirely abated, though it has left me in a state of extreme weakness. I had a relapse at Raugamutty, which obliged me to stay three weeks at Afzalbang, where the judgment and attention of Dr. Glas, prevented perhaps serious consequences. I have spent two days at this

this place, and I find myself so much better, that I propose to continue my voyage this evening: whether I shall be able to go farther than Patna, (I long to see Benares) is very uncertain. This is only the second attempt I have made to write since my illness; and as I hold my pen with some difficulty, I will say no more than that I am, with great esteem, &c.

P. S. I cannot help adding, that your proposal of extracting such parts of your very interesting narrative concerning Cochin-china, as you may think proper to deposit among the archives of our society, is the very thing I wished, and I really think it will be one of our most valuable tracts*.

But

* The extracts alluded to, have not yet appeared in the Asiatic Researches. The voyage which led to that narrative, was undertaken on the following occasion: Two Mandarins of Cochinchina, had been accidentally brought to Calcutta, in 1778; the Governor-General of India, W. Hastings, Esq., from motives of humanity and

* * * * * * *

But his thoughts and attention were not confined to the perishable concerns of this world only; and what was the subject of his meditations in health, was more forcibly impressed upon his mind during illness. He knew the duty of resignation to the will of his Maker, and of dependence on the merits of a Redeemer; and I find these sentiments expressed in a short prayer, which he composed during his indisposition in September 1784, and which I here insert:

"O thou Bestower of all Good! if it "please thee to continue my easy tasks

and policy, furnished the means of their return to their native country, and Charles Chapman, Esq., at his own request, was appointed to accompany them with a public commission, with instructions to establish, if practicable, a commercial intercourse between the Company's settlements in India and Cochinchina, and to procure such privileges and advantages for English vessels resorting thither, as the government of that country might be disposed to grant.

"in

" in this life, grant me strength to perform " them as a faithful servant; but if thy " wisdom hath willed to end them by this " thy visitation, admit me, not weighing " my unworthiness, but through thy mercy " declared in Christ, into thy heavenly " mansions, that I may continually ad- " vance in happiness, by advancing in " true knowledge and awful love of thee. " Thy will be done!"

I quote with particular satisfaction, this short but decisive testimony of the religious principles of Sir William Jones. Among many additional proofs, which might be given of them, is the following short prayer, composed on waking, July 27, 1783, at sea, also copied from his own writing:

" Graciously accept our thanks, thou " Giver of all Good, for having preserved " us another night, and bestowed on us " another day. O, grant that on this day,

"we may meditate on thy law with joy-
"ful veneration, and keep it in all our
"actions, with firm obedience."

Minute circumstances frequently tend to mark and develop character. As a farther instance of this observation, however trifling it may appear, the application by Sir William Jones to himself, of two lines of Milton in his own writing under a card with his printed name, in addition to more substantial proofs, may be quoted in evidence of his habitual frame of mind:

Not wand'ring poor, but trusting all his wealth
With God, who call'd him to a land unknown.

On another scrap of paper, the following lines appear; they were written by him in India, but at what period is not known, nor indeed of any consequence:

Sir EDWARD COKE,

Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,
Four spend in prayer,—the rest on nature fix.

RATHER,

Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and *all* to Heaven.

If

If we sometimes suffer the humiliation, of seeing great talents and extensive erudition prostituted to infidelity, and employed in propagating misery by endeavouring to subvert the basis of our temporal and eternal welfare, we cannot but feel a more than common gratification, at the salutary union of true genius and piety. Learning, that wantons in irreligion, may, like the Sirius of Homer, flash its strong light upon us; but though brilliant, it is baneful, and while it dazzles, makes us tremble for our safety. Science therefore, without piety, whatever admiration it may excite, will never be entitled to an equal degree of respect and esteem, with the humble knowledge, which makes us wise unto Salvation. The belief of Sir William Jones in Revelation, is openly and distinctly declared in his works; but the unostentatious effusions of sequestered adoration, whilst they prove the sincerity

of his conviction, give an additional weight to his avowed opinions. More might be added on this subject, but it will be communicated in another place.

His next stage was Bhagilpoor, the residence of the friend, to whom the preceding letters were addressed, and here he was long detained by illness and debility. The vigour of his mind however still continued unimpaired, and except during the severe paroxysms of disorder, his researches for information were never suspended, nor would he suffer himself to be debarred from any intercourse by which they could be promoted. It was at this place, during the hours of convalescence when he was confined to his couch, that he applied himself to the study of botany; a science for which he had early entertained a great partiality, and which he pronounces the most lovely and fascinating branch of natural knowledge.

With

With the works of Linnæus before him, he procured the plants of the country to be brought to him, and comparing the productions of nature, with the descriptions and arrangements of the Swedish philosopher, he beguiled the hours of languor and disease, and laid the solid foundation of that botanical knowledge, which he ever afterwards cultivated with increasing ardour and delight.

From Bhagilpoor he pursued his journey to Patna, where he was again attacked with a severe indisposition. It did not however prevent him from proceeding by land to Guyah, famous as the birth-place of Boudh, the author of a system of philosophy which labours under the imputation of atheism; but more famous for the annual resort of Hindu pilgrims from all parts of India, who repair to the holy city for the purpose of making prescribed oblations to their deceased ancestors,

tors, and of obtaining absolution from all their sins.

The city of Benares was his next stage, and the limits of his excursion. He had here an opportunity of seeing the professors of the Hindu religion, at the most celebrated and ancient university of India, and had only to regret, that his knowledge of their language was insufficient to enable him to converse with them without the assistance of an interpreter. After a short residence, which his sense of duty would not allow him to protract unnecessarily, he returned by the Ganges to Bhagilpoor*, where, as he observes, he had

* From a note written by Sir William Jones, on Major Rennel's account of Butan and Tibet, I extract the following passage. It is endorsed, as having been intended for the Researches of the Asiatic Society, but is not published in them.

"Just after sun-set, on the 5th of October 1784, I "had a distinct view from Bhagilpoor of CHUMALURY "peak, and the adjoining mountains of TIBET, which "are

had already found so much health, pleasure, and instruction for two months.

In

" are very clearly seen from *Perneia*, and were perfectly " recollected by a learned member of out society, one " of the latest travellers to that interesting country, " who had obligingly communicated to me a correct " note of the bearings and courses observed in his " journey from *Rengpur* to *Tassisudden*, and thence " through *Paradgong* to *Chumalury*. The peak bore " very nearly due north to the room, from which it was " seen, in the house of Mr. Chapman; and from the " most accurate calculations that I could make, the " horizontal distance at which it was distinctly visible, " must be at least 244 *British miles*; there was a strong " glare from the setting sun on the snows of its more " western side, and it might assuredly have been dis- " cerned at a much greater distance. By an observa- " tion of Mr. Davis, at Rengpur, and another at Tassi- " sudden, the difference of latitude between the place " last mentioned and Bhagilpoor, is 163 *geographical*, or " 188 and a fraction, *British miles*; now although the " road from *Buxadewar* in Butan, the latitude of which " was found to be 26° 53′, consisted of rough mountains " and deep valleys, yet the way between Paradgong " and Chumalury, especially from Chesacamba, the " frontier of Tibet, was very level; and the accuracy of " our travellers gives us reason to believe, that their " *computed* miles from Tassisudden were but little above " the standard; so that having measured the northern " sides

In his journey from this place to Calcutta, he visited Gour, once the residence of the sovereigns of Bengal. This place still exhibits architectural remains of royal magnificence, which the traveller is obliged to explore at some personal risk amidst forests, the exclusive haunts of wild beasts; for nature has here resumed her dominion, and triumphs over the short-lived pride of man. In a letter to a friend*, written after his arrival in Calcutta, he has briefly

"sides of the two triangles, formed by their courses "WNW, and NNW. we could not be far from the "truth."

"The mountains of Chumalury, are the second or third "ridge described in the Memoir. The Major justly "considers the mountains of Himola, for so they are "named by the natives from a word signifying *snow*, as "equal in elevation to any in the old hemisphere; and "an observation of Mr. *Saunders* at *Perneia*, added to "a remark of Mr. Smith on the appearance of *Chuma-"lury* from *Moreng*, gives abundant reason to think, "that we saw from *Bhagilpoor*, the highest mountains in "the world, without excepting the ANDES."

* Charles Chapman, Esq.

described

described some parts of his journey. "The "Mahanada was beautiful, and the banks "of some rivers in the Sunderbunds were "magnificent; we passed within two "yards of a fine tiger, who gazed on us "with indifference; but we took care "for several reasons to avoid the narrow "passes at night. As we approached Cal- "cutta, we perceived the difference of "climate, and thought of Bhagilpoor with "pleasure and regret.

"I find Calcutta greatly changed; the "loss of Mr. Hastings and Shore†, I feel "very sensibly, and cannot but fear that "the pleasure, which I derive from other "friendships formed in India, will be "followed by the pain of losing my friends "next season. This was a great evil at "the university, and abates not a little the "happiness I expected in this country.

† Warren Hastings, Esq. and Mr. Shore embarked in February 1785, for England.

"Will

"Will you have the goodness to ask "Mahesa pundit, whether the university "of Tyrhoot is still supported, and con- "fers degrees in Hindu law? One of our "pundits is dead, and we have thoughts "of requesting recommendations from the "universities of Hindustan, particularly "from Benares, and Tyrhoot, if it exists; "so that the new pundit may be uni- "versally approved, and the Hindus may "be convinced, that we decide on their "law from the best information we can "procure*."

"I am just returned," (thus he writes to another correspondent, Dr. P. Russel, March 2, 1785,) "as it were from the "brink of another world, having been "absent near seven months, and reduced "to a skeleton by fevers of every denomi-

* The pundits are the expounders of the Hindu law; in which capacity, two constantly attended the supreme court of judicature, at Fortwilliam.

"nation,

"nation, with an obstinate bilious flux at "their heels. My health is tolerably re- "stored by a long ramble through South "Behar, and the district of Benares, of "which if I were to write an account, I "must fill a volume."

They who have perused the description of Joanna, by Sir William Jones, will regret that this volume was never written. The objects presented to his inspection during his journey, afforded ample scope for his observation, which was equally qualified to explore the beauties of nature, the works of art, the discriminations of character, and the productions of learning and science. Many of the remarks and reflections which he made in this tour, are transfused through his various compositions, two of which were actually written, during the course of his journey.

The elegant little tale in verse, under the title of *The Enchanted Fruit*, or *Hindu Wife*, was

was composed during his residence in Beyhar, and affords a proof of the success of his enquiries, as well as of his skill in the happy application of the intelligence obtained by them.

The other production was a Treatise on the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India, which he afterwards revised, and presented to the society. The design of this essay was to point out a resemblance, too strong to have been accidental, between the popular worship of the old Greeks and Italians, and that of the Hindus, and between their strange religion and that of Egypt, China, Persia, Phrygia, Phœnicia, and Syria, and even remoter nations. The proof of such resemblance, if satisfactorily established, would, as he remarks, authorize an inference of a general union and affinity between the most distinguished inhabitants of the primitive world, at the time when they deviated, as they did too early deviate, from the

the rational adoration of the only true God.

To this journey, under Providence, he was in all probability indebted for the preservation of his life, which without it might have fallen a sacrifice to the accumulation of disease: after his arrival in Calcutta, his health was almost completely restored.

He now resumed his functions in the supreme court of judicature, and renewed the meetings of the society, which had been interrupted by his absence. In his second anniversary discourse, which was delivered in February 1785, he notices with pleasure and surprize the successful progress of the institution, and the variety of subjects which had been discussed by the members of it: and as in his first address, he had confined himself to the exhibition of a distant prospect only of the vast career on which the society was entering; in the second, he delineates

delineates a slight but masterly sketch of the various discoveries in history, science, and art, which might justly be expected to result from its researches into the literature of Asia. He mentions his satisfaction at having had an opportunity of visiting two ancient seats of Hindu religion and literature, and notices the impediments opposed by illness to the prosecution of his proposed enquiries, and the necessity of leaving them, as Æneas is feigned to have left the shades, when his guide made him recollect *the swift flight of irrevocable time*, with a curiosity raised to the height, and a regret not easy to be described.

I now return to the correspondence of Sir William Jones, which in this year, consists of few letters, and those chiefly addressed to *John Macpherson, Esq. who, in Fe-

* The present Sir John Macpherson, Bart.

bruary

bruary 1785, succeeded to the station of Governor-General of India, on the departure of Mr. Hastings. If, in these letters, Sir William adverts to topics not familiar to his readers, they are such as naturally arise out of his situation and connections. Removed at a distance of a quarter of the circumference of the globe from the scene of politics, in which he had taken a deep interest, his attention is transferred to new objects and new duties. The sentiments which flow from his pen, in the confidential intercourse of friendship, display his mind more clearly than any narrative; and they are often such as could not be omitted without injury to his character. Some passages in the letters, which, as less generally interesting, could be suppressed without this effect, have not been transcribed.

Sir

Sir WILLIAM JONES to J. MACPHERSON, Esq.

March 12, 1785.

I always thought before I left England, that a regard for the public good required the most cordial union between the executive and judicial powers in this country; and I lamented the mischief occasioned by former divisions. Since I have no view of happiness on this side of the grave, but in a faithful discharge of my duty, I shall spare no pains to preserve that cordiality which subsists, I trust, and will subsist, between the government and the judges.

Lord Bacon, if I remember right, advises every statesman to relieve his mind from the fatigues of business by a poem, or a prospect, or any thing that raises agreeable images; now as your own gardens

dens afford you the finest prospects, and I should only offer you a view of paddy fields*, I send you for your amusement, what has amused me in the composition, a poem† on the old philosophy and religion of this country, and you may depend on its orthodoxy. The time approaches when I must leave these recreations, and return to my desk in court, where however a knowledge of the Hindu manners and prejudices may not be useless.

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Macpherson*, Esq.

May 17, 1785.

I have so many things, my dear Sir, to thank you for, that I scarce know where to begin. To follow the order of time, I must in the first place give you my hearty thanks for your kind and pleasing letter of last week, which shews that

* Rice fields.

† The Enchanted Fruit; or, Hindu Wife. Works, vol. vi. p. 177.

your mind can grasp the whole field of literature and criticism, as well as that of politics, and that in the manner of ancient rulers in Asia, particularly Cicero, the governor of Cilicia, you unite the character of the statesman and the scholar. Next for the news, which has on the whole given me pleasure, and in particular, what both pleases and surprises me, that Lord Camden has accepted the post of president of the council. You know the opinion which I early formed of Pitt; and that opinion will be raised still higher, if he has shewn himself (not merely indifferent, but) anxious that the reins of this government may long continue in the hands which now hold them, and which, though mortals, as Addison says, cannot command success, will certainly deserve it. I anxioulsy wish, for the sake of the public, that not only the operations of the law, but the cordial assent of those on whom

whom it depends, have already secured your seat, as long as it may be consistent with your happiness to fill it.—

* * * * * *

I will not fail to talk with Mr. Chambers on the college, and beg you to assure yourself, that I shall ever be happy in my sphere to give my humble assistance whenever you may require it.

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Macpherson*, Esq.

May 22, 1785.

It was my intention to present to you in the author's name, the books which I now send. The poet Zainudeen was recommended to me soon after I came to India, as a worthy ingenious old man. I inclose his verses to you, with a hasty translation* on the back of

* This translation, as a specimen of the *taste* and adulatory style of modern Persian poets, is inserted for the reader's entertainment.

of the paper, of the best couplets. The smaller volume contains part of the epic poem,

Macpherson exalted as the sky, prosperous in thy undertakings, who like the sun receivest even atoms in thy beams! Thou art the just one of this age; and in thy name, that of Nushirovan revives. With the aid of Jesus (blessed be his name!) the government acquires its stability from thy mind. I have composed a poem in words of truth, beginning with a panegyric on the company. It contains a recital of the wars of the *English*, described with an animated pen. By the command of *Hastings*, entitled to reverence, I began a book on the victory of *Benares*; but before the completion of my task, that honourable man returned to his country. In thy government has my work been completed, and with thy name have I adorned its opening, in hope, that thou wilt send me fresh materials, to decorate with golden verses the cheeks of my book. If I compose a Shahnameh, on the glorious name of the King of England, the book will fly over Iran and Turan, and the deeds of thy nation will blaze like the sun; if I sing the achievements of the English, the name of Parveiz will be no more mentioned. If I open a chapter of their conquests, Afrasiab will tremble under the earth; the rapid motion of my dark reed will make Rustem halt and droop. Hear my strains with discernment, and my pen shall soar with the wings of a falcon. Favour me, as Sultan Mahmoud shewed kindness to Ferdosi, that we may be a pair of tuneful nightingales.

The

poem, which is written with enthusiasm; and the other volume is filled with odes and elegies, all in the old man's writing. He is *married to immortal verse*, and his highest ambition is to be *an atom in one of your sunbeams.*

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Macpherson*, Esq.

May 1785.

The ornament of the faith (for that is the bard's name) *Zainudeen* will wait upon you on Wednesday; his style of

The actions of all nations are commemorated, let those of the English be celebrated under thy auspices. May thy orders be resistless as the sea; the head of the contumacious be in thy power, and the seal of government bear thy name!

On the names mentioned in this translation, it may be sufficient to observe that Ferdosi is the Homer of Persia, who composed an heroic poem under the title of Shahnameh; that the name of Nushirovan, is proverbial for justice; that Iran and Turan are Persia and Tartary; and that the other persons introduced were kings or heroes of those countries.

com-

compliments is moderate in comparison of most Oriental compositions; other poets of this country would have entreated you not to ride on horseback, lest you should cause an earthquake in India when you mounted. This was actually said to a prince at Delhi, who pleasantly bade the poet comfort himself, and assured him, that he would ever after go in a palanquin.

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Macpherson*, Esq.

May 26, 1785.

The regulation which you made concerning the Madrissa* is so salutary, that

* The passages in these letters relating to the Madrissa or college, as an establishment of national importance, merits a more particular explanation. Mr. Hastings, whilst he held the office of governor-general, with a view to promote the knowledge of Mohammedan law, as essential to the due administration of justice to the natives of India, had established a college at Calcutta, in which native students were admitted and taught at the public expence. This institution was dictated by a wise

that few things would grieve me more than to see it frustrated. Your predecessor has often mentioned to me, the high opinion which he had formed of the rector, but (I know not for what reason) he is very unpopular. Perhaps it is only faction, too common in most colleges at our universities, of the students against the head.

It is a remark of Johnson's*, that as spiders would make silk, if they could agree together, so men of letters would be useful to the public, if they were not perpetually

a wise policy; it was calculated to conciliate the affections of the Mussulmans, and to ensure a succession of men properly qualified by education to expound the law of the Koran, and to fill the important offices of magistrates in the courts of justice. The president of this college had been selected with every attention to his character and ability; but some representations having been made to his disadvantage, the succeeding governor-general, J. Macpherson, Esq. consulted Sir William Jones, on the regulations proper to be established for promoting the laudable objects of the institution, and controlling its conduct.

* Originally Reaumur's.

petually at variance. Besides my approbation as a good citizen of your regulations, I have a particular interest in the conduct of Mujduddeen, who is Maulavy* of the court, and as such ought to be *omni exceptione major*. I believe from my conversation with him, that he is not a man of deep learning; but his manners are not unpleasing. The proposal which you make, cannot but produce good effects; but I hardly know any member of our society, who answers your description for a *visitor* under *your directions*, except Mr. Chambers, and his report might be depended on. I will, if you please, propose it on Thursday. The students brought a complaint before me last term, which I dismissed as not being within my cognizance, that their allowances were taken by the head, who left them without subsistence; but whether this be true or false, it will

* Expounder of the Mohammedan law.

not

not be amiss for the Maulavy to know, that he is subject to visitation from time to time.

If the best intentions can ensure safety, you have nothing to apprehend; but, alas! my friend, if you can be *safe only* in fixed unanimous opinions of *statute law*, you can seldom, I fear, act with perfect confidence. Such is the imperfection of human language, that few written laws are free from ambiguity; and it rarely happens that many minds are united in the same interpretation of them.

A statesman told Lord Coke, that he meant to consult him on a point of law. "If it be common law," said Coke, "I "should be ashamed if I could not give "you a ready answer; but if it be sta- "tute-law, I should be equally ashamed "if I answered you immediately."

I will here only set down a few rules of interpretation which the wisdom of ages has

has established, where the sense of the words is at all ambiguous.

1. The intention of the writer must be sought, and prevail over the literal sense of terms; but penal laws must be strictly expounded against offenders, and liberally against the offence.

2. All clauses, preceding or subsequent, must be taken together to explain any one doubtful clause.

3. When a case is expressed to remove any doubt, whether it was included or not, the extent of the clause, with regard to cases not so expressed, is by no means restrained.

4. The conclusion of a phrase is not confined to the words *immediately* preceding, but usually extended to the whole antecedent phrase.

These are copious maxims, and, with half a dozen more, are the stars by which

we

we steer in the construction of all public and private writings.

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Macpherson*, Esq.

Court House, July.

We have just convicted a low Hindu of a foul conspiracy, which would have ended in perjury, and (as his own law-giver says) in every cause of damnation. If richer men were of the plot, I hope our court will escape the reproach of the satirist, that "laws resemble cobwebs, "which catch flies and let the wasps "break through."

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Macpherson*, Esq.

August 14, 1785.

I give you my hearty thanks, my dear Sir, for the history of the Roman Republic, which I read with particular pleasure.

Looking

Looking over my shelves the other day, I laid my hand on the annexed little book ascribed to Sir Walter Raleigh; it is, like most posthumous works, incorrect, but contains, with some rubbish, a number of wise aphorisms and pertinent examples; it is rather the common-place book of some statesman, than a well digested treatise, but it has amused me on a second reading, and I hope it will amuse a few of your leisure moments.

* * * * * *

The society of Sir William Jones was too attractive, to allow him to employ his leisure hours in those studies, which he so eagerly desired to cultivate, and although no man was more happy in the conversation of his friends, he soon found that the unrestrained enjoyment of this gratification was incompatible with his attention to literary pursuits. He determined therefore to seek some retirement, at no great distance from Cal-

Calcutta, where he might have the benefit of air and exercise, and prosecute his studies without interruption, during the vacations of the supreme court. For this purpose, he made choice of a residence at Crishnagur, which had a particular attraction for him, from its vicinity to a Hindu college, and from this spot he writes to his friends.

Sir *William Jones* to Dr. *Patrick Russel*.

Sept. 8, 1785.

"Your two kind letters found me overwhelmed with the business of a severe sessions and term, which lasted two months, and fatigued me so much, that I was forced to hasten from Calcutta as fast as winds and oars could carry me. I am now at the ancient university of Nadeya, where I hope to learn the rudiments of that venerable and interesting language which was once vernacular in all India, and

and in both the peninsulas with their islands. Your pursuits must be delightful, and I shall be impatient to see the fruit of your learned labours. Our society goes on slowly; and hot-bed fruits are not so good to my taste as those which ripen naturally.

* * * * * *

Dr. Kœnig's loss will be severely felt; he was a valuable man, with as much simplicity as nature herself, whose works he studied. Do you know when his books are to be disposed of? I should wish to purchase his Linnæus.

Sir *William Jones* to *Charles Chapman*, Esq.

Sept. 28, 1785.

I am proceeding slowly, but surely, in this retired place, in the study of Sanscrit; for I can no longer bear to be at the mercy of our pundits, who deal out Hindu law as they please, and make it

it at reasonable rates, when they cannot find it ready made. I annex the form adopted by us for the oaths of Mussulmans; you will in your discretion adopt or reject it, and if you can collect from Mahesa pundit, who seemed a worthy honest man, how Hindu witnesses ought to be examined, and whether the Bramins can give absolution (I think they call it pryarchitt) for perjury, and in what case, you will greatly oblige me, and contribute to the advancement of justice.

* * * * * *

The conclusion of this letter expresses a sentiment, which, as a judge in Bengal, and friend of human nature, he always considered an object of the first importance.

The period of his residence at his country cottage, was necessarily limited by the duty of attending the supreme court: on his return to Calcutta, in October, he writes to

to John Macpherson, Esq. "Lady Jones, "and myself, received much benefit from "the dry soil and pure air of Crishnagur; "how long my health will continue in "this town, with constant attendance in "court every morning, and the irksome "business of justice of peace in the after- "noon, I cannot foresee. If temperance "and composure of mind will avail, I "shall be well; but I would rather be a "valetudinarian, all my life, than leave "unexplored the Sanscrit mine which I "have just opened.

"I have brought with me the father of "the university of Nadya, who, though "not a Brahmin, has taught grammar and "ethics to the most learned Brahmins, "and has no priestly pride, with which "his pupils in general abound."

In the year 1785, a periodical work was undertaken at Calcutta, under the title of the Asiatick Miscellany, which has been ignorantly

ignorantly ascribed to the Asiatick Society, with whose researches it had no connection. The title of the work indicates the nature of its contents, which consisted chiefly of extracts from books published in Europe, relating to India, of translations from Oriental Authors, and of poems and essays. The editor was occasionally assisted by the literary talents of gentlemen in India, and we find in the two first volumes, which were published in the years 1785 and 86, the following compositions of Sir William Jones, who never neglected any opportunity of contributing to the advancement of Oriental literature: the tale of the Enchanted Fruit, which has already been mentioned, six hymns* addressed to as many Hindu deities,

* In his hymn to Surya, or the Sun, Sir William Jones alludes to himself in the following beautiful lines:

ties, a literal translation of twenty tales and fables of Nizami, expressly intended to assist the students of the Persian language, besides other smaller pieces, from which I quote with pleasure, the following beautiful tetrastick, which is a literal translation from the Persian:

On parent knees, a naked, new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smil'd:
So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, when all around thee weep.

The hymns, which are original compositions, are descriptive of the Hindu deities, to whom they were addressed, and a short introductory explanation accompanies each. The mythological allusions

And, if they ask what mortal pours the strain?
Say (for thou seest earth, air, and main),
Say, "From the bosom of yon silver isle,
Where skies more softly smile,
He came; and lisping our celestial tongue,
Though not from Brahma sprung,
Draws orient knowledge, from its fountains pure,
Through caves obstructed long, and paths too long obscure."

and

and Sanscrit names, with which they abound, are not sufficiently familiar to the English reader, to enable him to derive that pleasure from them, which those who are acquainted with the manners and mythology of the Hindus feel in the perusal of these hymns; but whilst they mark the taste and genius of the author, they supply a fund of information, equally novel and curious. We contemplate with delight and surprise the admirer of the Grecian bards, and the pupil of the Grecian sages, led by his enthusiasm from the banks of the Ilyssus to the streams of the Ganges, celebrating, in strains not unworthy of Pindar, the fabulous divinities of India, and exploring the sources of the Egyptian and Persian theology, and of the tenets of the Ionic and Italic schools of philosophy. These compositions were the elegant amusements of hours of leisure and relaxation, which he never suffered to in-

terfere with his public duties. They prove the versatility of those intellectual powers, which could immediately turn from the investigation of legal causes or the solution of abstruse mathematical problems, to explain and adorn the mythological fictions of the Hindus, in odes which the Bramins would have approved and admired. The variety of measures adopted in the composition of these hymns is remarkable; each of the nine* has a different form of versification, and if they are not all equally harmonious, they are all regular. The opening and conclusion of the Hymn to Narayon are very sublime.

On the second of February 1786, Sir William Jones delivered to the society his third annual discourse, in which he proposed to fill up the outlines delineated in his two former addresses, and promised, if the state of his health should permit him

* He wrote three more hymns afterwards.

to

to continue long enough in India, to prepare for the annual meetings of the society, a series of short dissertations unconnected in their titles, but all leading to one common point of no small importance, in the pursuit of interesting truths. He exhibits, in this discourse, a proof of the successful application of his time to the study of Sanscrit, and speaks with increased confidence of the result of his new attainments. The conclusion expresses his regret, at the departure for Europe of the very ingenious member who first opened the mine of Sanscrit literature, an honourable tribute to the merit of Mr. Charles Wilkins.

Sir William had long proposed making an excursion to Chatigan, the eastern limits of the British dominions in Bengal. Exclusively of his anxiety to acquire, from local observation, a knowledge of the state of the country, and of the manners and characters of the natives, a prudent attention

tion to the re-establishment of his health, which had suffered from an unremitted application to his public duties as judge and magistrate, as well as a regard for that of Lady Jones, now rendered the journey expedient. In the beginning of 1786, after the recess of the court, he had an opportunity of executing his plan, and repaired to Chatigan by sea, in February.

A short time before his departure, a discussion had taken place between the judges of the supreme court of judicature, and the executive government of Bengal, respecting a resolution adopted by the latter, altering the mode in which the salaries of the judges had been paid. They remonstrated against the resolution, and the letter written by Sir William Jones to Sir J. Macpherson on the occasion, is so strongly characteristic of that independent spirit which he always possessed, that

on

on this account it merits insertion. The remainder of his correspondence of this year, as far as it is proper to lay it before the public, follows in the order of its dates.

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Macpherson*, Bart.

Phœnix Sloop, Feb. 5, 1786.

MY DEAR SIR,

Had I known where Captain Light* lived in Calcutta, I would not have troubled you with the annexed letter, but I must request you to forward it to him. It is an answer to an excellent letter from him, which I received near a twelvemonth ago. I anxiously hope he has completed (what no other European could begin) a version of the Siamese code.

My voyage to the eastern coast will, I trust, be very pleasant, and I hope we

* Captain Light was appointed superintendant of a new settlement at Penang, or Prince of Wales's Island. He was thoroughly conversant in the Malay dialect.

shall

shall make our part good against the scoundrel Peguers; though if we descry a fleet of boats, I believe it will be wiser to retreat on the wings of the Phœnix; for I am not poet enough to believe, that another will rise from her ashes.

I lament that our respective engagements have prevented our meeting often, since the end of the rains; but six or seven hours in the morning, and two or three in the evening, spent in unremitted labour for the last three months, fatigued me so much that I had no leisure for society, scarcely any for natural repose. My last act was to sign our letter to your board on the subject of our salaries, and I would have called upon you to expostulate amicably on the measure you had pursued, if I had not wished to spare you the pain of defending indefensible steps, and the difficulty of finding reasons to support the most unreasonable conduct. Many passages in the letter

were

were softened by my brethren, for I, who have long been habituated to ancient simplicity, am ever inclined both to write and speak as I think and feel; and I should certainly have asked, if we had conversed on this matter, whether distressing and pinching the judges, and making them contemptible in the eyes of the natives, and of their own servants, was, as you expressed yourself last summer, assisting them with heart and hand; or whether forming resolutions, as the sub-treasurer wrote me word three weeks ago concerning them, of which they were the last men in the settlement to hear, was intended as a return for that perfect cordiality, as far as honesty permitted, which I had assured you and Mr. Stables, to be one of the golden rules which I had early resolved to pursue in my judicial character.

In a word, the measure is so totally indefensible, that it would have given me as much

much pain as yourself, to have discussed it. I have marked the progress of this business from the morning, when I received Mr. M.'s note; and I am well persuaded, that the invasion of our property, was not an idea conceived or approved by you, but forced on you by some financier, who was himself deluded by a conceit of impartiality, not considering that the cases were by no means parallel; under this persuasion, I beg you to believe, that the measure has not yet made any change in the sincere esteem, with which I am, dear Sir,

Your faithful humble servant,

WILLIAM JONES.

Sir *William Jones* to *Thomas Caldicott*, Esq.

Chatigan, Feb. 21, 1786.

I have been so loaded with business, that I deferred writing to you, till it was too late to write much, and when the term ended, was obliged, for the sake of

of my wife's health and my own, to spend a few weeks in this Indian Montpelier, where the hillocks are covered with pepper vines, and sparkle with blossoms of the coffee tree; but the description of the place would fill a volume, and I can only write a short letter to say, si vales, bene est; valeo.

Sir *William Jones* to *George Hardynge*, Esq.

Feb. 22, 1786.

A word to you, no! though you have more of wisdom (et verbum sapienti, &c.) than I have, or wish to have of popularity, yet I would not send you one word, but millions and trillions of words, if I were not obliged to reserve them for conversation. The immeasurable field, that lies before me in the study of Sanscrit and of Hindu jurisprudence (the Arabic laws are familiar to me) compels me for the present, to suspend my intention

of

of corresponding regularly with those I love *.—

Sir *William Jones* to Sir *J. Macpherson*, Bart.

Jafferabad, Feb. 27, 1786.

"I cannot express, my dear Sir, the pleasure which I have just received from that part of the Board's letter to us,

* The following sonnet, written some years before the date of Sir William Jones's letter, was addressed by him to his friend:

To G. Hardynge, Esq.

Hardynge, whom Camden's voice, and Camden's fame,
To noble thoughts, and high attempts excite,
Whom thy learn'd sire's well polish'd lays invite,
To kindle in thy breast, Phœbean flame,
Oh rise! oh! emulate their lives, and claim
The glorious meed of many a studious night,
And many a day spent in asserting right,
Repressing wrong, and bringing fraud to shame.
Nor let the glare of wealth, or pleasure's bow'rs
Allure thy fancy. Think how Tully shone,
Think how Demosthenes with heav'nly fire
Shook Philip's throne, and lighten'd o'er his tow'rs.
What gave them strength? Not eloquence alone,
But minds elate above each low desire.

W. J.

in

in which they set us right in our misconception of their preceding letter.

I rejoice that we were mistaken, and have just signed our reply; it will, I persuade myself, restore the harmony of our concert, which, if worldly affairs have any analogy to music, will rather be improved than spoiled by a short dissonant interval. You, who are a musician, will feel the tone of this metaphor; as to my harsher notes, quicquid asperius dictum est, indictum esto. In fact (you could not know it, but) I never had been so pinched in my life, for the last three months; having bought company's bonds, (which nothing but extreme necessity could have made me sell at 30 per cent. discount), I was unable to pay my physician, or my munshis, and was forced to borrow (for the first time in my life) for my daily rice; what was worse, I was forced to borrow of a black man, and it was like touching a snake or the South American eel; in short, if our apprehensions

sions had been well grounded, two of us had resolved to go home next season. But your letter dispersed all clouds and made my mind as clear as the air of this fine climate, where I expect to escape the heats, and all the ills they produce in a constitution like mine. I confess I wish you had accepted our offer, for half my salary is enough for me, and I would have received the remainder cheerfully on any terms, as I have hitherto done; but as it is, we are all satisfied, and your offers were so equal, that either would have been satisfactory to me.

You must know better than I can, though I am so much nearer the place on the frontiers where Major Ellerker is now encamped. I can hardly persuade myself that Myun Gachim Fera*, with all his bravery in words, will venture to pass

* A general in the service of the king of Ava, who appeared on the frontiers of Chatigan, with an army. The Nâf, is the boundary river between Chatigan and Aracan.

the

the Nâf; the whole story is curious, and as I am on the spot, I wish to write it with all the gravity of an historian, especially as I can pick out some part of the Pegu general's original letter, the characters of which are little more than the *nagari* letters inverted and rounded.

I now sit opposite to the seas, which wafted us gently hither in the Phœnix; and our voyage was well-timed, for had we staid two days longer, we should have been in a north-wester. A beautiful vale lies between the hillock on which the house is built and the beach, on all the other sides are hills finely diversified with groves, the walks are scented with blossoms of the *champac** and nagasar†; and the plantations of pepper and coffee are equally new and pleasing. My wife, who desires her best remembrance, amuses herself with drawing, and I with botany. If (which I

* Lin. Michelia. † Lin. Mesua.

trust will not be the case) you should be indisposed, this is the Montpelier which will restore you to health.

Sir *William Jones* to Mr. *Justice Hyde.*

Jaferabad, April 30, 1786.

I delayed, my dear Sir, to answer your kind letter of the 10th, until I could give you an accurate account of my motions towards Calcutta. We shall not stay here a whole week longer, but proceed, as soon as we can make preparations for our journey, to the burning well‡, and thence

‡ The burning well is situated about twenty-two miles from Chatigan, at the termination of a valley surrounded by hills. I visited it in 1778, and from *recollection* am enabled to give the following account of it. The shape of the well, or rather reservoir, is oblong, about six feet by four, and the depth does not exceed twelve feet. The water which is always cold is supplied by a spring, and there is a conduit for carrying off the superfluity; a part of the surface of the well, about a fourth, is covered with brick-work, which is nearly ignited by the flames, which flash without intermission from the surface of the water.

thence through Tipera to Dacca: an old engagement will oblige us to deviate a little out of our way to Comarcaly; and if the Jellingy be navigable, we shall soon be in Calcutta, if not, we must pass a second time through the Sundarbans; in all

water. It would appear that an inflammable vapour escapes through the water, which takes fire on contact with the external air; the perpetuity of the flame is occasioned by the ignited brick-work, as without this, much of the vapour would escape without conflagration. This was proved by taking away the covering of brick-work after the extinction of the heat, by throwing upon it the water of the well. The flames still continued to burst forth from the surface, but with momentary intermissions, and the vapour was always immediately kindled by holding a candle at a small distance from the surface of the water. A piece of silver placed in the conduit for carrying off the superfluous water, was discoloured in a few minutes, and an infusion of tea gave a dark tinge to the water.

On the side of a hill distant about three miles from the burning well, there is a spot of ground of a few feet only in dimensions, from which flashes of fire burst on stamping strongly with the foot. The appearance of this spot resembled that of earth, on which a fire had been kindled. I do not recollect whether it was hot to the touch.

events, nothing I think can hinder my being in court on the 15th of June. Suffer me now to thank you, as I do most heartily, for the very useful information which you give me concerning money matters. The ancients said, (not very properly of their imaginary gods) ‘ carior est divis homo, quam sibi:’ but I may truly say, ‘ carior est amicis, quam sibi,’ speaking of myself and of your friendly attentions to me.

Sir *William Jones* to Sir *J. Macpherson*, Bart.

May 6, 1786.

I delayed from day to day, and from week to week, the pleasure of answering your acceptable letter, which I received, I am afraid, so long ago as the middle of March. I wished to send you something interesting; but my days flowed on in the same equable and uniform tenor, and were only to be distinguished by the advances I made in my Persian, Indian, and

and botanical pursuits. In short, as it sometimes happens, by intending to write much, I had written nothing; and was preparing to give you some account of my motions towards the presidency, when I had the very great satisfaction of receiving your packet full of matter, full of pleasing accounts, and full of just observations.

* * * * * * * * * * I read with pleasure, while I was at breakfast, Mr. Forster's lively little tract, and having finished my daily task of Persian reading with a learned Parsi of Yezd, who accompanied me hither, I allot the rest of the morning to you.

The approbation given at home to your seasonable exertions here, was but natural; it could not have been otherwise, and therefore it gives me great pleasure, but no surprise. Be assured that general applause ever has resulted, and ever will result from good actions and salutary measures, as

certainly as an echo, in rocky places, follows the voice. You will readily believe me, when I assure you, that I have few things more at heart than that you may enjoy as much as you can desire of that echo, and receive no pain or injury from the rocks; for rocks abound, my friend, in the sea of life.

The Scripture speaks of nations overturning their *judges in stony places;* and ambitious judges ought to be overturned, but as I do not aspire, I can never fall from an eminence.

The state of parties in England, still makes me rejoice, that I am not in London. My friendships would lead me naturally to wish the rise of the ——————— while my conscience, and my humble judgment oblige me to prefer . . . . . system as far as I know it. God grant he may adopt the best measures for this country, and give them effect by the best means, without

without disarranging your measures, since the wheel of continual changes cannot but have a bad effect in the minds of the governed—but I sat down to write a letter, not a treatise.

By the way, I have read a second time here your friend's Treatise on the History of Civil Society, and am extremely pleased with it, especially his chapter on the relaxation of national spirit. * * *

* * * * *

Your communications about the Lama will be truly interesting. I have read since I left Calcutta 800 pages in quarto concerning the Mythology and History, both civil and natural, of Tibet. The work was printed with every advantage of new types and curious engravings, at Rome, about ten years ago, and was compiled from the papers of an Italian father, named Orazio, who had lived thirty years in that country and Napal, where he died. On my return,

I pur-

I purpose, with the permission of the society, to send a treatise* to the press, which ought to stand first in our collections, as it will be a key to many other papers. I have caused six or seven plates to be engraved for it.

Always excepting my own imperfect essays, I may venture to foretell, that the learned in Europe will not be disappointed by our first volume. But my great object, at which I have long been labouring, is to give our country a complete digest of Hindu and Mussulman law. I have enabled myself by excesive care to read the oldest Sanscrit law books with the help of a loose Persian paraphrase; and I have begun a translation of Menu into English; the best Arabian law-tract, I translated last year. What I can possibly perform alone, I will by God's blessing perform;

* A Dissertation on the Orthography of Asiatic Words in Roman Letters. Works, vol. i. page 175.

and

and I would write on the subject to the Minister, Chancellor, the Board of Controul, and the Directors, if I were not apprehensive that they who know the world, but do not fully know me, would think that I expected some advantage either of fame or patronage, by purposing to be made the Justinian of India; whereas I am conscious of desiring no advantage, but the pleasure of doing general good. I shall consequently proceed in the work by my own strength, and will print my digest by degrees at my own expense, giving copies of it where I know they will be useful. One point I have already attained; I made the pundit of our court read and correct a copy of Halhed's* book in the original Sanscrit, and I then obliged him to attest it as good law, so that he never

* A translation by N. B. Halhed, Esq. of the code compiled by pundits, by the direction of Mr. Hastings.

now

now can give corrupt opinions, without certain detection.

May your commercial blossom arrive at maturity, with all the vigour of Indian vegetation!

My soul expands, like your blossom, at the idea of improved commerce; no subject is to me more animating.

I have a commercial idea for you, not a blossom, but as yet a germ only. What if Persia should now flourish! and what if the present king, Jaffier Khan, be really as great a man as represented! Persia wants many manufactures of India, and her king would be a valuable ally. * * * * * * * * * * * * * I have already thanked you for your kind attentions to Emin, and I beg to repeat them. Many in England will be equally thankful. He is a fine fellow; and if active service should be

be required, he would seek nothing so much, as to be placed in the most perilous edge of the battle.

* * * * * *

In this letter we see the unabated activity of a vigorous mind, uniting recreation with improvement, and collecting in its progress through the gardens of literature, the flowers of every soil. A detailed account of the daily studies of Sir William Jones would surprise the most indefatigable, and it may not be impertinent to mention in proof of this observation, that he found time during his short residence at Chatigan, in addition to the occupations which he has described, to peruse twice the heroic poem of Ferdosi, the Homer of Persia, supposed to contain sixty thousand couplets. Of the sentiments expressed in his correspondence, it is sufficient to remark in general, that they do no less honour to his heart than to his judgment.

I can-

I cannot but wish that he had found time to write the ample description which he mentions.

Few persons have passed through a greater variety of hardships, and perilous adventures, than the person mentioned by Sir William Jones, under the name of Emin. Born at Hamadan, in Persia, of Armenian parents, and exposed during his infancy to uncommon disasters, while a mere youth he followed his father and ruined family to Calcutta. He had there an opportunity of observing the superiority of Europeans, in arms, arts, and sciences, over the Asiatics, and the impression which he received from it, inspired an invincible desire in Emin to acquire the knowledge which they possessed. For this purpose, he determined, at all hazards, to visit England, and after a long opposition from his father, having obtained his reluctant assent, he adopted the only means left for the

the accomplishment of his purpose, by working his passage as a common sailor in one of the ships belonging to the East-India Company. After his arrival in England, he lost no time in beginning to acquire the instruction which he so anxiously desired, but his progress was retarded by the narrowness of his circumstances, and he was compelled to submit to menial occupations, and laborious employments, to procure a subsistence. Fortune favoured his perseverance, and in a moment of despair, he was accidentally introduced to the notice of the Duke of Northumberland, and afterwards to that of many gentlemen of rank and fortune, by whose assistance his views were promoted *.

The

* Previous to his introduction to the Duke of Northumberland, Emin had become acquainted with Edmund Burke, whom he accidentally met in the Park. After some conversation, Mr. Burke invited Emin to his apartments,

The great object of Emin, was to obtain a knowledge of military tactics, in the

apartments, up two pair of stairs at the sign of Pope's head, at a bookseller's near the Temple. Emin, ignorant of the name of the gentleman who had treated him with so much courtesy, begged to be favoured with it, and Mr. Burke politely answered, "Sir, my name is "Edmund Burke at your service; I am a run-away son "from a father, as you are." He then presented half-a-guinea to Emin, saying, "upon my honour this is "what I have at present; please to accept it."

Mr. Burke the next day visited Emin, and assisted him with his advice as to the books which he should read. He introduced him to his relation, Mr. William Burke; and for thirty years, Emin acknowledges that he was treated with unceasing kindness by both.

At the period of the commencement of his acquaintance with Mr. Burke, Emin had little left for his maintenance, and the prospect of accomplishing the purpose of his voyage to England became daily more gloomy. "Had not Mr. Burke consoled him now and "then (to use the words of Emin) he might have been "lost for ever through despair; but his friend always "advised him to put his trust in God, and he never "missed a day without seeing Emin. He was writing "books at the time, and desired the author (i. e. Emin) "to copy them; the first was an Imitation of the late "Lord Bolingbroke's Letter; the second, The Treatise "of Sublime and Beautiful." Life of Emin, London edition, p. 93.

hopes

hopes of employing it successfully, in rescuing the liberty and religion of the country of his ancestors from the despotism of the Turks and Persians. After serving with the Prussian and English armies in Germany, he procured the means of transporting himself into the mountains of Armenia, in the view of offering his services to Heraelius, the reigning prince of Georgia, and of rousing the religious zeal and martial spirit of his countrymen. He had there the mortification to find his resources inadequate to the magnitude of the enterprise, and he was compelled to return disappointed to England. After some time spent in solicitation, he was enabled by the assistance of his patrons to proceed with recommendations to Russia, and thence, after various fatigues and impediments, which his fortitude and perseverance surmounted, he reached Tefflis, the capital of Georgia. After eight years

of

of wandering, perils, and distress, through the mountains of that country and Armenia, he was obliged to abandon his visionary project, and returned to his father in Calcutta. Still anxious for the accomplishment of his plans, and no ways intimidated by the experience of past dangers and difficulties, he made a third attempt for the execution of them, and proceeded to Persia. This proved equally unsuccessful, and he again returned to Calcutta. In Emin, we see the same man, who was a sailor, a porter, a menial servant, and subsisting by charity, the companion of nobles, and patronized by princes and monarchs, ever preserving in his deepest distresses, a sense of honour, a spirit of integrity, a reliance upon Providence, and a firm adherence to the principles of Christianity, in which he had been educated. During his residence in Calcutta, he published an account of his

eventful life, which Sir William Jones condescended to revise, so far only as to correct orthographical errors, but without any amendment of the style.

From Chatigan, Sir William Jones returned to Calcutta, and after the recess of the court, again visited his retirement at Chrishna-nagur, where he occupied himself as usual in his favourite studies, an account of which, as well as of his journey to the presidency, I shall supply by extracts from his familiar letters.

Sir *William Jones* to Mr. Justice *Hyde*.

Comarcaly, June 15, 1786.

I find that in this country, travellers are perfect slaves to the seasons and elements. It was my resolution when I left Dacca, to push on as expeditiously as possible to Calcutta; but in our passage of eight days last year through the Tulsi creek and the Artai river, our boat

was

was hotter day and night, than I ever felt a vapour-bath; till then, as much as I had reason to dread an Indian sun, I had not a complete idea of it. This affected both Lady Jones and me so much, that it would have been madness to have passed the Sundarbans in such weather; and Mr. Redfearn having promised to send me word, when the Jelinga becomes navigable (which is usually about the middle of this month) I expect every day to receive that intelligence, after which I shall be in Calcutta in eight days. I am principally vexed at this delay, because from your having taken the charge when it was Sir R. Chambers' turn, I fear he must be ill, and consequently that you must have a great deal of trouble: give my affectionate remembrance to him.

I am, &c.

Sir

Sir *William Jones* to Miss *E. Shipley.*

On the Ganges, Sept. 7, 1786.

You do too much honour, my dear Madam, to my compositions; they amuse me in the few hours of leisure that my business allows, and if they amuse my friends, I am amply rewarded.

Mà si 'l Latino e'l Greco
Parlan di me dopo la morte, è un vento;
Ond' io, perche pavento
Adunar sempre quel ch'un' ora sgombre,
Vorrei 'l vero abbraciar lassando l'ombre.

We talk of the year 1790, as the happy limit of our residence in this unpropitious climate; but this must be a family secret, lest applications should be made for my place, and I should be shoved out before my resignation. God grant that the bad state of my Anna's health, may not compel her to leave India before me; I should remain like a man with a dead palsy on one of his sides; but it were better to

lose one side for a time than both for ever. I do not mean that she has been, or is likely to be, in danger from her complaints. I have proposed a visit to her friend, Lady Campbell, and she seemed to receive the proposal with pleasure; the sea air, and change of scene at a proper season, may do more than all the faculty with all their prescriptions. As to politics and ministers, let me whisper another secret in your ear:

Io non credo piu àl *nero* ch' all' *azzurro,*

and, as to coalitions, if the *nero* be mixed with the *azzurro*, they will only make a dirtier colour. India is yet secure, and improveable beyond imagination; it is not however in such a state of security, but that wise politicians may, with strong well-timed exertions and well applied address, contrive to lose it. The discharge of my duty, and the study of Indian laws in their original languages (which is

no

no inconsiderable part of my duty) are an excuse for my neglect of writing letters; and indeed I find by experience, that I can take up my pen for that purpose but once a year; and I have a hundred unanswered letters now lying before me, but my Anna, who is my secretary of state, and first or rather *sole* lady of the treasury, has written volumes. Loves and regards to all who love and regard us; as to compliments, they are unmeaning things, and neither become me to send, nor you to convey.

I am,

With great regard, dear Madam,

Your faithful and affectionate servant,

WILLIAM JONES.

Sir *William Jones* to Dr. *Patrick Russel.*

Crishna-nagur, Sept. 28, 1786.

Various causes contribute to render me a bad correspondent, particu-

larly the discharge of my public duty, and the studies which are connected with that duty, such as the Indian and Arabic laws in their several difficult languages, one of which has occupied most of my leisure for the last twelvemonth, excepting when I travelled to Islamabad, for the benefit of the sea air and verdant hillocks, during the hot season. It is only in such a retirement as the cottage, where I am passing a short vacation, that I can write to literary friends, or even think much on literary subjects; and it was long after I left this solitude last autumn, that I had the pleasure of receiving your most agreeable letter.

I am tolerably strong in *Sanscrit*, and hope to prove my strength soon by translating a law tract of great intrinsic merit, and extremely curious, which the Hindus believe to be almost as old as the creation. It is ascribed to Menu, the Minos

of

of India, and like him, the son of Jove. My present study is the original of Bidpa's fables, called Hitopadesa*, which is a charming book, and wonderfully useful to a learner of the language. I congratulate you on the completion of your two works, but exhort you to publish them. Think how much fame Kœnig lost by delaying his publications. God knows whether any use honourable to his memory will be made of his manuscripts. Think of Mr. D'Herbelot, whose posthumous work, like most others, had the fate of being incorrectly published. Printing is dear at Calcutta; but if government would print your works (as they ought) I could cheerfully superintend commas and colons. I am delighted with your botanical pursuits. They talk of a public garden on the banks of the river near Calcutta. How I wish for our sakes, you

* Translated by Sir William Jones, and published in his Works, vol. vi.

could

could be allured from the Sircars! I long to visit them, however, and to view your collections; though I must be so honest as to own, that *accurate* botanical descriptions give me more pleasure than an herbal, I mean where the fresh plants can be examined. For this reason I have not begun to collect specimens, but describe as well as I can; and for brevity in coarse Latin. Lady Jones assists me by her accuracy in drawing and colouring.

The province of Chatigan (vulgarly Chitigong) is a noble field for a naturalist. It is so called, I believe, from the *chatag*, which is the most beautiful little bird I ever saw. The hills and woods abound with uncommon plants and animals; indeed, the whole Eastern peninsula would be a new world to a philosopher. I wish poor Kœnig had left his papers to you; Banks has too much of his own to employ him, and Macpherson, who loved the sage, would I dare say have persuaded Lord

Lord Cornwallis to raise the best monument to his memory, a good edition of his works. I have carefully examined a plant, which Kœnig mentioned to me, and called *pentapethes protea*, from the singular variety of leaves on the same tree. The natives call it *Mascamchand;* and one of its fragrant fleshy blossoms, infused for a night in a glass of water, forms a mucilage of a very cooling quality. The pentapethes phœnicia, which now beautifies this plain, produces a similar mucilage, which might answer the same purposes as that of the Arabian gùm, if not other and more important purposes. But I mention this plant, because Kœnig told me, that Linnæus had inverted nature in his description of it, by assigning to it *five* castrated filaments, to each of which were annexed three prolific ones; whereas, said he, (I am sure I did not mistake him) the flower has fifteen castrated, and five prolific; so that in truth it would have been

pentan-

pentandrian. Now I have examined all the flowers of this species that I could get, and I find the description of Linnæus to be correct; but there is no accounting for the variety of a protean plant.

Many thanks for your offer of Mr. D'Hancarville, but I have the book, though like you I have not read it. I wish to be firm in Sanscrit, before I read systems of mythology. We have sent the first papers of our transactions to the press, and shall go on as fast as Mr. G.'s compositor will let us. Farewell, my dear Sir; vivere, valere, et philosophari cum paucis, is what I wish for you, as much as for your, &c.

Sir *William Jones* to *William Shipley**, Esq.

Crishna-nagur, Oct. 5, 1786.

I blush, my dear Sir, in reading a second or third time with increasing delight,

* William Shipley, Esq. brother to the late Bishop of St. Asaph, and now in his 89th year. He suggested the idea of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Commerce,

delight, your excellent letters from Maidstone, when I compare the dates of them with that of my answer. Various, however, are the causes which oblige me to be an indifferent and slow correspondent; first, illness, which had confined me three months to my couch, where your first letter found me on the great river; next, the discharge of an important duty, which falls peculiarly heavy on the Indian judges, who are forced to act as justices of the peace in a populous country where the police is deplorably bad; then the difficult study of Hindu and Mohammedan laws, in two copious languages, Sanscrit and Arabic, which studies are inseparably connected with my public duty, and may

Commerce, &c. which was established in 1753, and in the following year, a gold medal was voted to him by the society, with an inscription:

To William Shipley,
whose public spirit
gave Rise to this
Society.

tend

tend to establish by degrees, among ten millions of our black subjects, that security of descendable property, a want of which, as you justly observe, has prevented the people of Asia from improving their agriculture and mechanical arts; lastly, I may add (though rather an amusement than a duty) my pursuit of general literature, which I have here an opportunity of doing from the fountain head, an opportunity, which if lost, may never be recovered. When I accept therefore with gratitude the honour offered me by your young Hercules, the Maidstone Society, of being one of their corresponding members, I cannot indulge a hope of being a diligent or useful correspondent, unless any discovery should be made by our Indian Society, which I may think likely to be of use in our common country. Your various papers I have distributed among those, who seemed the likeliest to avail themselves of the

rules

rules and hints which they contain. The rapidity of the Ganges, makes it extremely difficult to rescue the unhappy persons who are overset in boats, especially at the time of the *bore**, when such accidents most usually happen; but I am confident that the methods prescribed in the little work which you sent me, will often be salutary even here. Dr. Johnson's tract I have now lent to a medical friend of great ability; and I am particularly interested in the security of our prisons from infection, to which indeed they are less liable in this climate, from our practice of sleeping in a draught of air whenever it can be had. Without this habit, to which I am now

* The *bore*, is an expression applied to a peculiar swell in the Hughli river, occasioned by the rapid influx of the tide; it breaks in shallow water along the shore, and no boat can resist its violence. The noise of its approach is heard at a distance of some miles, and the boats to avoid it are rowed into deep water, where the agitation is considerable, but not dangerous. The *bores* are highest about the equinoxes, and at the middle periods between them cease altogether.

enured,

enured, we should never be free from putrid disorders. * * * * *

* * * * * * * * *

* * Should your society be so extended as to admit all Kent, you will, I trust, have an excellent member in one of my oldest college friends, Doctor Breton, of Broughton, near Ashford, who has left no path of science or literature unexplored. We shall print our transactions with all speed consistent with accuracy; as all our members, including even our printer, are men of business, in commerce, revenue, or judicature, we cannot proceed very rapidly, either in giving the public the tracts we have already collected, or in adding to our collection.

Sir *William Jones* to Sir *J. Macpherson*, Bart.

Calcutta, Nov. 1786.

The society heard with pleasure, the curious account of the Lama's inaugu-

inauguration; and the first sheet of their transactions is printed. * * * *

* * * * * * * *

* * Be assured, that I will ever remember the contents of your own letter; and accept my thanks for the pleasure which I have received from that of Mr. Adam Ferguson to you. One sentence of it is so wise, and so well expressed, that I read it till I had it by heart. "Justice to the stranger," &c.

I am correcting proofs of our Transactions, which will, I hope, satisfy Mr. Ferguson as to the theology of the Hindus. By rising before the sun, I allot an hour every day to Sanscrit, and am charmed with knowing so beautiful a sister of Latin and Greek. * * * * *

* * *

Magnum vectigal est parsimonia, is an aphorism which I learned early from Cicero. The public, if they are grateful, must

must wish that you had attended as vigilantly to your own vectigal, as you have wisely and successfully to theirs.

In September, Lord Cornwallis arrived at Fortwilliam, with the appointment of Governor-General; and the writer of these sheets, who accompanied him to India, had the happiness of renewing his personal intimacy with Sir William Jones.

The uniformity which marked the remaining period of his allotted existence, admits of little variety of delineation. The largest portion of each year was devoted to his professional duties and studies; and all the time that could be saved from these important avocations, was dedicated to the cultivation of science and literature. Some periods were chequered by illness, the consequence of intense application; and others were embittered by the frequent and severe indisposition of the partner of his cares and object of his affections. "The climate

"of

" of India" (as he had already found occasion to remark in a letter to a friend) " had " been unpropitious to the delicate consti- " tution of his beloved wife;" and so apprehensive was he of the consequences, that he intended, " unless some favourable " alteration should take place, to urge her " return to her native country, preferring " the pang of separation for five or six " years to the anguish, which he should " hardly survive, of losing her."

While business required the daily attendance of Sir William Jones, in Calcutta, his usual residence was on the banks of the Ganges, at the distance of five miles from the court; to this spot he returned every evening after sun-set, and in the morning rose so early as to reach his apartments in town by walking, at the first appearance of the dawn. Having severely suffered from the heat of the sun, he ever afterwards dreaded and avoided an exposure

sure to it; and in his hymn to Surya, he alludes to its effect upon him, and to his moon-light rambles in the following lines:

Then roves thy poet free,
Who with no borrow'd art,
Dares hymn thy pow'r, and durst provoke thy blaze,
But felt the thrilling dart;
And now on lowly knee
From him, who gave the wound, the balsam prays.

The intervening period of each morning until the opening of the court, was regularly allotted and applied to distinct studies. He passed the months of vacation at his retirement at Crishna-nagur, in his usual pursuits. Some of the literary productions of his retirement will be noticed; and I shall now continue my extracts from his familiar correspondence.

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Shore*, Esq.

Gardens, near Calcutta, March 25, 1787.

I am charmed, my dear Sir, with the short but comprehensive work of

Rhadacaunt, your pundit, the title of which I see is Purán-arthupracusam, or the meaning of the Purans displayed. It contains pedigrees, or lists of kings, from the earliest times to the decline of the Indian empire; but the proper names are so murdered, or so strangely disguised in Persian letters, that I am only tantalized with a thirst for more accurate information. If the pundit at your request, will lend me the original, my *marhatta* writer shall copy it elegantly, with spaces between the lines for a literal English translation, which may perhaps be agreeable, with your consent, to our society.

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Shore*, Esq.

May 11, 1787.

I return with many thanks, my dear Sir, the letter of his High Mightiness Tatbu Arnu (king of Ava*). When I began

* If the reader has a curiosity to see this singular letter,

began it, I feared it was hostile, but am glad to find it so amicable. Dulce mihi nomen

ter, he may gratify it. The perusal, may perhaps recall to his recollection, the following lines:

Here's a large mouth indeed,
That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and seas!

Official translation of a letter from the Rajah or Principal of the Burmas to the Collector of Chittagong:

I am lord of a whole people, and of 101 countries, and my titles are Rajah Chatterdary (*i. e.* sitting under a canopy) and Rajah Surey Bunkshee, (*i. e.* descendant of the Sun). Sitting on the throne with a splendid canopy of gold, I hold in subjection to my authority many Rajahs; gold, silver, and jewels, are the produce of my country, and in my hand is the instrument of war, that, as the lightning of Heaven, humbles and subdues my enemies; my troops require neither injunctions nor commands, and my elephants and horses are without number. In my service are ten pundits learned in the Shaster, and 104 priests, whose wisdom is not to be equalled; agreeably to whose learning and intelligence, I execute and distribute justice among my people, so that my mandates, like the lightning, suffer no resistance nor control. My subjects are endowed with virtue and the principles of justice, and refrain from all immoral practices, and I am as the Sun, blessed with the light of wisdom to discover the secret designs of men; whoever is worthy of being called a Rajah, is merciful and just towards his people; thieves, robbers, and disturbers

nomen pacis! If he is at peace with the Siamese, he may be a good neighbour, and we

turbers of the peace, have at length received the punishment due to their crimes; and now the word of my mouth is dreaded as the lightning from Heaven. I am as a great sea, among 2000 rivers, and many rivulets, and as the mountain Shumeroo, surrounded by 40,000 hills, and like unto these is my authority, extending itself over 101 Rajahs; further, 10,000 Rajahs pay daily attendance at my Durbar, and my country excels every country of the world; my palace as the heavens, studded with gold and precious stones, is revered more than any other palace in the universe. My occupations resemble the business of the chief of the angels, and I have written unto all the provinces of Arracan, with orders to forward this letter in safety to Chittagong, formerly subject to the Rajah Sery Tamah Chucka, by whom the country was cultivated and populated; and he erected 2400 places of public worship, and made 24 tanks.

Previous to his accession, the country was subject to other Rajahs, whose title was Chatterdary, who erected places of worship, and appointed priests to administer the rites of religion to people of every denomination; but at that period the country was ill governed, previous to the accession of Rajah Sery Tamah Chucka to the government of the countries of Rutunpoor, Dootinady, Arracan, Dooraputty, Ramputty, Chagdoye, Mahadaye, Mawong, in whose time the country was governed with justice and ability, and his wisdom was as the

we may be gainers by his gold and ivory; but I have no inclination to taste his sweet

lightning; and the people were happy under his administration. He was also favoured with the friendship of the religious men of the agé, one of whom, by name Budder, resorting to his place of residence, was solicited by the Rajah to appoint some one for the purpose of instructing him in religious rites, and Shawhmany was accordingly appointed agreeably to the Rajah's requisition; at this time it rained from Heaven, gold, silver, and precious stones, which were buried under ground in charge of the above priest, whose house was of gold and silver workmanship, to which the people resort, and worship the deities; and the Rajah kept a large establishment of servants, and of slaves at the temple, for the service of travellers and passengers; and his time was engaged in the studying of the five books, and he always refrained from immoral practices and deeds interdicted by his religion, and the priests, &c. abstained from the flesh of geese, pigeons, goats, hogs, and of fowls; and wickedness, theft, adultery, lying, drunkenness, were unknown in that age. I likewise pursue a line of conduct and religion similar to the above; but previous to my conquest of Arracan, the people were as snakes wounding men, a prey to enmity and disorder; and in several provinces there were eaters of the flesh of men, and wickedness prevailed amongst them, so that no man could trust his neighbour. At this time one Bowdah Outhar, otherwise Sery Boot Taukwor, came down in the country of Arracan,

sweet and delicious petroleum, which he praises so highly; I am satisfied with the smell

Arracan, and instructed the people and the beasts of the field in the principles of religion and rectitude, and agreeably to his word the country was governed for a period of 5000 years, so that peace and good-will subsisted amongst men; agreeably hereto is the tenor of my conduct and government of my people: as there is an oil, the produce of a certain spot of the earth, of exquisite flavour, so is my dignity and power above that of other Rajahs; and Taffloo Rajah, the high priest, having consulted with the others of that class, represented to me on 15th Aughur 1148, saying, do you enforce the laws and customs of Sery Boot Taukwor, which I accordingly did, and moreover erected six places of divine worship, and have conformed myself strictly to the laws and customs of Sery Tamah Chucka, governing my people with lenity and justice.

As the country of Arracan lies contiguous to Chittagong, if a Treaty of Commerce were established between me and the English, perfect amity and alliance would ensue from such engagements; therefore I have submitted it to you, that the merchants of your country should resort hither for the purpose of purchasing pearls, ivory, wax, and that in return my people should be permitted to resort to Chittagong for the purpose of trafficking in such commodities as the country may afford; but as the Mugs residing at Chittagong have deviated from the principles of religion and morality, they ought to be corrected

smell of it, and with its singular property of restoring the scent of Russia leather. I am told he is an able man; but from all I can learn, I suspect him to be an ambitious dog, who would act the lion if he could, and end, as he is said to have begun, the Aurenzeb of the Indian peninsula.

We are pretty well, and hope that you are now in good health. You will not (though you dislike medicine) object to my prescription:

Take a concerto of Corelli,
An air of Leo, or Pergolesi,
——— a trio of Haydn, &c. Mixtura fiat.

Would I could be as good a physician to you, as I am, &c.

corrected for their errors and irregularities agreeably to the written laws, insomuch as those invested with power will suffer eternal punishment in case of any deviation from their religion and laws, but whoever conforms his conduct to the strict rules of piety and religion, will hereafter be translated to Heaven. I have accordingly sent four elephant's teeth under charge of 30 persons, who will return with your answer to the above proposals and offers of alliance.

Sir

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Shore*, Esq.

May 12, 1787.

You have sent me a treasure, which will enable me to satisfy my mind at least on the chronology of India; need I say, that I shall ever be happy in the conversation of so learned a man as Rhadacaunt? Before I return to Calcutta, I shall have read his interesting book, and shall be better able to converse with him in Sanscrit, which I speak continually with my pundit.

I can easily conceive all your feelings, but consider, my dear friend, that you are now collecting for yourself (while you serve your country) those flowers which will give a brighter bloom even to the valleys of Devonshire, that you are young and have as fair a prospect of long happiness as any mortal can have. I predict, that

that when I meet you a few years hence at Teignmouth, where I hope to spend many a season with all that my soul cherishes in this world, I shall hear you confess, that your painful toil in India, conduced in the end to your happiness. That you may enjoy as much of it as human life affords, is the sincere wish of, &c.

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Shore*, Esq.

June 24.

* * * * * * *

* * * I am well, rising constantly between three and four, and usually walking two or three miles before sunrise; my wife is tolerably well; and we only lament, that the damp weather will soon oblige us to leave our herds and flocks, and all our rural delights on the banks of the Baghiratti. The business

of

of the court will continue at least two months longer, after which I purpose to take a house at Bandell or Hugli, and pass my autumnal vacation as usual with the Hindu bards. I have read your pundit's curious book twice in Sanscrit, and will have it elegantly copied; the *Dabistan* also I have read through twice with great attention; and both copies are ready to be returned, as you shall direct. Mr. R. Johnston thinks he has a young friend who will translate the *Dabistan*, and the greatest part of it would be very interesting to a curious reader, but some of it cannot be translated. It contains more recondite learning, more entertaining history, more beautiful specimens of poetry, more ingenuity and wit, more indecency and blasphemy, than I ever saw collected in a single volume; the two last are not the author's, but are introduced in the chapters on the heretics and infidels of India.

India. On the whole, it is the most amusing and instructive book I ever read in Persian*.

I hear nothing from Europe, but what all the papers contain; and that is enough to make me rejoice exceedingly, that I am in Asia. Those with whom I have spent some of my happiest hours, and hope to spend many more on my return to England, are tearing one another to pieces, with the enmity that is proverbial here, of the snake and the ichneumon. I have nothing left therefore, but to wish what is right and just may prevail, to discharge my public duties with unremit-

* The *Dabistan*, is a treatise on twelve different religions, composed by a Mohammedan traveller, a native of Cashmir, named *Mohsan*, but distinguished by the assumed name of Fani, or perishable. Sir William Jones, in his sixth discourse to the society, on the Persians, refers to it as a rare and interesting tract, which had cast a gleam of light on the primeval history of *Iran* and the human race, of which he had long despaired, and which could hardly have dawned from any other quarter.

ted attention, and to recreate myself at leisure with the literature of this interesting country.

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Shore*, Esq.

Chrishna-nagur, Aug. 16, 1787.

I thank you heartily, my dear Sir, for the tender strains of the unfortunate Charlotte*, which have given us pleasure and pain; the sonnets which relate to herself are incomparably the best. Petrarca is little known; his sonnets, especially the first book, are the least valuable of his works, and contain less natural sentiments than those of the swan of Avon; but his odes which are political, are equal to the lyric poems of the Greeks; and his triumphs are in a triumphant strain of sublimity and magnificence. Anna Maria gives you many thanks for the pleasure you have procured her. We are in love with this

* Sonnets by Charlotte Smith.

pastoral

pastoral cottage; but though these three months are called a vacation, yet I have no vacant hours. It rarely happens that favourite studies are closely connected with the strict discharge of our duty, as mine happily are; even in this cottage I am assisting the court by studying Arabic and Sanscrit, and have now rendered it an impossibility for the Mohammedan or Hindu lawyers to impose upon us with erroneous opinions.

This brings to my mind your honest pundit, Rhadacaunt, who refused, I hear, the office of pundit to the court, and told Mr. Hastings that he would not accept of it, if the salary were doubled; his scruples were probably religious; but they would put it out of my power to serve him, should the office again be vacant. His unvarnished tale I would have repeated to you, if we had not missed one another on the river; but since I despair of seeing

you

you until my return to Calcutta, at the end of October, I will set it down here, as nearly as I can recollect, in his own words:

"My father (said he) died at the age of "an hundred years, and my mother, who "was eighty years old, became a *sati*, and "burned herself to expiate sins. They "left me little besides good principles. "Mr. Hastings purchased for me a piece "of land, which at first yielded twelve "hundred rupees a year; but lately, either "through my inattention or through ac- "cident, it has produced only one thou- "sand. This would be sufficient for me "and my family; but the duty of Brah- "mans is not only to teach the youths "of their sect, but to relieve those who "are poor. I made many presents to poor "scholars and others in distress, and for "this purpose I anticipated my income: "I was then obliged to borrow for my

"family

"family expenses, and I now owe about "three thousand rupees. This debt is my "only cause of uneasiness in this world. "I would have mentioned it to Mr. Shore, "but I was ashamed."

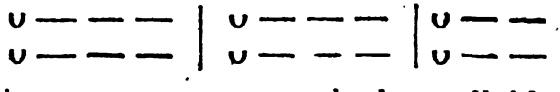
Now the question is, how he can be set upon his legs again, when I hope he will be more prudent. If Bahman* should return to Persia, I can afford to give him one hundred rupees a month, till his debt shall be discharged out of his rents; but at present, I pay more in salaries to my native scholars than I can well afford; nevertheless I will cheerfully join you in any mode of clearing the honest man, that can be suggested; and I would assist him merely for his own sake, as I have more Brahmanical teachers than I can find time to hear.

I send you not an elegant pathetic son-

*A parsi and a native of Yezd, employed by Sir William Jones as a reader.

net,

net, but the wildest and strangest poem that was ever written, Khakani's complaint in prison. The whole is a menace, that he would change his religion, and seek protection among the Christians, or the Gabres. It contains one or two proper names, of which I find no full explanation even in a commentary professedly written to illustrate the poem. The fire of Khakani's genius blazes through the smoke of his erudition; the measure of the poem, which will enable you to correct the errors of the copies, is



with a strong accent on the last syllable of each foot. Adieu, my dear Sir, &c.

Sir *William Jones* to *Jos. Cowper*, Esq.
Of St. Valoire, near Bray, Ireland.

Crishna-nagur, Sept. 11, 1787.

I give you my hearty thanks, dear Sir, for your kind attention to me, and for the

the pleasure which I have received from your letter, as well as for that which I certainly shall receive from your historical memoirs of the Irish Bards. The term being over before your book could be found, and the state of my health obliging me to seek this pastoral retreat, where I always pass my vacation among the Brahmans of this ancient university, I left Calcutta before I could read your work, but shall peruse it with eagerness on my return to the capital. You touched an important string, when you mentioned the subject of Indian music, of which I am particularly fond. I have just read a very old book on that art in Sanscrit. I hope to present the world with the substance of it, as soon as the transactions of our society can be printed; but we go on slowly, since the press is often engaged by government; and we think it better to let our fruit ripen naturally,

than

than to bring forth such watery and imperfect fruits as are usually raised in hot beds. The *Asiatic Miscellany*, to which you allude, is not the publication of our society, who mean to print no scraps, nor any *mere* translations. It was the undertaking of a private gentleman, and will certainly be of use in diffusing Oriental literature, though it has not been so correctly printed as I could wish. When you see Colonel Vallancy, whose learned work I have read through twice with great pleasure, I request you to present him with my best remembrance. We shall soon I hope see faithful translations of Irish histories and poems. I shall be happy in comparing them with the Sanscrit, with which the ancient language of Ireland had certainly an affinity. Proceed, Sir, in your laudable career, you deserve the applause of your country, and will most assuredly have that of, Sir, &c.

Sir *William Jones* to Dr. *Patrick Russel.*

Chrishna-nagur, Sept. 22, 1787.

Your interesting papers did not find their way to me till I had left this cottage, and was wholly immersed in business. Indeed, I am so harassed for eight months in twelve, that I can seldom think of literature till the autumn vacation, which I pass in this charming plain, the driest in Bengal, and close to a college of Brahmans. I am charmed with your plan; and if the directors have not yet resolved to print the work at their expense, I can perhaps suggest a mode of procuring very powerful influence with them. The king has much at heart his new botanical garden at St. Vincent's; his object is twofold, to improve the commerce of the West-India islands, and to provide the British troops on service there with medicinal plants. Now, if you could send a box

box or two of seeds, likely to be useful in commerce or medicine, directed to Sir George Young, the secretary at war, (to whom I have inclosed your letter to the Board at Madras) I dare say the Board of Controul would be desired to use their influence with the Directors. * * * * * You could not have chosen a better specimen than the *pedalium murex*, of which little is said by Linnæus, and that from doubtful authority. The *opuntia* I have not seen here, and I cannot ramble into the woods. Our groves at this place are skirted with an angulated *cactus*, called *sija* (pronounced *seeja*) in the Sanscrit dictionaries, where I find the names of about 300 medicinal plants, the virtues of which are mentioned in medicinal books. I agree with you, that those books do not carry full conviction; but they lead to useful experiments, and are therefore valuable. I made fine red ink, by

dropping a solution of tin in *aqua regia* into an infusion of the *coccus*, which Dr. Anderson was so polite as to send to me. His discovery will, I trust, be useful; his ardour and ingenuity deserve success.

I have just read with attention the *Philosophia Botanica*, which I consider as the grammar, and the *Genera et Species* as the dictionary, of botany. It is a masterly work, and contains excellent matter in a short volume; but it is harshly, not to say barbarously, written. I grieve to see botany imperfect in its two most important articles, the *natural orders* and the *virtues* of plants, between which I suspect a strong affinity. I envy those who have leisure to pursue this bewitching study.

Pray, my dear Sir, have you the Oriental manuscripts of my friend Dr. Alexander Russel? He lent me three, which I returned; the *Sucardan*, the *Banquet of Physicians*, and a beautiful *Hafez*. If you have

have them, I shall beg leave to read them again, when we meet in Europe.

Postscript. What is spikenard? I mean botanically, what is the natural order, class, genus, &c. of the plant? What was the spikenard in the alabaster-box of the Gospel? What was nardi parvus onyx? What did Ptolemy mean by the excellent nard of Rhangamutty in Bengal? I have been in vain endeavouring for above two years to procure an answer to these questions; your answer will greatly oblige me.

Sir *William Jones* to *Thomas Caldicott*, Esq.

Chrishna-nagur, Sept. 27, 1787.

Your brother sent me your letter at a convenient time, and to a convenient place, for I can only write in the long vacation, which I generally spend in a delightful cottage, about as far from Calcutta as Oxford is from London, and close to an ancient university of Brahmans, with

with whom I now converse familiarly in Sanscrit. You would be astonished at the resemblance between that language and both Greek and Latin. Sanscrit and Arabic will enable me to do this country more essential service, than the introduction of arts (even if I should be able to introduce them) by procuring an accurate digest of Hindu and Mohammedan laws, which the natives hold sacred, and by which both justice and policy require that they should be governed.

I have published nothing; but Armenian clerks make such blunders, that I print ten or twenty copies of every thing I compose, which are to be considered as manuscripts. I beg you will send me your remarks on my plan of an epic poem. Sanscrit has engaged my vacations lately; but I will finish it, if I live. I promise you to attend to all that is said, especially if alterations are suggested, always reserv-

ing

ing to myself the final judgment. One thing I am inflexible in; I have maturely considered the point, and am resolved to write in blank verse. I have not time to add my reasons; but they are good.

I thank you for Sheridan's speech, which I could not however read through. For the last sixteen years of my life, I have been in a habit of requiring evidence of all assertions, and I have no leisure to examine proofs in a business so foreign to my pursuits. * * * * *

* * * * * * * *

If Hastings and Impey are guilty, in God's name let them be punished; but let them not be condemned without legal evidence. I will say more of myself, than you do of yourself, but in few words. I never was unhappy in England; it was not in my nature to be so; but I never was happy till I was settled in India. My constitution has overcome the climate; and if I could

I could say the same of my beloved wife, I should be the happiest of men; but she has perpetual complaints, and of course I am in perpetual anxiety on her account.

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Wilmot*, Esq.

Chrishna-nagur, Bengal, Oct. 3, 1787.

* * * * * * * * * * * * I cannot, however, let the season slip, without scribbling a few lines to tell you, that my constitution seems to have overcome the climate, and that I should be as happy as mortal man can be, or perhaps ought to be, if my wife had been as well as I have for the last three years.

I have nothing to say of India politics, except that Lord Cornwallis and * * * are justly popular, and perhaps the most virtuous governors in the world. Of English politics I say nothing; because I doubt whether

whether you and I should ever agree in them. I do not mean the narrow politics of contending parties, but the great principles of government and legislation, the majesty of the whole nation collectively, and the consistency of popular rights with regal prerogative, which ought to be supported, to suppress the oligarchical power. But in India I think little of these matters.

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Shore*, Esq.

Crishna-nagur, Oct. 10, 1787.

I hope in less than a fortnight to see you in perfect health, as I shall leave this charming retreat on the 20th. I want but a few leaves of having read your copy of Hafez twice through; and I am obliged to you for the most agreeable task (next the Shah-nameh) I ever performed. The annexed elegy* was sent to me by the post;

* The elegy alluded to, which has been since printed in a collection of poems, is the following:

PHILE-

post; and I send it to you, because I think you will like it. There is a great pathos in the fourth tetrastick; and I know unhappily that excessive grief is neither full of tears, nor full of words; yet if a dramatic poet were to represent such

PHILEMON. An Elegy.

Where shade yon yews the church-yard's lonely bourn,
With faultering step, absorb'd in thought profound,
Philemon wends in solitude to mourn,
While evening pours her deep'ning glooms around.

Loud shrieks the blast, the sleety torrent drives,
Wide spreads the tempest's desolating power;
To grief alone Philemon reckless lives,
No rolling peal he heeds, cold blast, nor shower.

For this the date that stamp'd his partner's doom;
His trembling lips receiv'd her latest breath.
"Ah! wilt thou drop one tear on Emma's tomb?"
She cried: and clos'd each wistful eye in death.

No sighs he breath'd, for anguish riv'd his breast;
Her clay-cold hand he grasp'd, no tears he shed,
'Till fainting nature sunk by grief oppress'd,
And ere distraction came all sense was fled.

Now time has calm'd, not cur'd Philemon's woe,
For grief like his, life-woven, never dies;
And still each year's collected sorrows flow,
As drooping o'er his Emma's tomb he sighs.

grief

grief naturally, I doubt whether his conduct would be approved, though with fine acting and fine sounds in the orchestra, it ought to have a wonderful effect. Lady J. is pretty well; a tiger about a month old, who is suckled by a goat, and has all the gentleness of his foster-mother, is now playing at her feet. I call him Jupiter. Adieu.

Sir *William Jones* to Dr. *Ford*.

Gardens, on the Ganges, Jan. 5, 1788.

Give me leave to recommend to your kind attentions Colonel Polier, who will deliver this to you at Oxford. He presents to the university an extremely rare work in Sanscrit, a copy of the four *vedas*, or Indian scriptures, which confirm, instead of opposing the Mosaic account of the creation, and of the deluge. He is himself one of the best-disposed and best informed men, who ever left India. If he embark to-morrow, I shall not be able to send

send you, by him, an Arabic manuscript, which I have read with a native of Mecca, the poems of the great Ali. * * *

* * * * * * * *

Our return to Europe is very distant; but I hope, before the end of the eighteenth century, to have the pleasure of conversing with you, and to give you a good account of Persia, through which I purpose to return.

Sir *William Jones* to Sir *Joseph Banks*.

Gardens, near Calcutta, Feb. 25, 1788.

I was highly gratified by your kind letter, and have diffused great pleasure among our astronomers here, by shewing them an account of the lunar volcano. The Brahmans, to whom I have related the discovery in Sanscrit, are highly delighted with it. Public business presses on me so heavily at this season, that I must postpone the pleasure of writing fully to you, till

till I can retire in the long vacation to my cottage, where I hear nothing of plaintiffs or defendants. Your second commission I will faithfully execute, and have already made enquiries concerning the *dacca cotton;* but I shall be hardly able to procure the seeds, &c. before the Rodney sails.

* * * * * *

These letters describe the elegant occupations of a mind disciplined in the school of science, ardent to embrace it in all its extent, and to make even its amusements subservient to the advancement of useful knowledge, and the public good. From the discharge of his appointed duties, we see Sir William Jones returning with avidity to his literary pursuits, improving his acquaintance with botany, and, relaxing from the severity of study by the perusal of the most admired Oriental authors, communicating his pleasures and acquirements

to

to his friends. There are few of his letters in which he does not introduce the name of Lady Jones, with that affection which never abated: she was his constant companion, and the associate of the literary entertainment which occupied and amused his evenings.

Amongst the letters which I have transcribed, I cannot pass, without particular notice, that which he wrote to me in the beginning of 1787. The prediction which it contains, is a melancholy proof of the disappointment of human expectations; and I am now discharging the duty of affection for his memory, at a short distance only from the spot which he mentions, as the anticipated scene of future delight, and where I once fondly hoped to enjoy the happiness of his society. That happiness would indeed have imparted a higher bloom to the valleys of Devonshire, which I now trace with the melancholy recollec-

tion, that the friend whom I loved, and whose virtues I admired, is no more.

The introduction of the unvarnished tale of his respectable Hindu friend, is a proof of that kindness and sensibility, which he ever felt for distressed merit. It is superfluous to add, what the reader will have anticipated, that the disposition to relieve his wants was not suffered to evaporate in mere profession.

In the midst of his public duties and literary employments, political speculations had but little share of his attention; yet the sentiments which he occasionally expresses on this subject, do honour to his heart, and prove that the welfare of his country was always nearest to it.

The hope with which he flatters himself, that his constitution had overcome the climate, was unfortunately ill-founded; few months elapsed without his suffering from the effects of it, and every attack had a ten-

a tendency to weaken the vigour of his frame.

Among other literary designs which he meditated, he mentions the plan of an epic poem. It was founded on the same story which he had originally selected for a composition of the same nature in his twenty-second year, the discovery of England by Brutus; but his acquaintance with Hindu mythology had suggested to him the addition of a machinery perfectly new, by the introduction of the agency of the Hindu deities; and however wild or extravagant the fiction may appear, the discordancy may be easily reconciled by the actual subjection of Hindustan to the British dominion, poetically visible to the guardian angels of that country. The first hint of this poem, was not suggested by the example of Pope, but by a passage in a letter of Spenser to Sir Walter Raleigh*;

* Appendix A.

it

it is evident however, that Sir William Jones was not disposed to abandon the execution of his purpose by the strictures of Dr. Johnson, on Pope's intended poem, and that, in more open defiance of the critic's opinion, he determined to write it in blank verse, although he originally proposed to adopt the heroic measure in rhyme. I should have been happy to gratify the curiosity of my readers with his reasons for this determination, but they do not appear.

Notwithstanding all that might have been expected from the genius, taste, and erudition of Sir William Jones on a subject like this, I cannot, for my own part, lament the application of his time and labour to other studies, calculated to instruct as well as to delight the public; we have far more reason to lament, that he did not live to return to his native country through Persia, and that we have lost for ever that

 infor-

information which would have been supplied by his researches and observations during the journey. The strength of a constitution, never vigorous, was unequal to the incessant exertion of his mental faculties: and whilst we admire the boundless activity of his mind, we anticipate with sorrow its fatal effects upon his health.

I have frequently remarked, that it was the prevailing wish of Sir William Jones to render his talents and attainments useful to his country. The tenour of his correspondence shews, that his principal studies were directed to this object; and nearly two years preceding the period at which I am arrived, he describes the mode in which he proposes to give effect to his wishes, and expresses his determination to accomplish it, with an energy which marks his sense of the importance of the work he then meditated.

Having now qualified himself, by his know-

knowledge of the Sanscrit and Hindu laws, for the execution of his plan, he determined to delay it no longer; and as he could not prudently defray the expense of the undertaking from his own finances, he deemed it proper to apply to the government of Bengal for their assistance. The following letter which he addressed to the Governor-General, Lord Cornwallis, on this subject, contains all the explanations necessary.

MY LORD,

It has long been my wish to address the government of the British dominions in India on the administration of justice among the natives of Bengal and Bahar, a subject of equal importance to the appellate jurisdiction of the supreme court at Calcutta, where the judges are required by the legislature to decide controversies between Hindu and Mohammedan parties, according to their respective laws of con-

tracts, and of succession to property; they had, I believe, so decided them, in most cases before the statute to which I allude, had passed; and the parliament only confirmed that mode of decision, which the obvious principles of justice had led them before to adopt. Nothing indeed could be more obviously just, than to determine private contests according to those laws, which the parties themselves had ever considered as the rules of their conduct and engagements in civil life; nor could any thing be wiser, than, by a legislative act, to assure the Hindu and Mussulman subjects of Great Britian, that the private laws which they severally held sacred, and a violation of which they would have thought the most grievous oppression, should not be superseded by a new system of which they could have no knowledge, and which they must have considered as imposed on them by a spirit of rigour and intolerance.

So

So far the principle of decision between the native parties in a cause appears perfectly clear; but the difficulty lies (as in most other cases) in the application of the principle to practice; for, the Hindu and Mussulman laws are locked up for the most part in two very difficult languages, Sanscrit and Arabic, which few Europeans will ever learn, because neither of them leads to any advantage in worldly pursuits: and if we give judgment only from the opinions of the native lawyers and scholars, we can never be sure, that we have not been deceived by them.

It would be absurd and unjust to pass an indiscriminate censure on so considerable a body of men; but my experience justifies me in declaring, that I could not with an easy conscience concur in a decision, merely on the written opinion of native lawyers, in any cause in which they could have the remotest interest in misleading

ing the court; nor, how vigilant soever we might be, would it be very difficult for them to mislead us; for a single obscure text, explained by themselves, might be quoted as express authority, though perhaps in the very book from which it was selected, it might be differently explained or introduced only for the purpose of being exploded. The obvious remedy for this evil had occurred to me before I left England, where I had communicated my sentiments to some friends in parliament, and on the bench in Westminster-Hall, of whose discernment I had the highest opinion: and those sentiments I propose to unfold in this letter, with as much brevity as the magnitude of the subject will admit.

If we had a complete digest of Hindu and Mohammedan laws, after the model of Justinian's inestimable pandects, compiled by the most learned of the native lawyers, with an accurate verbal translation

tion of it into English; and if copies of the work were deposited in the proper offices of the Sedr Divani Adaulat *, and of the supreme court, that they might occasionally be consulted as a standard of justice, we should rarely be at a loss for principles at least, and rules of law applicable to the cases before us, and should never perhaps be led astray by the pundits or maulavis, who would hardly venture to impose on us, when their imposition might so easily be detected. The great work, of which Justinian has the credit, consists of texts collected from law books of approved authority, which in his time were extant at Rome, and those texts are digested according to a scientifical analysis; the names of the original authors, and the titles of their several books, being constantly cited with references even to the parts of their works, from which the different passages were se-

* The court of appeals in civil suits.

lected:

lected: but although it comprehends the whole system of jurisprudence, public, private, and criminal, yet that vast compilation was finished, we are told, in three years; it bears marks unquestionably of great precipitation, and of a desire to gratify the Emperor by quickness of dispatch; but with all its imperfections, it is a most valuable mine of judicial knowledge, it gives law at this hour to the greatest part of Europe, and, though few English lawyers dare make such an acknowledgement, it is the true source of nearly all our English laws, that are not of a feudal origin. It would not be unworthy of a British government, to give the natives of these Indian provinces a permanent security for the due administration of justice among them, similar to that which Justinian gave to his Greek and Roman subjects: but our compilation would require far less labour, and might be completed with far greater

exactness

exactness in as short a time, since it would be confined to the laws of contracts and inheritances, which are of the most extensive use in private life, and to which the legislature has limited the decisions of the supreme court in causes between native parties; the labour of the work would also be greatly diminished by two compilations already made in Sanscrit and Arabic, which approach nearly in merit and in method, to the digest of Justinian: the first was composed a few centuries ago by a Brahman of this province, named *Raghunanden*, and is comprised in twenty-seven books at least, on every branch of Hindu law: the second, which the Arabs called the *Indian decisions*, is known here by the title of *Fetaweh Aalemgiri*, and was compiled by the order of *Aurangzeb*, in five large volumes, of which I possess a perfect and well-collated copy. To translate these immense works would be superfluous

perfluous labour; but they will greatly facilitate the compilation of a digest on the laws of inheritance and contracts; and the code, as it is called, of Hindu law, which was compiled at the request of Mr. Hastings, will be useful for the same purpose, though it by no means obviates the difficulties before stated, nor supersedes the necessity or the expedience at least of a more ample repertory of Hindu laws, especially on the twelve different contracts, to which *Ulpian* has given specific names, and on all the others, which, though not specifically named, are reducible to four general heads. The last-mentioned work is entitled *Vivadamavasetu*, and consists, like the Roman digests, of authentic texts, with the names of their several authors regularly prefixed to them, and explained, where an explanation is requisite, in short notes taken from commentaries of high authority: it is, as far as it goes, a very excel-

excellent work; but though it appear extremely diffuse on subjects rather curious than useful, and though the chapter on inheritances be copious and exact, yet the other important branch of jurisprudence, the law of contracts, is very succinctly and superficially discussed, and bears an inconsiderable proportion to the rest of the work. But whatever be the merit of the original, the translation of it has no authority, and is of no other use than to suggest enquiries on the many dark passages which we find in it; properly speaking, indeed, we cannot call it a translation; for though Mr. Halhed performed his part with fidelity, yet the Persian interpreter had supplied him only with a loose injudicious epitome of the original Sanscrit, in which abstract many essential passages are omitted; though several notes of little consequence are interpolated, from a vain idea of elucidating or improving the text.

All

All this I say with confidence, having already perused no small part of the original with a learned pundit, comparing it as I proceeded, with the English version. Having shewn therefore the expedience of a new compilation for each system of Indian law, I beg leave to state the difficulties which must attend the work, and to suggest the means of removing them.

The difficulty which first presents itself, is the *expense* of paying the pundits and maulavis who must compile the digest, and the native writers who must be employed to transcribe it. Since two provinces are immediately under this government, in each of which there are many *customary* laws, it would be proper to employ one pundit of Bengal and another from Behar; and since there are two Mohammedan sects, who differ in regard to many traditions from their Prophet, and to some decisions of their respective doc-

tors,

tors, it might be thought equally proper to engage one maulavi of each sect; and this mode would have another advantage, since two lawyers conferring freely together on fundamental principles common to both, would assist, direct, and check each other*.

Although I can have no personal interest, immediate or consequential, in the work proposed, yet I would cheerfully have borne the whole expense of it, if common prudence had not restrained me, and if my private establishment of native readers and writers, which I cannot with convenience discontinue at present, did not require more than half of the monthly expense, which the completion of a digest would, in my opinion, demand. I am under a necessity therefore of intimating, that if the work be thought expedient,

* A passage relating to the remuneration of the natives to be employed, is here omitted.

the

the charges of it should be defrayed by the government, and the salaries paid by their officers. The second difficulty is, to find a director of the work and a translator of it, who with a competent knowledge of the Sanscrit and Arabic, has a general acquaintance with the principles of jurisprudence, and a sufficient share even of legislative spirit, to arrange the plan of a digest, superintend the compilation of it, and render the whole, as it proceeds, into perspicuous English; so that even the translation may acquire a degree of authority proportioned to the public opinion of his accuracy. Now, though I am truly conscious of possessing a very moderate portion of those talents, which I should require in the superintendant of such a work, yet I may without vanity profess myself equal to the labour of it; and though I would much rather see the work well conducted by any man than myself,

self, yet I would rather give myself the trouble of it, than not live to see it conducted at all; and I cannot but know, that the qualifications required even in the low degree in which I possess them, are not often found united in the same person, for a reason before suggested. If your Lordship, therefore, after full consideration of the subject, shall be of opinion, that a digest of Hindu and Mohammedan laws would be a work of national honour and utility;—I so cherish both, that I offer the nation my humble labour as far as I can dispose of my time consistently with the faithful discharge of my duty as a magistrate: should this offer be accepted, I should then request your Lordship to nominate the pundits and maulavis, to whom I would severally give a plan conformable to the best analysis that I could make; and I should be able, if my health continued firm, to translate every morning,

before

before any other business is begun, as much as they could compile, and the writers copy in the preceding day. The *Dhermasastra*, or sacred code of the Hindus, consists of *eighteen* books, the first of which would in any age or nation be thought a wonderful performance; both the first and second have excellent commentaries of great authority, but the other sixteen are too easy to need elucidation: the works of Menu, of *Yagyawalcia*, and most of the others are in blank verse, but that of *Gautam* is in modulated prose; besides these, the Hindus have many standard law-tracts with their several commentaries, and among them a fine treatise on inheritances by *Jemutavahan*, to which our pundits often refer; though on that subject, the work of *Raghunanden* seems to be more generally approved in this province. The Mussulmans, besides a few general rules in the Koran, and a number of *traditional*

tional maxims delivered from their Prophet, and his companions through the sages of their law, together with the opinions of the celebrated lawyers preserved by their disciples, have two incomparable little tracts, one by *Surajuddin*, and the other by *Alkuduri;* the former on succession only, and the other on contracts; also with comments on each, and other comments on them; not to mention some other tracts of acknowledged authority, and large collections of *decision* in particular cases. All these books may, I suppose, be procured with ease; and some of the most rare among them are in my possession; mine I would lend with pleasure to the pundits and maulavis, if they happened to be unprovided with good copies of them, and my example would, I persuade myself, be followed on such an occasion by other collectors of Eastern manuscripts, both natives and Europeans. This is all that

appears necessary to be written on the subject, with which I began this address to your Lordship; I could not have expressed myself more concisely without some obscurity; and to have enlarged on the technical plan of the work which I have proposed, would have been superfluous.

I have the honour to be, &c.

WILLIAM JONES.

Calcutta, March 19, 1788.

A proposal such as the letter of Sir William Jones contains, could not fail of receiving that attention which it merited, from the nobleman, who presided in the government of India. Fully sensible of the utility of a digest of Hindu and Mohammedan law, in facilitating what he was ever anxious to promote, the due administration of justice to the native subjects of the British empire in Hindustan, the Marquis Cornwallis considered the accomplishment

ment of the plan, as calculated to reflect the highest honour upon his administration. The answer to Sir William Jones, written by his direction, expressed this sentiment with a declaration, that his Lordship deemed it singularly fortunate, that a person so eminently qualified for the task, should, from principles of general benevolence and public spirit, be induced to engage in an undertaking, as arduous as it was beneficial.

With this sanction, Sir William Jones immediately entered upon the execution of the work, and having selected with the greatest care, from the most learned Hindus and Mohammedans, a sufficient number of persons duly qualified for the task of compilation, he traced the plan of the digest, prescribed its arrangement, and pointed out the manuscripts from which it was to be formed.

From a series of letters addressed to the

compiler of these memoirs on the subject of the digest, a large selection might be made relating to it; but as they cannot be interesting to my readers in general, I shall not interrupt the narrative by their introduction.

At the period when this work was undertaken by Sir William Jones, he had not resided in India more than four years and a half; during which time, he had not only acquired a thorough knowledge of the Sanscrit language, but had extended his reading in it so far, as to be qualified to form a judgment upon the merit and authority of the authors to be used in the compilation of his work; and although his labour was only applied to the disposition of materials already formed, he was enabled by his previous studies to give them an arrangement superior to any existing, and which the learned natives themselves approved and admired. In the dispensations

tions of Providence, it may be remarked, as an occurrence of no ordinary nature, that the professors of the Braminical faith should so far renounce their reserve and distrust, as to submit to the direction of a native of Europe, for compiling a digest of their own laws.

I now present the reader with the correspondence of Sir William Jones, during the remainder of 1788 and the following year, without interruption.

The first letter refers to a subject, discussed in a conference between the executive government of Bengal and the judges, on the subject of the police at Calcutta, which required great reformation. The establishment of the supreme court of judicature had superseded the former local jurisdictions at Fort-William, without making sufficient provisions for the police of the town; and the subject discussed at the

the conference, was that of an application to the legislature of Great Britain for power to establish an efficient police. If the recollection of the writer of these memoirs does not deceive him, Sir William misunderstood the result of the conference, and, under this impression, addressed to him the following letter, which strongly marks his attachment to the constitution of his own country, and deserves on this account, as well as for other opinions expressed in it, to be recorded. His suggestions were adopted in the application to parliament, and confirmed by its sanction.

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Shore*, Esq.

Feb. 7, 1788.

I avail myself of an hour's leisure, to throw upon paper, a few thoughts on the subject of our late conference, concerning

cerning an application to the legislature, for a power of *summary conviction and punishment* in Calcutta.

The concurrence or dissent of an individual, who is not a member of an executive government, ought to have so little weight, that I would not have obtruded my opinion, if it had not been asked: but it would ill become me to concur in an application to parliament, for a power, the granting of which, if I were myself in parliament, I should hold it my duty to oppose.

The difficulty of which we all seemed sensible, arises from a supposed necessity of deviating from the spirit and form of English judicature in criminal cases; yet the English form has been approved by the wisdom of a thousand years, and has been found effectual in the great cities of England, for the good order and government of the most high-minded, active,

tive, and restless people that exists on earth.

I could easily demonstrate, that the criminal code of our nation, is fully sufficient to punish every temporal wrong, and redress every temporal evil, that can injure the public or individuals, and a British tribunal, for punishment of religious offences by Hindus or Mussulmans, would not only be an inquisition of the most extraordinary kind, but would, I am persuaded, be offensive in the beginning, and oppressive in the end, to the natives of both religions.

The question is then reduced to this: is it absolutely necessary to convict and punish offenders in Calcutta without a jury? if it be, we must follow the example of Solon, who enacted such laws as were, though not the best in themselves, yet the best that circumstances would admit. I am not convinced that such a necessity exists,

exists, and strongly incline to think it does not. The evil to be remedied is the small number of magistrates; the obvious remedy is to appoint a greater number. If the legislature therefore would give the Governor in council, a power to appoint from six to twelve justices of the peace, those justices would (under the direction of government) appoint subordinate peace officers, whose legal powers are very considerable yet accurately defined; but a *superintendant of the police*, is an officer unknown to our system, borrowed from a foreign system, or at least suggesting the idea of a foreign constitution, and his powers being dark and undefined, are those which our law most abhors. The justices would hold a session every quarter of a year; without troubling the members of government, who have other avocations; so that in every year there would be six sessions for administering criminal justice; but

but then comes the great question, how could the juries be supplied without injury to those who should sit on them? Now, without urging that some occasional trouble, and perhaps loss, are the fine which Englishmen pay for their freedom; without intimating that but a few years ago, an application to parliament was made, among other objects, for a trial by jury in all cases, even in Calcutta; without contending, that if summary convictions be once made palatable, we should gradually lose our relish for the admirable mode of trial, on which our common liberties at home almost wholly depend; without rambling a moment from the point before us, I conceive that three hundred persons, qualified to serve on petty juries, would be far more than sufficient to divide the trouble with convenience to themselves, and benefit to the community.

On the whole, the annual burthen on each

each individual, especially if a kind of rotation were observed, or even if the chance of a ballot were taken, would be too inconsiderable to weigh a feather against the important object of supporting so excellent a mode of trial.

After all, are we sure that the British subjects in Calcutta, would be better pleased than myself with any slur upon the constitutional trial by jury? and as to the natives, besides the policy of allowing them all the beneficial effects of our judicature, (and that a trial by twelve men, instead of one, with a power of exceptions is a benefit, must be granted by all,) I rather think that the inhabitants of a British town, owing local allegiance, are entitled to the local advantage of being tried by a British form. In all events, if it be a benefit, they ought not to be deprived of it without some greater public good to compensate the private injustice, than would result,

result, I apprehend, from the power of summary conviction, if it were exercised by men, whose monthly gains would depend on the number of complaints made, and of fines levied.

I am confident therefore, after mature deliberation, that nothing more is to be desired than a power in this government, of appointing justices of peace by annual commissions; and these being my sentiments, I rely on your friendship, so long and so constantly manifested, that if it should be thought proper to mention the concurrence of the judges, you will remember that their concurrence was not unanimous.

I could easily have *said* all this and more, but I chose this mode through delicacy and fear of giving pain. Farewell, and as I esteem you, so esteem, dear Sir,

Your ever affectionate, &c.

Sir

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Shore*, Esq.

Gardens, 1788.

I thank you heartily, my dear Sir, for every part of your letter, and for your strings of Oriental gems, both for the *Durr* and the *Shebeh**; the *pearls* appear with more lustre by the side of the *beads*.

Your quotations from the elegies of Washi are sweetly pathetic; but I will not detain your servant by more observations. Sacontala, will hardly be finished before I go to my cottage; happy shall I be if your occupations allow you to pass a few days near it. Adieu.

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Shore*, Esq.

Gardens, 1788.

The verses are worthy of Catullus, and in his manner; they would appear well

* An Oriental expression for *prose* and *verse*.

in

in *Hendecasyllables.* I will think at some leisure moment of giving them a Persian dress according to your hints. I rejoice that you have it in your power to relieve your mind by poetical imagery; it is the true use of the fine arts.

I have been reading cases for a judgment on Tuesday, from nine o'clock till past two.—Farewell.

Sir *William Jones* to Dr. *Patrick Russel.*

Chrishna-nagur, Sept. 24, 1788.

I have acted like those libertines who defer repentance till the hour of death, and then find that they have not time to repent. Thus I deferred the pleasure of answering letters till the vacation, but found the term and session so long, that I have scarce any vacation at all. I must therefore write very laconically, thanking you heartily for your kind letters, and

very

very curious papers in natural history, wishing that the public may soon gather the fruit of your learned labours.

The business of the court this year, has left me no leisure to examine flowers at Chrishna-nagur. The *sija* is never in blossom when I am here; but though it has something of the form of the *cactus*, yet I imagine from the milk of it, that it is an *Euphorbia*.

With all my exertions I cannot procure any fresh spikenard; but I will not desist. I have two native physicians in my family, but they have only seen it in a dry state.

I am very sorry to find that you are leaving us, as I have no chance of seeing Europe till the end of the eighteenth century. I wish you and your brother and his family a prosperous and speedy voyage. It is impossible for me to write more than Vive, vale!

Sir

Sir *William Jones* to *Thomas Caldicott*, Esq.

Sept. 24, 1788.

We had incessant labour for six hours a day, for three whole months, in the hot season between the tropics, and, what is a sad consequence of long sittings, we have scarcely any vacation. I can therefore only write to you a few lines this autumn. Before your brother sent me Lewisdon Hill, I had read it twice aloud to different companies, with great delight to myself and to them: thank the author in my name. I believe his nameless rivulet is called *Bret* or *Brit*, (whence *Bridport*) by Michael Drayton, who describes the fruitful Marshwood. * * * *

Pray assure all who care for me, or whom I am likely to care for, that I never, directly or indirectly, asked for the succession to Sir E. Impey, and that, if any indiscreet friend of mine has asked for it in

my name, the request was not made by my desire, and never would have been made with my assent.

"Co' magnanimi poohi, a chi 'l ben piace,"

I have enough, but if I had not, I think an ambitious judge a very dishonourable and mischievous character. Besides, I never would have opposed Sir R. Chambers, who has been my friend twenty-five years, and wants money, which I do not.

I have fixed on the year 1800 for my return towards Europe, if I live so long, and hope to begin the new century auspiciously among my friends in England.

P. S. Since I wrote my letter, I have amused myself with composing the annexed ode to Abundance*. I took up ten or twelve hours to compose and copy it; but I must now leave poetry, and return for ten months to J. N. and J. S.

* Works, vol. vi. p. 355.

Sir *William Jones* to *George Harding*, Esq.

Sept. 24, 1788.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I am the worst and you the best correspondent; and I make but a pitiful return for your two kind letters by assuring you, that I find it impossible to answer them fully this season. My eyes were always weak, and the glare of an Indian sky has not strengthened them; the little day-light I can therefore spare from my public duties, I must allot to studies connected with them, I mean the systems of Indian jurisprudence, and the two abstruse languages in which the Hindu and Mussulman laws are written. * *

* * * * * * * *

Anna Maria is pretty well, and I am consequently happy: my own health is firm, and excepting the state of hers, I have all the happiness a mortal ought to have.

Sir *William Jones* to *W. Shipley*, Esq.

Sept. 27, 1788.

* * * * * * *

* * * * * * My own health by God's blessing is firm, but my eyes are weak, and I am so intent upon seeing the digest of Indian laws completed, that I devote my leisure almost entirely to that object; the natives are much pleased with the work; but it is only a preliminary to the security, which I hope to see established among our Asiatic subjects.

The business of our society is rather an amusement than a labour to me: they have as yet published nothing; but have materials for two quarto volumes, and will, I hope, send one to Europe next spring. I lament the sad effects of party, or rather faction in your Maidstone society, but hope (to use a word of Dr. Johnson) that it

will redintegrate. Many thanks for the transactions of your London society, which I have lent to a very learned and ingenious friend, who is much pleased with them.

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Burnett*, Lord *Monboddo*.

Sept. 24, 1788.

The questions concerning India, which you do me the honour to think me capable of answering, require a longer answer than the variety of my present occupations allow me to write. Suffer me therefore to inclose a discourse not yet published, which may give you some satisfaction on Indian literature, and to refer you to the first volume of the transactions of our society, which will, I hope, be sent next season to Europe. As my principal object is the jurisprudence, I have not yet examined the philosophy of the

the Brahmans; but I have seen enough of it to be convinced, that the doctrines of the Vidanti school are Platonic.

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Shore*, Esq.

Jan. 26, 1789.

Let me trouble you, as you see Colonel Kyd oftener than I do, to give him Sir George Young's botanical letter, which I annex. I have requested Colonel Martin to send Sir George all the seeds which he can collect, and will co-operate (as far as my occupations will allow) in the plan of transferring to the West Indies, the spicy forests of Asia: but I have little time at command, and, holding every engagement sacred, I must devote my leisure to the system of Asiatic jurisprudence, which I will see established before I see Europe. It will properly follow your wise and humane design of giving security to the property of the natives. When you have

have had a copy taken of the Persian Hermit,* I shall be glad to borrow it, that my *munshi* may transcribe it. Could you not find some leisure hour to explain an episode of Homer to Serajélhak, that he might try his hand with it?

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Shore*, Esq.

1789.

Fleming† still keeps me a prisoner, and forbids my reading aloud, which used to be my chief amusement in the evening. I trust you will soon be well, and that we shall ere long meet. If the man you mention be guilty, I hope he will be punished; I hate favouritism; and if I had the domi-

* I explained to Serajélhak, the person mentioned by Sir William Jones, Parnel's Hermit, and he composed a Persian poem on the same subject. As it has been frequently transcribed, it might perhaps, without this explanation, at some future time be considered the original of Parnel's poem.

† His physician.

nions

nions of Chingis Khan, I would not have one favourite.

* * * * * *

The poem of Washi has greatly delighted me; it almost equals Metastasio's on a similar subject, and far surpasses other *Wasukts** which I have seen; yet the beautiful simplicity of the old Arabs, in their short elegies, appears unrivalled by any thing in Persian. I transcribe one of them which I have just read in the Hamasa†:

Cease, fruitless tears! afflicted bosom, rest!
My tears obey, but not my wounded breast.
Ah, no! this heart, despairing and forlorn,
Till time itself shall end, must bleed and mourn.

Sir *William Jones* to Mr. *Justice Hyde.*

June 5, 1789.

Though I do not wish to give you the pain of sympathizing (as I know you

* *Wasukt,* the appellation of an amatory elegy, descriptive of the various sensations and passions excited by love.

† The original is omitted.

will

will sympathize) with me in my present distress, yet as you possibly know it, and as you might think me unusually dejected when we meet, I cannot forbear writing to you; especially as I feel a kind of relief in venting my sorrow to an approved friend. One or two English papers mention the death of Lady Jones's father, in such a manner, as to leave me no hope of its being a mistake; this I have known since the 15th of May, but as it may possibly be untrue, I could not in any degree prepare her for the dreadful intelligence. I have therefore taken effectual measures to keep it secret from her, but it is a secret which cannot long be kept; and the bare idea of the pang, which she too soon must feel, and the probable effects of that pang on her delicate constitution, now particularly enervated by the hot season, give me a degree of anguish, which I never before felt. Mr. Shore has kindly promised to take

take care, that all her letters by the Indiamen shall be sent in a sealed packet to me, that I may select for her first perusal the letter from her wisest friend, the dowager Lady Spencer, whose hand-writing I cannot mistake; I wish I could suppress them all, but that is impossible. The pain of losing our parents, time, and time only, will mitigate; but my dread is, that the first shock will have some terrible effect on her health, and this fear haunts me night and day. That your letters may contain the most comfortable news, and that I may see you on Wednesday in perfect health, is the hearty wish of,

My dear Sir,

Your faithful and affectionate

WILLIAM JONES.

Sir

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Shore*, Esq.

June 9, 1789.

* * * * * *

I am glad Jayadeva* pleases you, and thank you for the sublime period of Hooker; of which I had only before seen the first part. His idea of heavenly and eternal law is just and noble; and human law as derived from it, must partake of the praise as far as it is perfectly administered; but *corruptio optimi fit pessima*, and if the administration of law should ever be corrupted, some future philosopher or orator will thus exhibit the reverse of the medal.

"Of law there can be no more acknow-
"ledged, than that her seat is the store-
"house of quirks, her voice the disso-
"nance of brawls; all her followers in-

* Gitagovinda, or the songs of Jayadeva; Works, vol. i. p. 463.

"deed,

" deed, both at the bar and below it,
" pay her homage, the very least as gain-
" ing their share, and the greatest as
" hoping for wealth and fame; but kings,
" nobles, and people of what condition
" soever, though each in different sort and
" manner, yet all have uniformly found
" their patience exhausted by her delays,
" and their purse by her boundless de-
" mands*."

* * * * The parody was so obvious, that I could not refrain from

* The reader will thank me for giving him an opportunity of perusing the passage, at the close of the first book of the Ecclesiastical Polity, which Sir William Jones has parodied.

" Of law, there can be no less acknowledged than
" that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the
" harmony of the world: all things in Heaven and
" Earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her
" care, and the greatest as not exempted from her
" power; both angels and men, and creatures of what
" condition soever, though each in different sort and
" manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her
" as the mother of their peace and joy."

shewing

shewing you the wrong side of the tapestry, with the same figures and flowers, but all maimed and discoloured.

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Shore*, Esq.

1789.

We have finished the twentieth, and last book of Guicciardini's History, the most authentic, I believe (may I add, I fear) that ever was composed. I believe it, because the historian was an actor in his terrible drama, and personally knew the principal performers in it; and I fear it, because it exhibits the woeful picture of society in the 15th and 16th centuries. If you can spare *Reid*, we are now ready for him, and will restore his two volumes on our return from Chrishna-nagur.

When we meet, I will give you an account of my progress in detecting a most impudent fraud, in forging a Sanscrit book on oaths, by Hindus, since I saw you.

The

The book has been brought to me, on a few yellow Bengal leaves apparently modern. The Brahman, who brought it from Sambhu Chaudra Rai, said it was twelve years old; I believe it had not been written twelve days. He said the original work of Mahadeva himself, from which the prohibition of swearing by the water of the Ganges was extracted, was at Chrishna-nagur. I desired him to tell Sambhu Chaudra, who wants me to admit him a suitor, *in formâ pauperis*, without taking his *oath*, that unless he brought me the original, and that apparently ancient, I should be convinced that he meant to impose upon me.

Sir *William Jones* to Mr. Justice *Hyde*.

Sept. 19, 1789.

You have given Lady Jones great pleasure, by informing us from so good authority, that a ship is arrived from England;

England; she presents you with her best compliments.

Most readily shall I acquiesce in any alleviation of Horrebow's* misery, that you and Sir Robert Chambers shall think just and legal. I have not one law book with me, nor if I had many, should I perfectly know where to look for a mitigation by the court of a sentence, which they pronounced after full consideration of all its probable effects on the person condemned. I much doubt, whether it can legally be done; nor do I think the petition states any urgent reason for it. First, he mentions *losses already sustained*

* This man, a foreigner, commanding a vessel, trading to Bengal, was convicted before the supreme court of judicature, of purchasing the children of natives, for the purpose of carrying them out of the country, and selling them as slaves. It was the first instance of an attempt of this kind; he was prosecuted by order of the government of Bengal, and since the punishment inflicted upon Horrebow, the attempt has not been repeated.

(not

(not therefore to be prevented by his enlargement), and, in my opinion, they cannot easily be more than he deserves. Next, his wife's health may have been injured by his disgrace, and may not be restored by our shortening the time of his confinement, which, if I remember, is almost half expired, and was as short as justice tempered with lenity would allow. His own health is not said to be affected by the imprisonment in such a place, at such a season, for if it were proved that he were dangerously ill, we might, I suppose, remove him to a healthier place, or even let him go to sea, if able surgeons swore, that in their serious opinion, nothing else could save his life. That is by no means the case, and I confess, I have no compassion for him; my compassion is for the enslaved children and their parents. Nevertheless I know the benevolence of your heart, and shall approve whatever you and

Sir

Sir R. C. may do, if any precedent can be found or recollected of a power in the court to do what is now prayed.

I am, &c.

Prince *Adam Czartoryski* to Sir *W. Jones.*

Sept. 20, 1783.

It is but a fortnight ago since the gentleman, to whom the most flattering proof of your kind remembrance was committed, delivered it into my hand. I received it with a joined sentiment of gratitude and of vanity. It will be an easy task for you to find out why I am grateful, and every body, but yourself, will soon hit upon the reasons, why your having thought of me makes me vain.

The letter, the idea of the man who wrote it, the place from whence it came, the language of Hafez, all that put together, set my imagination at once in a blaze, and wafted me over in a wish from the

Pole

Pole to the Indies. It has awakened a train of ideas, which lay dormant for a while, and rekindled my somewhat forgotten heat for the Oriental muses, which is not however to be put on the account of inconstancy, but to my having been crossed in my love for them, very near as much as Sir Roger de Coverly is said to have been, in his addresses to his unkind widow. The war, broke out of late, deprived me of my last resource, which was a dervish native of Samercand, who was just come to live with me in the capacity of munshi, his religious zeal would not allow him to continue out of sight of the *Sangiale Sheriff*, so he hastened back to his brethren. After the reception of your letter I grieved still more in seeing myself deprived of proper and easy means to cultivate so interesting a branch of learning, and could not forbear casting an impatient reflection on that warlike spirit,

whose influence leaves nothing happy, nothing undisturbed. The acquisition of a language will always appear to me much more valuable than that of a desert. The sudden departure of my dervish has, I find, soured my temper against conquest and conquerors. I wished it was in my power to sweeten it again by the charms of your intercourse, under the benign influence of the climate you inhabit. How happy should I think myself in the enjoyment of your leisure hours, in perusing a country where every object is worth dwelling upon, in paying a visit to the Rajah of Kisnagoor, with a letter of recommendation from your hand! But, whilst, with a heated fancy, I am expatiating on those delightful subjects, I find myself in reality circling in a round of things as little suiting with my inclination, as the roughness of the heaven does with my constitution; for, *quid frigore sarmatico pejus?* which

becomes

becomes still more intolerable, if you add to it the *in arcto et inglorius labor*, to which we are unfortunately doomed. I cannot finish this letter without repeating to you the warmest acknowledgment of your kind remembrance. I shall be certain to preserve it for ever, if the highest degree of esteem for your eminent qualities and talents, and the most sincere regard for your person, are sufficient titles to ensure it. I am invariably, &c.

Sir *William Jones* to Sir *Joseph Banks*.

Sept. 17, 1789.

DEAR SIR JOSEPH,

The season for paying my annual epistolary rents being returned with the rough gales of the autumnal equinox, I am eager to offer my tribute, where it is most due, to my best landlord, who, instead of claiming, like the India company, sixteen shillings in the pound for the neat profits

of my farm (I speak correctly, though metaphorically) voluntarily offers me indulgences, even if I should run in arrears.

You have received, I trust, the pods of the finest Dacca cotton, with which the commercial resident at that station supplied me, and which I sent by different conveyances, some inclosed to yourself, some to Sir George Young, and some by private hands. But I have always found it safer to send letters and small parcels by the public packet, than by careless and inconsiderate individuals. I am not partial to the *pryangu*, which I now find is its true name; but Mr. Shore found benefit from it, and procured the fresh plants from Arracan, which died unluckily in their way to Calcutta. But seriously, it deserves a longer trial before its tonic virtues, if it have any, can be ascertained. It is certainly not so fine a bitter as camomile or columbo root.

I wish

I wish politics at the devil, but hope that, when the King recovered, science revived. It gives me great pain to know, that party as it is called (I call it faction, because I hold party to be grounded on principles, and faction on self-interest, which excludes all principle) has found its way into a literary club, who meet reciprocally to impart and receive new ideas. I have deep-rooted political principles, which the law taught me: but I should never think of introducing them among men of science, and if, on my return to Europe ten or twelve years hence, I should not find more science than politics in the club, my seat in it will be at the service of any politician who may wish to be one of the party.

An intimate friend of Mr. Blane has written to him, at my request, for the newly discovered fragrant grass; and should the plants be sent before the last ships

ships of the season sail, they shall be sent to you. Whether they be the nard of the ancients, I must doubt, because we have sweet grasses here of innumerable species; and Reuben Burrow brought me an odoriferous grass from the place where the Ganges enters India, and where it covers whole acres, and perfumes the whole country. From his account of it, I suspect it to be Mr. Blane's; but I could make nothing of the dry specimens, except that they differed widely from the *Jatamansi*, which I am persuaded is the Indian nard of Ptolemy. I can only procure the dry *Jatamansi*, but if I can get the stalks, roots, and flowers from Butan, I will send them to you. Since the death of Kœnig, we are in great want of a professed botanist. I have twice read with rapture the *Philosophia Botanica*, and have Murray's edition of the "genera et species "plantarum" always with me; but, as I

am

am no lynx, like Linnæus, I cannot examine minute blossoms, especially those of grasses.

We are far advanced in the second volume of our Transactions.

Sir William Jones to *John Wilmot*, Esq.

Sept. 20, 1789.

Every sentence in your letter gave me great pleasure, and particularly the pleasing and just account of your truly venerable father. Lady Jones, after the first pang for the loss of hers, resigned herself with true piety to the will of God. She is very weak, and always ill during the heats. I have been, ever since my seasoning, as they call it, perfectly well, notwithstanding incessant business seven hours in a day, for four or five months in a year, and unremitted application, during the vacations, to a vast and interesting study, *a complete knowledge of India*,

India, which I can only attain in the country itself, and I do not mean to stay in the country longer than the last year of the eighteenth century. I rejoice that the King is well, but take no interest in the contests of your aristocratical factions. The time never was, when I would have enlisted under the banners of any faction, though I might have carried a pair of colours, if I had not spurned them, in either legion. My party is that of the whole people, and my principles, which the law taught me, are only to be changed by a change of existence.

Sir *William Jones* to Mr. Justice *Hyde*.

Oct. 20, 1789.

Though I hope, my dear Sir, to be with you almost as soon as this letter, yet I write it because it is the last that I shall write to any one for the next eleven months, and I feel so light, after the completion

pletion of my severe epistolary task, that I am disposed to play a voluntary. I have answered fifty very long letters from Europe, and a multitude of short ones; among the rest, I had one from the Chief Baron, who desires his remembrance to you by the title of his old and worthy friend. Another from Master Wilmot informs me, that his father, Sir Eardley, had nearly ended his eightieth year, with as good health, and as clear intellects, as he ever had in the prime of life. When I express a hope of seeing you in two or three days, it is only a hope; for I shall affront the Mandarin at Chinsura*, if I do not make my annual visit to him; now I can only visit him at night, and the wind and tide may delay me, as they did last year. In all events, I shall be with you if I live, before the end of the week, as I am preparing to go on board my pinnace. Besides

* Mr. Titaingh, Governor of Chinsura.

my

my annuities of Europe letters, which I pay at this season, I have been winding up all the odds and ends of all my private or literary concerns, and shall think of nothing for eleven months to come, but law, European or Indian. I have written four papers for our expiring society, on very curious subjects, and have prepared materials for a discourse on the Chinese: the society is a puny, rickety child, and must be fed with pap; nor shall it die by my fault; but die it must, for I cannot alone support it. In my youthful days, I was always ready to join in a dance or a concert, but I could never bring myself to dance a solitary hornpipe, or to play a solo. When I see Titsingh (who, by the way, will never write any thing for us, as long as his own Batavian society subsists), I will procure full information concerning the pincushion rice, and will report it to you. Lady Jones is as usual, and sends

her

her best remembrance. I too am as usual, and as ever, dear Sir, your faithful, &c.

WILLIAM JONES.

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Shore*, Esq.

Oct. 20, 1789.

Your approbation of Sacontala, gives at least as much pleasure to the translator as you had from the perusal of it, and would encourage me to translate more dramas, if I were not resolved to devote all my time to law, European and Indian.

The idea of your happiness, (and few men have a brighter prospect of it than yourself,) reconciles me to our approaching separation, though it must be very long: for I will not see England, while the interested factions which distract it, leave the legislature no time for the great operations which are essential for public felicity, while patriotic virtues are derided as visionary, and while the rancour of contending

tending parties fills with thorns those particular societies, in which I hoped to gather nothing but roses. I am sorry (for the metaphor brings to my mind the *Bostani Kheiyal**) that the *garden of fancy* should have as many weeds as that of politics. Surajélhak, pronounced it with emphasis, a wonderful work; and a young Mussulman assured me, that it comprised all the finest inventions of India and Persia. The work will probably mend as it proceeds.

We must spare ourselves the pain of taking a formal leave; so farewell. May you live happy in a free country!

I am, &c.

* * * * * *

The affectionate wish which concludes these extracts from the correspondence of Sir William Jones, was dictated by the

* The Garden of Fancy; the title of an Eastern romance in Persian, in sixteen quarto volumes.

circum-

circumstance of my departure from India: it has been verified; and the recollection of the place, which I held in his esteem, however accompanied with regret for his death, is an additional source of that happiness, which he wished me to enjoy.

Among other literary occupations in which he employed himself during the two last years, it is to be noticed, that he undertook the office of editor of the elegant poem of *Hateſi*, on the unfortunate loves of *Laili* and *Mujnoon*, an Arabian youth and princess. The benevolent object of his labours renders them interesting, as the book was published at his own expense, with a declared appropriation of the produce of the sale, to the relief of insolvent debtors in the gaol at Calcutta.

In the English preface to the Persian work, he has given a translation of five distichs in the measure of the original, and has shewn that a bare transposition of the accents

accents gives five English couplets in the form which some call heroic, and others elegiac. As a metrical curiosity, I first transcribe the lines in the measure of the original, with the transposed version of the couplets in the English form:

With cheeks where eternal paradise bloom'd,
Sweet Laili the soul of Kais had consum'd.
Transported her heavenly graces he view'd:
Of slumber no more he thought, nor of food.
Love rais'd in their glowing bosoms his throne,
Adopting the chosen pair as his own.
Together on flowery seats they repos'd:
Their lips not one idle moment were clos'd.
To mortals they gave no hint of their smart:
Love only the secret drew from each heart.

TRANSPOSITION.

With cheeks where paradise eternal bloom'd,
Sweet Laili had the soul of Kais consum'd.
Her heav'nly graces he transported view'd:
No more he thought of slumber, nor of food.
Love in their glowing bosoms rais'd his throne,
The chosen pair adopting as his own.
On flowery seats together they repos'd;
Their lips one idle moment were not clos'd.
No hint they gave to mortals of their smart:
Love only drew the secret from each heart.

It has already been mentioned, that, in the earliest periods of his education, Sir William Jones had applied himself with uncommon assiduity to the study of prosody, and, as he advanced in the acquisition of new dialects, he continued to cultivate a knowledge of the laws of metre, which he found of the greatest utility, in ascertaining the text of Oriental authors. In the collection of his works, we read a translation of the first Nemean ode of Pindar, as nearly as possible in the same measure as the original, and amongst other compositions of the same kind, not intended for publication, I find a translation of an ode of Sappho, word for word from the original, and syllable for syllable in the same measure, by the truest rules of English quantity.

In the beginning of 1789, the first volume of the Researches of the society was published. The selection of the papers was left

left to the judgment of Sir William Jones, and he undertook the laborious and unpleasant office of superintending the printing. A third part of the volume, the most interesting as well as instructive, is occupied by the contributions of the president.

Having passed half of my life in India, I may be permitted to avail myself of the opportunity afforded by this publication, to vindicate my fellow-labourers in the East, from one amongst many reproaches undeservedly bestowed upon them. A disinclination to explore the literature and antiquities of Hindustan has been urged, as the natural consequence of that immoderate pursuit of riches, which was supposed to be the sole object of the servants of the East-India Company, and to engross their whole attention. The difficulty attending the acquisition of new idioms, the obstacles opposed by the fears, prejudices,

prejudices, and the reserve of the natives, the constant occupations of official duty, and the injurious effect of sedentary application in a tropical climate upon the constitution, were unnoticed or disregarded, and no allowances made for impediments, which time and perseverance could alone surmount.

The reproach was unmerited; and long before the arrival of Sir William Jones in India, the talents of several persons there had been applied with considerable success, not only to investigations, by which the public interests were essentially assisted, but to those scientific researches, which he more effectually promoted. The art of printing had been introduced into Bengal, by the untaught skill of Mr. Wilkins, and had advanced to great perfection; and many publications equally useful and interesting, issued from the press which he had established.

The genius, example, and direction of Sir William Jones, anticipated what time might perhaps have effected, but with slower progress. With advantages which no European in India possessed, he employed the ascendancy derived from his superior learning, knowledge, and abilities, to form an institution for promoting and preserving the literary labours of his countrymen; and while he exhibited himself an example for imitation, and pointed out in his discourses, those extensive investigations which he only was capable of conceiving, his conduct was adapted to encourage, and invite all who possessed talents and knowledge, to contribute to the success of the institution. The establishment of the society, which does no less honour to him, than to the character of our countrymen in Asia, may hereafter form an important article in the general history of arts and sciences; and, if the

future labours of the members should be continued with the same zeal, the obligations of the public will be proportionably increased*. In the twenty years which have elapsed since this establishment was formed, more accurate information on the history and antiquities, on the arts, sciences, and literature of India, has been given to the world, than ever before appeared; and without disparaging the labours of other investigators, and the merit of antecedent publications, the volumes of the Asiatic Researches will ever remain an honourable testimony of the zeal and abilities of the British residents in Hindustan†.

A copy

* Three volumes of the Asiatic Researches were published before the death of Sir William Jones; a fourth was ready for the press, at the time of his demise, in April 1794, and a seventh volume has since been received in England.

† I cannot omit this opportunity of paying a tribute

A copy of this work was transmitted by Sir William Jones to the Right Honourable Henry Dundas, with a letter intimating a wish that the King would honour the

to the enlightened views and enlarged policy of Marquis Wellesley, Governor-General of India, in founding a college at Fort William, in Bengal, for the instruction of the servants of the East-India Company, in every branch of useful knowledge. The plan of the institution may perhaps have been more extensive than was absolutely necessary for this purpose, but against the principle of it, no solid objection could be urged. The functions assigned to the servants of the East-India Company, are of great magnitude, variety, and importance; and to discharge them properly, requires the education of a statesman and legislator, and a thorough knowledge of the dialects in use in Hindustan. To enable the servants of the Company to acquire the necessary qualifications for the due discharge of these important duties, was the grand object of the institution, which at the same time comprehended the religious instruction, and the superintendance of the morals and habits of the pupils. Considered in a secondary and subordinate point of view, it was calculated to promote the objects proposed in the formation of the Asiatic society. A volume of essays by the students in the college has been published, which does equal honour to them and to the institution.

society

society by his acceptance of it, with which his Majesty graciously complied*.

In the same year, Sir William presented to the public a translation of an ancient Indian drama, under the title of Sacontala, or *the Fatal Ring*, exhibiting a most pleasing and authentic picture of old Hindu manners, and one of the greatest curiosities that the literature of Asia had yet brought to light. Calidas, the author of it, whom Sir William Jones calls the Shakspeare

* The acceptance of the volume by the King, was announced by the following letter:

Lord GRENVILLE to the Right Honourable H. DUNDAS.

SIR, *Whitehall, Feb.* 22, 1790.

Having laid before the King, Sir William Jones's letter to you; I am directed by His Majesty, to signify his gracious acceptance of the volume transmitted by you; and at the same time, to express His Majesty's satisfaction in the progress of the sciences in the British establishment in India, and his approbation of the important undertaking in which Sir William Jones is engaged.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

W. W. GRENVILLE.

speare of India, lived in the first century before Christ, not many years after Terence, and he wrote several other dramas and poetical pieces, of which only Sacontala has received an European dress. The violation of the unities, as well as the mixture of foreign mythology, which constitutes the machinery of the play, are irreconcileable with the purer taste, which marks the dramatic compositions of Europe: but, although the translator declined offering a criticism on the characters and conduct of the play, "from a "conviction that the tastes of men differ "as much as the sentiments and passions, "and that in feeling the beauties of art as "in smelling flowers, tasting fruits, viewing prospects, and hearing melody, every "individual must be guided by his own "sensations and the incommunicable associations of his own ideas," we may venture to pronounce that, exclusive of the

wild,

wild, picturesque, and sublime imagery which characterizes it, the simplicity of the dialogue in many of the scenes, and the natural characters of many of the personages introduced, cannot fail of exciting pleasure and interest in the reader; who will wish with me, perhaps, that Sir William Jones had not rigidly adhered to the determination which he expressed, not to employ his leisure in translating more of the works of Calidas.

In December 1789, the author of these memoirs was compelled, by the reiterated attacks of severe indisposition, to leave India. For an account of the occupations of Sir William Jones, from that period to his return, I refer to his correspondence, beginning with a letter from Count Reviczki*; the reader will see with pleasure, that the mutual regard professed by the

* Appendix, No. 38.

two

two friends had suffered no abatement from time or separation.

London, June 30, 1789.

By the Vestal frigate, which was to convey Lord Cathcart to China, I wrote an answer to your elegant Persian letter, which I received through Mr. Elmsley. It was a most agreeable proof to me, that I was still honoured with a place in your remembrance, notwithstanding the distance which separates us. I have since learned, that Colonel Cathcart died on the voyage; and as the Vestal, in consequence of this event, returned to England, I am not without apprehension, that my letter never reached you. I have since received a most superb work printed at Calcutta, and which would do honour to the first printing-office in Europe, accompanied with an elegant and obliging letter. I recognized in it the hand of a skilful penman,

man, if I may be allowed to judge; for I have so long neglected the cultivation of Oriental literature, that I am almost as much a stranger to it, as if I had never learned it. I have never yet seen so elegant a specimen of Oriental typography, as that in the Persian poem with which you favoured me.

I cannot express how much I regret the loss of your society during my residence in London, which would have afforded me so much gratification; and I doubt if I shall have an opportunity of enjoying it after your return, as I must soon enter upon the new office conferred upon me by the emperor, of minister at Naples. But whatever my destination may be, of this you may be assured, that neither absence nor distance will ever weaken my attachment to you, and that during life I shall consider myself equally bound

by

by gratitude and inclination to preserve it.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

Count REVIEZKI.

Sir *William Jones* to Dr. *Price.*

Chrishna-nagur, Sept. 14, 1790.

MY DEAR SIR,

I give you my warmest thanks for your friendly letter, and acceptable present of an admirable discourse, which I have read with great delight.

* * * * * * * We have twenty millions (I speak with good information) of Indian subjects, whose laws I am now compiling and arranging, in the hope of securing their property to themselves and their heirs. They are pleased with the work; but it makes me a very bad correspondent. I had flattered myself

myself with a hope of making a visit to our venerable friend at Philadelphia, before the retreat which I meditate to my humble cottage in Middlesex; but God's will be done. We shall meet, I devoutly hope, in a happier state.

To the Rev. Dr. *Ford*, Principal of Magdalen Hall, Oxford.

Chrishna-nagur, Oct. 11, 1790.

Though I am for the best of reasons the worst of correspondents, yet I will no longer delay to thank you for your friendly letter of the fourth of February, and for your kind attentions to Colonel Polier. You have a much better correspondent in Mr. Langlas, whose patriotism, I hope, will succeed, and whose Persian literature will be a source of delight to him, if not to the public. Mr. Wehl's favour never reached me, or I would have answered it immediately, and I request

quest you to inform him of my disappointment. The chances are about three to one against your receiving this; and the fear of writing for the sport of winds and waves, disheartens me whenever I take up a pen.

Sir *William Jones* to *William Shipley*, Esq.

Chrishna-nagur, Oct. 11, 1790.

DEAR SIR,

The ships which brought your kind letters arrived so near the end of my short vacation, that I have but just time to thank you for them, as I do most heartily, as well as for your acceptable presents. Anna Maria has recovered from the pang which the sad intelligence from England gave her, and a pious resignation has succeeded to her natural anguish. You are I hope quite recovered from your illness, and again promoting the welfare and convenience of mankind, by your judicious

dicious exertions and ingenious inventions, to which all possible attention shall be shewn in this country. May you very long enjoy the pleasure of doing good, which is, I well know, the only reward you seek! It is now settled here, that the natives are proprietors of their land, and that it shall descend by their own laws. I am engaged in superintending a complete system of Indian laws; but the work is vast, difficult, and delicate; it occupies all my leisure, and makes me the worst of correspondents. I trust, however, that long letters are not necessary to convince you, that I am, &c.

Sir *William Jones* to Mrs. *Sloper**.

Chrishna-nagur, Oct. 13, 1790.

I deserve no thanks for the attentions which it is both my duty and my

* Sister to Lady Jones, and married to William Charles Sloper, Esq.

delight

delight to shew our beloved Anna; but you deserve, and I beg you to accept my warmest thanks for your entertaining letter, for your frequent kind remembrance of me, and your acceptable present of a snuff-box in the most elegant taste. All that you write concerning our friends, is highly interesting to me; and all pleasing, except the contents of your last page; but the most agreeable part of your letter is the hope which you express, that the Bath waters would restore you to health: and it gives me infinite pleasure to know, that your hope has been realized. Anna will give you a full account of herself, and will mention some of the many reasons, that make me a bad correspondent. I thank you for Erskine's speech, but I was myself an advocate so long, that I never mind what advocates *say*, but what they *prove;* and I can only examine *proofs* in causes brought before me. I knew you would

would receive with your usual good-nature my saucy jests about your hand-writing, but hope you will write to me, as you write to Anna, for you know, the more any character resembles pot-hooks, &c. the better I can read it. My love to Amelia, and to all whom you love, which would give them a claim, if they had no other, to the affection of,

My dear Madam,

Your ever faithful,

WILLIAM JONES.

Sir *W. Jones* to Sir *J. Macpherson*, Bart.

Chrishna-nagur, Oct. 15, 1790.

I give you hearty thanks for your postscript, which (as you enjoin secrecy) I will only allude to ambiguously, lest this letter should fall into other hands than yours. Be assured, that what I am going to say does not proceed from an imperfect sense of your kindness, but really I want

want no addition to my fortune, which is enough for me; and if the whole legislature of Britain were to offer me a different station from that which I now fill, should most gratefully and respectfully decline it. The character of an ambitious judge is, in my opinion, very dangerous to public justice; and if I were a sole legislator, it should be enacted that every judge, as well as every bishop, should remain for life in the place which he first accepted. This is not the language of a cynic, but of a man, who loves his friends, his country, and mankind; who knows the short duration of human life, recollects that he has lived four-and-forty years, and has learned to be contented. Of public affairs you will receive better intelligence, than I am able to give you. My private life is similar to that which you remember: seven hours a day on an average are occupied by my duties as a magistrate,

trate, and one hour to the new Indian digest, for one hour in the evening I read aloud to Lady Jones. We are now travelling to the sources of the Nile with Mr. Bruce, whose work is very interesting and important. The second volume of the Asiatic Transactions is printed, and the third ready for the press. I jabber Sanscrit every day with the pundits, and hope, before I leave India, to understand it as well as I do Latin. Among my letters I find one directed to you; I have unsealed it, and though it only shews that I was not inattentive to the note, with which you favoured me on the eve of your departure, yet I annex it, because it was yours, though brought back by my servant.

The latter part of it will raise melancholy ideas; but death, if we look at it firmly, is only a change of place: every departure of a friend is a sort of death;

and we are all continually dying and reviving. We shall all meet; I hope to meet you again in India; but, wherever we meet, I expect to see you well and happy. None of your friends can wish for your health and happiness more ardently than, my dear Sir, &c.

Sir *William Jones* to *R. Morris*, Esq.

Calcutta, Oct. 30, 1790.

When your letter arrived, I had begun my judicial campaign, and am so busy I can only answer it very shortly. Lady J. and myself are sincerely rejoiced, that you have so good an establishment in so fine a country. Need I say, that it would give me infinite delight to promote your views? as far as I can, I will promote them, but though I have a very extensive acquaintance, I neither have, nor can have, influence. I can only approve and recommend, and do my best to circulate

culate your proposals. We are equally obliged to you for your kind invitation, as if we had it in our power to accept it; but I fear we cannot leave Calcutta long enough to revisit your Indian Montpelier. As one of the Cymro-dorians, I am warmly interested in British antiquities and literature; but my honour is pledged for the completion of the new digest of Hindu laws, and I have not a moment to spare for any other study.

Sir *William Jones* to Sir *J. Sinclair*, Bart.
Whitehall.

Chrishna-nagur, Oct. 15, 1791.

You may rely upon my best endeavours to procure information concerning the Asiatic wool, or soft hair; and the animals that carry it. I had the pleasure of circulating your very interesting tracts at Calcutta, and of exhibiting the

specimens of very beautiful wool with which you favoured me. My own time, however, is engaged from morning to night in discharging my public duties, and in arranging the new digest of Indian laws. I must therefore depend chiefly on others in procuring the information you are desirous of obtaining. Mr. Bebb of the board of trade, and Colonel Kyd who superintends the Company's garden, have promised to assist me. The wool of these provinces is too coarse to be of use; but that of Kerman in Persia, which you know by the name of *Carmanian* wool, is reckoned exquisitely fine, and you might I suppose procure the sheep from Bombay. The shawl goats would live, I imagine, and breed, in England; but it is no less difficult to procure the females from Cashmir, than to procure mares from Arabia. When you see Mr. Richardson, do me

the

the favour to give him my best thanks for the parcel, which he sent me by the desire of the Highland Society.

Sir *William Jones* to *George Harding*, Esq.

Chrishna-nagur, Oct. 16, 1791.

MY DEAR SIR,

If the warmth of hearts were measured by the frequency of letters, my heart must be thought the coldest in the world; but you, I am confident, will never apply so fallacious a thermometer. In serious truth, I am, and must be, the worst of correspondents for the following reasons among a hundred, a strong glare and weak eyes, long tasks and short daylight, confinement in *court* six hours a day, and in my chambers three or four, not to mention casual interruptions and engagements. You spoke so lightly of your complaint, that I thought it must be transient, and should have been extremely grieved, if,

if, in the very moment when I heard you had been seriously ill, I had not heard of your recovery.

Anna Maria has promised me to sail for Europe in January 1793, and I will follow her, when I can live as well in England on my private fortune as I can do here on half my salary. * * *

I cannot but like your sonnets, yet wish you would abstain from politicks, which add very little to the graces of poetry.

Sir *William Jones* to Sir *Joseph Banks*.

Chrishna-nagur, Oct. 18, 1791.

I thank you heartily for your kind letters, but perhaps I cannot express my thanks better than by answering them as exactly as I am able.

First, as to sending plants from India, I beg you to accept my excuses, and to make them to Sir George Young, for my apparent inattention to such commissions.

In

In short, if you wish to transfer our Indian plants to the Western islands, the Company must direct Kyd and Roxburgh to send them, and their own captains to receive them, and attend to them.

We are in sad want of a travelling botanist, with some share of my poor friend Kœnig's knowledge and zeal. A stationary botanist would fix on the indigo-fera, as the chief object of his care. Roxburgh will do much on the coast, if he can be relieved from his terrible head-achs, but here we have no assistance.

I have neither eyes nor time for a botanist, yet with Lady Jones's assistance, I am continually advancing; and we have examined about 170 Linnæan *genera*. She brought home, a morning or two ago, the most lovely *epidendrum* that ever was seen, but the description of it would take up too much room in a letter; it grew on a lofty amra, but it is an air plant, and puts forth its

its fragrant enamelled blossoms in a pot without earth or water: none of the many species of Linnæus corresponds exactly with it. You must not imagine that, because I am, and shall be, saucy about the Linnæan language, that I have not the highest veneration for its great author; but I think his diction barbarous and pedantic, particularly in his *Philosophia Botanica*, which I have a right to criticise, having read it three times with equal attention and pleasure. Had Van Rheede exhibited the Sanscrit names with accuracy, we should not be puzzled with reading the Indian poems and medical tracts; but in all his twelve volumes, I have not found above ten or twelve names correctly expressed, either in Sanscrit or Arabic. I shall touch again on botany, but I proceed with your first letter. I have little knowledge of Yacob Bruce; but his five volumes, which I read aloud, (except some

passages

passages which I could only read with my eyes) are so entertaining that I wished for five more, and readily forgave not only his mistakes in the botanical language, and in Arabic, but even his arrogance, which he carries *extra flammantia mœnia mundi.*

Keir's paper on distilling I never saw in print, though I must have heard it read by our secretary; but as the worthy author of it is in London, where you will have probably met him, he will satisfy you on the subject.

The *madhuca* is, beyond a doubt, the *bassia;* but I can safely assert, that not one of fifty blossoms which I have examined, had 16 filaments, 8 above the throat, and 8 within the tube. That Kœnig, whom I knew to be very accurate, had seen such a character, I doubt not, but he should not have set it down as constant. I frequently saw 26 and 28 filaments, sometimes 12, and the average was about 20 or 22. By

the way, my excellent friend, you will do us capital service, either by printing Kœnig's manuscripts, or by sending us a copy of them; and we will send you in return, not only the correct Sanscrit names, but the plants themselves, at least the seeds, if you can prevail on any captain to take care of them. * * * * * * * * * * That the poem of Calidas entertained you, gives me great pleasure, but it diverts me extremely to hear from others, that the authenticity of the poem is doubted in England; but I am not sure that my own errors of inattention may not have occasioned mistakes. The use of the pollen in flowers is, I believe, well known to the Brahmans; but I am not sure, that I have not added the epithet *prolific*, to distinguish it from common *dust*, which would have been the exact version of *renu*. The blue *nymphæa*, which I have sound reasons for believing the

lotus

lotus of Egypt, is a native of Upper India; here we have only the white and rose-coloured. *Filament* is not used as a botanical word, but merely as a thread, and the filaments for the bracelet are drawn from the stalk of the *nymphæa*. The *hart* properly so called, may not be a native of Bengal; but Calidas lived at Ugein, and lays his scene near the northern mountains; all the rest is clear: bears and boars, and all wild beasts have been hunted here immemorially. The *cocila*, sings charmingly here in the spring; Polier will shew you drawings of the male and female, but will perhaps call it co-il: the story of its eggs always struck me as very remarkable. The *amra* is *mangifera;* the mellica, I believe, *nyctanthes zambak;* the madhavi creeper, *banisteria*. The *ensa*, I cannot see in blossom. The *swisha* is *mimosa odoratissima*, the pippála, *ficus religiosa*. If I recollect *lacsha*, it is not a plant, but *lac*. *Vana dosini*

is

is a Sanscrit epithet of the *banisteria*. As to nard, I know not what to say; if the Greeks meant only fragrant grass, we have nards in abundance, *acorus*, *schoenus*, *andropogon*, *cyperus*, &c. But I have no evidence that they meant any such thing. On Arrian, or rather on Aristobulus, we cannot safely rely, as they place cinnamon in Arabia, and myrrh in Persia. Should any travelling botanist find the species of *andropogon*, mentioned by Dr. Blane in the plains of Gedrosia, it would be some evidence, but would at the same time prove that it was not the Indian nard, which never was supposed to grow in Persia. As at present advised, I believe the Indian nard of the ancients to have been a valerian, at least the nard of Ptolemy, which is brought from the very country, mentioned by him as famed for spikenard.

And now, my dear Sir Joseph, I have gone

gone through both your letters: I am, for many good reasons, a bad correspondent, but principally because the discharge of my public duties leaves me no more time than is sufficient for necessary refreshments and relaxation.

The last twenty years of my life I shall spend, I trust, in a studious retreat; and if you know of a pleasant country house to be disposed of in your part of Middlesex, with pasture-ground for my cattle, and garden-ground enough for my amusement, have the goodness to inform me of it. I shall be happy in being your neighbour, and, though I write little now, will talk then as much as you please.

I believe I shall send a box of inestimable manuscripts, Sanscrit and Arabic, to your friendly care. If I return to England, you will restore them to me; if I die in my voyage to China, or my journey through Persia, you will dispose of them

as

as you please.* Wherever I may die, I shall be, while I live, my dear Sir, &c.

Sir *William Jones* to *Warren Hastings*, Esq.

Chrishna-nagur, Oct. 20, 1791.

MY DEAR SIR,

Before you can receive this, you will, I doubt not, have obtained a complete triumph over your persecutors; and your character will have risen, not brighter indeed, but more conspicuously bright, from the furnace of their persecution. Happy should I be if I could congratulate you in person on your victory; but though I have a fortune in England, which might satisfy a man of letters, yet I have not enough to establish that abso-

* The MSS. here alluded to, after the demise of Sir William Jones, were presented, together with another large collection of Eastern MSS. to the Royal Society, by Lady Jones. A catalogue, compiled by Mr. Wilkins, is inserted in the 6th volume of Sir William Jones's works.

lute

lute independence, which has been the chief end and aim of my life; and I must stay in this country a few years longer: Lady Jones has however promised me to take her passage for Europe in January 1793, and I will follow her when I can. She is pretty well, and presents her kindest remembrance to you and Mrs. Hastings, whom I thank most heartily for a very obliging and elegant letter. My own health has, by God's blessing, been very firm, but my eyes are weak, and I have constantly employed them eight or nine hours a day. My principal amusement is botany, and the conversation of the pundits, with whom I talk fluently in the language of the *Gods;* and my business, besides the discharge of my public duties, is the translation of Menu, and of the digest which has been compiled at my instance. Our society still subsists, and the third volume of their Transactions is so far advanced,

advanced, that it will certainly be published next season. Samuel Davis has translated the *Surya Siddhanta*, and is making discoveries in Indian astronomy; while Wilford is pursuing his geographical enquiries at Benares, and has found, or thinks he has found, an account of Africa and Europe, and even of *Britain* by name, in the Scanda Puran; he has sent us a chart of the Nile from Sanscrit authorities, and I expect soon to receive his proofs and illustrations. Of public affairs in India, I say little, because I can say nothing with certainty: the seasons and elements have been adverse to us in Mysore. Farewell, my dear Sir, and believe me to be with unfeigned regard,

Your faithful and obedient,

WILLIAM JONES.

Sir

Sir *William Jones* to Sir *Joseph Banks.*

Calcutta, Nov. 19, 1791.

Since I sent my letter to the packet of the Queen, I received the inclosed from a Hindu of my acquaintance, and I send his *cusha* flowers, which I have not eyes to examine, especially in a season of business. The leaves are very long, with a point excessively long and fine, their edges are rough downwards, in other respects smooth. As this plant is to my knowledge celebrated in the veda, I am very desirous of knowing its Linnæan name. I cannot find it in Van Rheede.

* * * * * *

The frequent allusions in these letters to local or botanical subjects, may render them particularly interesting only to the friends and correspondents of Sir William Jones, but they describe his occupations and contain his mind, which I wish to

display; they exhibit a warmth of affection for his friends, upright principles, a manly independence, and a desire of honourable distinction, combined with a contempt for all ambition incompatible with his public character. The frequent mention of the work which he had undertaken is equally a proof of his opinion of the importance of it, and of his solicitude to make it as perfect as possible.

The manner in which he mentions the travels of Mr. Bruce shews, that he was not one of the sceptics who doubted of his veracity. In a paper which he presented to the society in Calcutta, he recites a conversation with a native of Abyssinia, who had seen and known Mr. Bruce at Gwender, and who spoke of him in very honourable terms. At the period of this conversation, the travels were not published; but it was too particular and descriptive to leave room for doubt, as to the identity

identity of Mr. Bruce, and of his having passed some years in Abyssinia.

Of the correspondence of Sir William Jones in 1792, if it were not altogether suspended by his more important studies and avocations, no part has been communicated to me. In March 1793, I returned to Bengal with a commission to succeed Marquis Cornwallis, in his station of Governor-General whenever he thought proper to relinquish it, and I had the satisfaction to find my friend, although somewhat debilitated by the climate, in a state of health which promised a longer duration of his life than it pleased Providence to assign to him. The ardour of his mind had suffered no abatement, and his application was unremitted. The completion of the work which he had undertaken, occupied the principal portion of his leisure; and the remainder of his time which could be spared, was as usual devoted to

literary and scientific pursuits. Botanical researches occasionally diverted his hours of relaxation, but he found impediments to them from the weakness of his sight, and heat of the climate.

The constitution of Lady Jones, which was naturally delicate, had suffered so much from repeated attacks of indisposition, that a change of climate had long been prescribed by the physicians, as the only means of preserving her life; but her affectionate attachment to her husband had hitherto induced her to remain in India, in opposition to this advice, though with the full conviction that the recovery of her health, in any considerable degree, was impossible. She knew that the obligation which he had voluntarily contracted, to translate the digest of Hindu and Mohammedan laws, was the only, though insuperable obstacle to his accompanying her, and his entreaties were necessary to gain her

her reluctant assent to undertake the voyage without his society. In the course of his correspondence, we trace his ardour to explore the new objects of investigation which increasing knowledge had discovered to him, and an intention to pursue the line of his researches through Persia or China, by a circuitous rout to his native country; and at an earlier period, when the extent of the field of investigation appeared boundless, he had declared his determination to remain in India until the close of the century, if it should please God to prolong his life. But affection set limits to his zeal for knowledge, and when it was finally settled that Lady Jones should return to England, he determined himself to follow her in the ensuing season, hoping by this period to have discharged his engagements with the government of India. She embarked in December 1793.

In the beginning of 1794, Sir William Jones

Jones published a work, in which he had long been engaged,—a translation of the Ordinances of Menu, comprising the Indian system of duties religious and civil. This task was suggested by the same motives, which had induced him to undertake the compilation of the digest; to aid the benevolent intentions of the legislature of Great Britain, in securing to the natives of India the administration of justice, to a certain extent, by their own laws. Menu is esteemed by the Hindus the first of created beings, and not the oldest only, but the holiest, of legislators; and his system is so comprehensive and so minutely exact, that it may be considered as an institute of Hindu law, prefatory to the more copious digest.

This work, to use the words of the translator, contains abundance of curious matter, extremely interesting both to speculative lawyers and antiquaries, with many beauties,

beauties, which need not be pointed out; and with many blemishes, which cannot be justified or palliated. It is indeed a system of despotism and priestcraft, both limited by law, but artfully conspiring to give mutual support, though with mutual checks; it is filled with strange conceits in metaphysicks and natural philosophy, with idle superstitions, and with a scheme of theology most obscurely figurative, and consequently liable to dangerous misconception; it abounds with minute and childish formalities, with ceremonies generally absurd, and often ridiculous; the punishments are partial and painful, for some crimes dreadfully cruel, for others reprehensibly slight: and the very morals, though rigid enough on the whole, are in one or two instances (as in the case of light oaths and pious perjury) unaccountably relaxed; nevertheless, a spirit of sublime devotion, of benevolence to mankind, and

of

of amiable tenderness to all creatures, pervades the whole work; the style of it has a certain austere majesty, that sounds like the language of legislation, and extorts a respectful awe; the sentiments of independence upon all beings but God, and the harsh admonitions even to kings, are truly noble; and the many panegyrics on the Gayatri, the mother, as it is called, of the vedá, prove the author to have adored, not the visible material sun, but that divine and incomparably greater light, to use the words of the most venerable text in the Indian Scripture, which *illumines all, delights all, from which all proceed, to which all must return, and which can alone irradiate*, not our visual organs, but our souls and our intellects.

This appreciation of a work, which had occupied so large a portion of his time and attention, affords a proof of the judgment and candour of Sir William Jones.

Jones. The ordinances of Menu are by no means calculated for general reading; but they exhibit the manners of a remarkable people, in a remote age, and unfold the principles of the moral and religious systems, to which the Hindus have invariably adhered, notwithstanding their long subjection to a foreign dominion.

I now present to the reader, the last letter which I received from Sir William Jones, written two months before the departure of Lady Jones from India.

MY DEAR SIR,

A few days after I troubled you about the yacht, I felt a severe pang on hearing of your domestic misfortune; and I felt more for you than I should for most men, on so melancholy an occasion, because I well know the sensibility of your heart. The only topic of consolation happily presented itself to you: reason perhaps might convince us, that the death of a created

perspicuity, moderation, and eloquence of Filangieri.

Of European politics I think as little as possible; not because they do not interest my heart, but because they give me too much pain. I have "good will towards men, and wish peace on earth;" but I see chiefly under the sun, the two classes of men whom Solomon describes, the oppressor and the oppressed. I have no fear in England of open despotism, nor of anarchy. I shall cultivate my fields and gardens, and think as little as possible of monarchs or oligarchs.

I am, &c.

* * * * *

It would not be easy to give expression to the feelings excited by the perusal of this letter, nine years after the date of it. In recalling the memory of domestic misfortunes, which time had nearly obliterated,

literated, it revives with new force the recollection of that friend, whose sympathy endeavoured to soothe the sorrows of a father for the loss of his children. The transition by Sir William Jones to the circumstances of his own situation is natural, and the conjugal bosom may perhaps sympathize with a fond husband, anticipating the affliction of the wife of his affection, and his own efforts to console her; that wife however still survives to lament her irreparable loss in the death of Sir William Jones himself, and has had for some years, the happiness to console, by the tenderest assiduities, the increasing infirmities of an aged mother*.

The friends of Religion, who know the value of the "sure and certain hopes" which it inspires, will remark with satis-

* Mrs. Shipley died on the 9th of March, 1803, in her 87th year. She retained all her faculties to that prolonged period.

faction,

faction, the pious sentiments expressed by Sir William Jones a few months only before his own death. They will recollect the determination which he formed in youth, to examine with attention the evidence of our holy Religion, and will rejoice to find unprejudiced enquiry terminating, as might be expected, in a rational conviction of its truth and divine authority.

Of this conviction, his publications, though none of them were professedly religious, afford ample and indubitable testimony; and I cannot deem it a superfluous task (to me, indeed it will be most grateful) to select from them, and from such other materials as I possess, his opinions on a subject of undeniable importance.

Amongst the papers written by Sir William Jones, I find the following prayer, composed by him on the first day of the year 1782, about fifteen months before his embarkation

embarkation for India, and more than twelve years before his death:

A PRAYER.

Eternal and incomprehensible *Mind*, who, by thy boundless *power*, before time began, createdst innumerable *worlds* for thy *glory*, and innumerable orders of *beings* for their *happiness*, which thy infinite *goodness* prompted thee to desire, and thy infinite wisdom enabled thee to know! we, thy *creatures*, vanish into nothing before thy supreme Majesty; we hourly feel our *weakness*; we daily bewail our *vices*; we continually acknowledge our *folly*; thee only we *adore* with awful veneration; thee we *thank* with the most fervent zeal; thee we *praise* with astonishment and rapture; to thy *power* we humbly submit; of thy *goodness* we devoutly implore protection; on thy *wisdom* we firmly and cheerfully rely. We do but open our *eyes*, and instantly we perceive thy divine existence;

existence; we do but exert our *reason*, and in a moment we discover thy divine *attributes:* but our *eyes* could not behold thy *splendour*, nor could our *minds* comprehend thy divine *essence;* we *see* thee *only* through thy stupendous and all-perfect *works;* we *know* thee *only* by that ray of sacred light, which it has pleased thee to reveal. Nevertheless, if creatures too *ignorant* to *conceive*, and too *depraved* to *pursue*, the means of their own happiness, may without presumption express their wants to their CREATOR, let us humbly supplicate thee to remove from us that *evil*, which thou hast permitted for *a time* to exist, that the *ultimate good* of all may be complete, and to secure us from that *vice*, which thou sufferest to spread snares around us, that the triumph of virtue may be more conspicuous. Irradiate our minds with all *useful truth;* instil into our hearts a spirit of *general benevolence;* give *understanding*

standing to the foolish; *meekness* to the proud; *temperance* to the dissolute; *fortitude* to the feeble-hearted; *hope* to the desponding; *faith* to the unbelieving; *diligence* to the slothful; *patience* to those who are in *pain*; and thy celestial aid to those who are in *danger*: Comfort the *afflicted*; relieve the *distressed*; supply the *hungry* with salutary food, and the *thirsty* with a plentiful stream. Impute not our *doubts* to *indifference*, nor our *slowness of belief* to *hardness of heart*; but be indulgent to our *imperfect nature*, and supply our *imperfections* by thy *heavenly favour*. "Suffer not, we anxiously pray, suffer not "*oppression* to prevail over *innocence*, nor "the *might* of the *avenger* over the *weakness* "of the *just*." Whenever we address thee in our retirement from the vanities of the world, if our prayers are *foolish*, *pity* us; if *presumptuous*, *pardon* us; if *acceptable* to thee, grant them, all-powerful GOD,

grant them: And, as with our *living* voice, and with our *dying* lips, we will express our submission to thy *decrees*, adore thy *providence*, and bless thy *dispensations*; so in all *future* states, to which we reverently hope thy *goodness* will raise us, grant that we may continue *praising*, *admiring*, *venerating*, *worshipping* thee more and more, through *worlds* without *number*, and *ages* without *end!*

Jan. 1, 1782.

I do not adduce this prayer as evidence of the belief of Sir William Jones in the doctrines of Jesus Christ; although I think that such a composition could hardly have been framed by an unbeliever in the Gospel, or, if this be deemed possible, that a mind capable of feeling the sentiments which it expresses, could long have withholden its assent to the truths of Revelation. It is evidently the effusion of a pious

a pious mind, deeply impressed with an awful sense of the infinite wisdom, power, and benevolence of his Creator, and of the ignorance, weakness, and depravity of human nature; sentiments which reason and experience strongly suggest, and which Revelation expressly teaches. Let it be remembered, that long before this prayer was written, Sir William Jones had demonstrated* to his own satisfaction, that Jesus was the Messiah, predicted by the Prophets; that amongst his projected occupations in India, one† was to translate the Psalms into Persic, and the Gospel of Luke into Arabic,—a design which could only have originated in his conviction of the importance and inspiration of these divine books; that in the year after the date of the prayer, we have a direct and public avowal of his belief in the divinity of our Saviour‡; and again in the

* Memoirs, page 65. † Ibid. p. 228. ‡ Ibid. p. 231.

next,

next, another prayer by him expressing his exclusive reliance on the merits of his Redeemer for his acceptance with God*.

Amongst the publications of Sir William Jones, in which his religious sentiments are expressed, I shall first notice, *A Dissertation on the Gods of Greece, Italy, and Rome*, written in 1784, but revised and printed in 1786, in which the following passage occurs: "Disquisitions "concerning the manners and conduct of "our species, in early times, or indeed "at any time, are always curious at least, "and amusing; but they are highly in- "teresting to such as can say of them- "selves, with CHREMES in the play, 'We "'are men, and take an interest in all "'that relates to mankind.' They may "even be of solid importance in an age, "when some intelligent and virtuous per- "sons are inclined to doubt the authen-

* Memoirs, p. 249.

"ticity

" ticity of accounts delivered by MOSES,
" concerning the primitive world; *since no*
" *modes or sources of reasoning can be un-*
" *important, which have a tendency to re-*
" *move such doubts.* Either the first eleven
" chapters of *Genesis*, (all due allowances
" being made for a figurative Eastern
" style,) are true, or the whole fabric of
" our national religion is false; a conclu-
" sion, which none of us I trust would
" wish to be drawn. I, *who cannot help be-*
" *lieving the divinity* of the MESSIAH, from
" the undisputed antiquity, and manifest
" completion of many prophecies, espe-
" cially those of ISAIAH, in the only per-
" son recorded by history, to whom they
" are applicable, am obliged of course
" to believe the sanctity of the venerable
" books, to which that sacred person re-
" fers as genuine: but it is not the truth
" of our national religion, as such, that I
" have at heart; it is TRUTH itself: and

" if

" if any cool, unbiassed reader will clearly " convince me, that Moses drew his nar- " rative, through Egyptian conduits, from " the primeval fountains of Indian litera- " ture, I shall esteem him as a friend, for " having weeded my mind from a capital " error, and promise to stand among the " foremost in assisting to circulate the truth " which he has ascertained. After such " a declaration, I cannot but persuade " myself, that no candid man will be dis- " pleased, if, in the course of my work, " I make as free with any arguments, that " he may have advanced, as I should " really desire him to do with any of mine, " that he may be disposed to controvert."

Let not the candour of the declaration, contained in the preceding quotation, alarm the serious Christian; the fair inference to be drawn from it is this, that Sir William Jones was incapable of affirming what he did not fully believe; and the

the avowal of his faith in the divinity of our Saviour, is therefore to be received as decisive evidence of the sincerity of his belief: indeed his declaration may be considered as the proof of his faith; and his faith to be grounded in proportion to the openness of his declaration. That any reasoner could convince him, that Moses had borrowed his narrative from Indian sources, he never for a moment supposed, and if a doubt could be entertained on this subject, another passage in the same dissertation must at once annihilate it. He had indeed no hesitation to acknowledge his persuasion, that a connection subsisted between the old idolatrous nations of Egypt, India, Greece, and Italy, long before they migrated to their several settlements, and consequently before the birth of Moses; but he was equally persuaded, that the truth of the proposition could in no degree affect the veracity and

sanctity

sanctity of the Mosaic history, which, if any confirmation of it were necessary, it would rather tend to confirm.

"The divine legate (I now quote his "words) educated by the daughter of a king, and in all respects highly accom- "plished, could not but know the mytho- "logical system of Egypt, but he must "have condemned the superstitions of "that people, and despised the speculative "absurdities of their priests, though some "of their traditions concerning the crea- "tion and the flood, were founded on "truth. Who was better acquainted with "the mythology of Athens, than So- "crates? who more accurately versed "in the rabbinical doctrines, than Paul? "Who possessed clearer ideas of all an- "cient astronomical systems, than New- "ton; or of scholastic metaphysicks, than "Locke? In whom could the Romish "Church have had a more formidable

"opponent,

"opponent, than in Chillingworth, whose "deep knowledge of its tenets rendered "him so competent to dispute them? In "a word, who more exactly knew the abo- "minable rites and shocking idolatry of "Canaan, than Moses himself? Yet the "learning of those great men only incited "them to seek other sources of truth, "piety, and virtue, than those in which "they had long been immersed. There is "no shadow then of a foundation for an "opinion, that Moses borrowed the first "nine or ten chapters of *Genesis* from the "literature of Egypt; still less can the "adamantine pillars of our Christian "faith be moved by the result of any de- "bates on the comparative antiquity of "the Hindus and Egyptians, or of any "enquiries into the Indian theology."

From the same dissertation I select another passage, which from its importance is entitled to particular notice, while

while it evinces the solicitude of Sir William Jones to correct a misconception, which, in my opinion, has been idly and injudiciously brought forward to support a fundamental tenet of Evangelical Revelation.

"Very respectable natives have assured "me, that one or two missionaries have "been absurd enough, in their zeal for the "conversion of the Gentiles, to urge, that "the Hindus were even now almost Chris- "tians, because their Bramha, Vishnu, "and Mahesa, were no other than the "Christian Trinity; a sentence in which "we can only doubt whether folly, igno- "rance, or impiety, predominates."

The three Hindu deities, were perhaps originally personifications only of the *creating*, *preserving*, and *destroying*, or, as it may be understood, the *re-producing* power of the Supreme Being. By the bulk of the people they are considered as distinct personages, each invested with divine attributes;

butes; and the mythological writings of the Hindus contain most ample and absurd histories of them; but in the *Vedanti* philosophy, which is evidently Platonic, the Almighty, known by the mystical and incommunicable appellation of O'M, is the only being, and all others, including Brahma, Vishnu, and Mahesa, are only the creatures of idea or perception, which will perish in the general annihilation, whilst O'M alone survives through all eternity*. Thus, whether we consider the vulgar

* On this subject, I shall take the liberty to quote some curious passages from a translation of a Persic version of the Yoog Vashesti, a very ancient composition in Sanscrit. There are several Persian versions of this work; but many pages of that from which the present translation is given, were compared with the original Sanscrit, and found to be substantially accurate.

"The instability of the world, and of every thing contained in it, is certain; hence it will one day happen, "that the evil deities who are now so powerful, shall fall "into annihilation, and the Debtas distinguished by the "title of *Amrit*, or immortal, shall perish. The Berm-"hand, on which all nature depends for existence, shall "be

gar opinion respecting these three divinities, or that of the Vedanti sect, nothing (to use the words of Sir William Jones) can be more evident, than "that the In-"dian triad, and that of Plato, which he "calls the *Supreme Good*, the reason and

"be broken, and not a trace remain of Bramha, Vishnu, "or Siva. Time, having annihilated all, shall *himself* "perish.

"Bramha, Vishnu, and Mahdeva, notwithstanding "their *exalted dignity*, fall into the jaws of inexistence.

"You are not to consider Vishnu, Bramha, or Mah-"deva, and other incorporate beings as the deity, al-"though they have each the denomination of deva or "divine; these are all created, whilst the Supreme Be-"ing is without beginning or end, unformed and un-"created—worship and adore him.

"The worship which is paid to the inferior deities and "the representations of them, proceeds from this: man-"kind in general are more affected by appearances "than realities; the former they comprehend, but the "latter are difficult to be understood. Hence learned "tutors first place figures before them, that their minds "may be composed, and conducted by degrees to the "essential Unity who survives the annihilation, when "the Debtas, and all created existence are dissolved "and absorbed into his essence."

"the

" the soul, are infinitely removed from the " holiness and sublimity of the Christian " doctrine of the Trinity, and that the " tenet of our Church cannot without pro- " faneness, be compared with that of the " Hindus, which has an apparent resem- " blance to it, but a very different mean- " ing."

At the end of the same treatise, Sir William Jones enumerates the *sad obstacles* to the extension of our " *pure faith*" in Hindustan, and concludes as follows:

" The only human mode perhaps of caus- " ing so great a revolution, is to translate " into Sanscrit and Persian, such chapters " of the prophets, and particularly Isaiah, " as are indisputably evangelical, together " with one of the Gospels, and a plain pre- " fatory discourse containing full evidence " of the very distant ages, in which the " predictions themselves and the history of " the *divine person* predicted, were severally

" made

" made public, and then quietly to disperse
" the work among the well-educated na-
" tives, with whom, if in due time it failed
" of promoting very salutary fruit by its
" natural influence, we could only lament
" more than ever, the strength of prejudice
" and weakness of unassisted reason."

That the conversion of the Hindus to the Christian religion, would have afforded him the sincerest pleasure, may be fairly inferred from the above passage; his wish that it should take place, is still more clearly expressed in the following quotation from one of his Hymns to *Lachsmi*, the Ceres of India, and a personification of the Divine Goodness. After describing most feelingly and poetically the horrid effects of famine in India, he thus concludes the hymn:

From ills that, painted, harrow up the breast,
(What agonies, if real, must they give!)
Preserve thy vot'ries: be their labours blest!
Oh! bid the patient Hindu rise and live.

His erring mind, that wizzard lore beguiles,
Clouded by priestly wiles,
To senseless nature bows, for nature's God.
Now, stretch'd o'er ocean's vast, from happier isles,
He sees the wand of empire, not the rod:
Ah, may those beams that Western skies illume,
Disperse th' unholy gloom!
Meanwhile, my laws, by myriads long rever'd,
Their strife appease, their gentler claims decide!
So shall their victors, mild with virtuous pride,
To many a cherish'd, grateful race endear'd,
With temper'd love be fear'd;
Though mists profane obscure their narrow ken,
They err, yet feel, though Pagans, they are men.

The testimony of Sir William Jones to the verity and authenticity of the Old and New Testament is well known, from the care with which it has been circulated in England; but as it has a particular claim to be inserted in the memoirs of his life, I transcribe it from his own manuscript in his Bible:—

"I have carefully and regularly perused "these Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion, "that the volume, independently of its "divine origin, contains more sublimity,

"purer

" purer morality, more important history,
" and finer strains of eloquence, than can
" be collected from all other books, in
" whatever language they may have been
" written."

This opinion is repeated with little variation of expression, in a discourse addressed to the society in February, 1791:—

" Theological enquiries are no part of
" my present subject; but I cannot refrain
" from adding, that the collection of tracts,
" which we call from their excellence the
" *Scriptures*, contain, independently of a
" divine origin, more true sublimity, more
" exquisite beauty, purer morality, more
" important history, and finer strains both
" of poetry and eloquence, than could be
" collected, within the same compass, from
" all other books that were ever composed
" in any age, or in any idiom. The two
" parts of which the Scriptures consist, are
" connected by a chain of compositions,
" which

"which bear no resemblance in form or "style to any that can be produced from "the stores of Grecian, Indian, Persian, "or even Arabian learning; the antiquity "of those compositions no man doubts; "and the unstrained application of them to "events long subsequent to their publica- "tion, is a solid ground of belief, that they "were genuine compositions, and conse- "quently inspired. But, if any thing be "the absolute exclusive property of each "individual, it is his belief; and I hope I "should be one of the last men living, who "could harbour a thought of obtruding "my own belief on the free minds of "others."

In his discourse of the following year, we find him again mentioning the Mosaic history, under a supposition, assumed for the sake of the argument which he was discussing, that it had no higher authority than any other book of history, which

the researches of the curious had accidentally brought to light.

"On this supposition," (I quote his own words,) "that the first eleven chapters of "the book which it is thought proper to "call Genesis, are merely a preface to the "oldest civil history now extant, we see "the truth of them confirmed by antece-"dent reasoning, and by evidence in part "highly probable, and in part certain." But that no misconception might be entertained on this awful subject by the ignorant, and to avoid the possibility of any perverse misapplication of his sentiments, he adds: "but the *connection* of the Mo-"saic history with that of the Gospel, by "a chain of sublime predictions unques-"tionably ancient, and apparently* ful-"filled,

* I could wish that Sir William Jones had retained the expression, which he before used, when discussing the same topic, as the word *apparently* may seem to imply a less degree of conviction than he actually possessed,

"filled, must induce us to think the He-
"brew narrative more than human in its
"origin, and consequently true in every
"substantial part of it, though possibly ex-
"pressed in figurative language, as many
"learned and pious men have believed,
"and as the most pious may believe with-
"out injury, and perhaps with advantage
"to the cause of Revealed Religion."

The third volume of the Asiatic Researches, published in 1792, contains a very learned and elaborate treatise of Lieutenant Wilford, on *Egypt and the Nile, from the ancient books of the Hindus.* It refers to a passage in a Sanscrit book, so clearly descriptive of Noah, under the name of Satyvrata, or Satyavarman, that it is impossible to doubt their identity. Of

sessed, as the tenor and terms of the passages which I have quoted indisputably prove. The sense in which it is to be understood, is that of *manifestly*; his reasoning plainly requires it.

the passage thus referred to, Sir William Jones, in a note annexed to the dissertation, has given a translation "minutely exact." Neither the passage, nor the note, has appeared in the works of Sir William Jones; and as the former is curious, and as the note has an immediate connection with the subject under consideration, I insert both:

Translation from the PUDMA PURAN.

1. To Satyavarman, the sovereign of the whole earth, were born three sons; the eldest Sherma, then Charma, and thirdly, Jyapeti by name.
2. They were all men of good morals, excellent in virtue and virtuous deeds, skilled in the use of weapons to strike with or to be thrown, brave men, eager for victory in battle.
3. ——————. But Satyavarman, being continually delighted with devout medita-

meditation, and seeing his sons fit for dominion, laid upon them the burden of government.

4. Whilst he remained honouring and satisfying the gods, and priests, and kine, one day, by the act of destiny, the king having drunk mead,

5. Became senseless, and lay asleep naked: then was he seen by Charma, and by him were his two brothers called.

6. To whom he said, What now has befallen? In what state is this our sire? By these two was he hidden with clothes, and called to his senses again and again.

7. Having recovered his intellect, and perfectly knowing what had passed, he cursed Charma, saying, Thou shalt be the servant of servants.

8. And since thou wast a laughter in their presence, from laughter shalt thou acquire a name. Then he gave to Sherma

the

the wide domain on the south of the snowy mountain.

9. And to Jyapeti he gave all on the north of the snowy mountain; but he by the power of religious contemplation, attained supreme bliss.

"Now you will probably think (Sir "William Jones says, addressing himself "to the society) that even the conciseness "and simplicity of this narrative are ex- "celled by the Mosaic relation of the "same adventure; but whatever may be "our opinion of the old Indian style, this "extract most clearly proves, that the Sa- "tyavrata, or Satyavarman of the *Purans* "was the same personage, (as it has been "asserted in a former publication) with "the Noah of Scripture; and we conse- "quently fix the utmost limit of Hindu "chronology; nor can it be with reason "inferred from the identity of the stories,

"that

" that the divine legislator borrowed any
" part of his work from the Egyptians; he
" was deeply versed, no doubt, in all their
" learning, such as it was; but he wrote
" *what he knew to be truth itself*, indepen-
" dently of their tales, in which truth was
" blended with fable, and their age was
" not so remote from the days of the pa-
" triarch, but that every occurrence in his
" life might naturally have been preserved
" by tradition from father to son."

In his tenth discourse, in 1793, he mentions, with a satisfaction which every pious mind must enjoy, the result of the enquiries of the society over which he presided.

" In the first place, we cannot surely
" deem it an inconsiderable advantage,
" that all our historical researches have
" confirmed the Mosaic accounts of the
" primitive world, and our testimony on
" that subject ought to have the greater
" weight,

" weight, because, if the result of our ob-
" servations had been totally different, we
" should nevertheless have published them,
" not indeed with equal pleasure, but with
" equal confidence: for *truth is mighty*,
" and whatever be its consequences, *must*
" *always prevail*: but independently of our
" interest in corroborating the multiplied
" evidences of Revealed Religion, we could
" scarcely gratify our minds with a more
" useful and rational entertainment, than
" the contemplation of those wonderful re-
" volutions, in kingdoms and states, which
" have happened within little more than
" four thousand years; revolutions almost
" as fully demonstrative of an all-ruling
" Providence, as the structure of the uni-
" verse, and the final causes, which are
" discernible in its whole extent, and even
" in its remotest parts."

The preceding quotations sufficiently demonstrate the sentiments of Sir William Jones

Jones on the subject of Revelation, and they may be fairly considered as evincing an anxiety on his part to impress his own belief on others, for the very expressions, which may seem to imply hesitation or indifference in his mind, are particularly adapted to enforce conviction on those, to whom they were addressed. It is worthy of remark, that the reflections in many of the passages cited, although such as would naturally occur to a believer in the Scriptures, are not necessarily called for by the subject under his discussion, and could only proceed from his zeal in the investigation and propagation of truth. This was the fixed object of his whole life, as he has himself declared in the following elegant couplets:

Before thy mystic altar, heav'nly Truth,
I kneel in manhood, as I knelt in youth:
Thus let me kneel, till this dull form decay,
And life's last shade be brighten'd by thy ray:

Then

"Then shall my soul, now lost in clouds below,
Soar without bound, without consuming glow*.

A disciple of Voltaire, would have omitted the observations made by Sir William Jones, or have tortured the premises on which they are founded, into the service of infidelity; nor would he have declared that, "in order to enlighten the "minds of the ignorant, and to enforce "the obedience of the perverse, it is evi- "dent *à priori*, that a revealed Religion "was necessary in the great system of "Providence †."

The mind of Sir William Jones was never tainted with infidelity; but there was

* These lines were written by Sir William Jones in Berkley's Siris; they are, in fact, a beautiful version of the last sentence of the Siris, amplified and adapted to himself; "He that would make a real progress in "knowledge, must dedicate his age as well as youth, "the latter growth as well as the first fruits, at the altar "of Truth."

† Works, vol. i. p. 169.

a period,

a period, as I have already observed, before his judgment was matured, and before he had studied the Scriptures with close attention, when his belief in the truth of Revelation was tinged with doubts. But these were the transient clouds, which for a while obscure the dawn, and disperse with the rising sun. His heart and his judgment told him, that Religion was a subject of supreme importance, and the evidence of its truth worthy his most serious investigation. He sat down to it without prejudice, and rose from the enquiry with a conviction, which the studies of his future life invigorated and confirmed. The completion of the prophecies relating to our Saviour, had impressed upon his youthful mind this invaluable truth, that the language of Isaiah, and of the prophets, was inspired; and in this belief, to which fresh proofs were progressively added, he closed his life. He has

I trust received, through the merits of his REDEEMER, the reward of his faith.

In matters of eternal concern, the authority of the highest human opinions has no claim to be admitted, as a ground of belief, but it may with the strictest propriety be opposed to that of men of inferior learning and penetration; and, whilst the pious derive satisfaction from the perusal of sentiments according with their own, those who doubt or disbelieve, should be induced to weigh with candour and impartiality, arguments which have produced conviction in the minds of the best, the wisest, and most learned of mankind.

Among such as have professed a steady belief in the doctrine of Christianity, where shall greater names be found, than those of Bacon and Newton? Of the former and of Locke, it may be observed, that they were both innovators in science; disdaining to follow the sages of antiquity through the

the beaten paths of error, they broke through prejudices, which had long obstructed the progress of sound knowledge, and laid the foundation of science on solid ground, whilst the genius of Newton carried him *extra flammantia mœnia mundi.* These men, to their great praise, and we may hope to their eternal happiness, devoted much of their time to the study of the Scriptures: if the evidence of Revelation had been weak, who were better qualified to expose its unsoundness? if our national faith were a mere fable, a political superstition, why were minds which boldly destroyed prejudices in Science, blind to those in Religion? They read, examined, weighed, and believed; and the same vigorous intellect, that dispersed the mists which concealed the temple of human knowledge, was itself illuminated with the radiant truths of Divine Revelation.

Such authorities, and let me now add

to

to them the name of Sir William Jones, are deservedly entitled to great weight: let those, who superciliously reject them, compare their intellectual powers, their scientific attainments, and vigour of application, with those of the men whom I have named; the comparison may perhaps lead them to suspect, that their incredulity (to adopt the idea of a profound scholar) may be the result of a little smattering in learning, and great self-conceit, and that by harder study, and a humbled mind, they may regain the religion which they have left.

I shall not apologize for the extracts which I have introduced from the works of Sir William Jones, nor for the reflections to which they have naturally led. The former display that part of his character, which alone is now important to his happiness; and I am authorized to add, not only from what appears in his printed works

works and private memoranda, in more than one of which, containing a delineation of his daily occupations, I find a portion of time allotted to the perusal of the Scriptures, but from private and satisfactory testimony, that the writings of our best divines engaged a large share of his attention, and that private devotion was not neglected by him. The following lines, which afford a proof both of his taste and piety, were written by him after a perusal of the eighth sermon of Barrow, in his retirement, at Chrishna-nagur, in 1786; and with these I shall conclude my observations on his religious opinions :—

As meadows parch'd, brown groves, and withering flow'rs,
Imbibe the sparkling dew and genial show'rs;
As chill dark air inhales the morning beam,
As thirsty harts enjoy the gelid stream;
Thus to man's grateful soul from heav'n descend,
The mercies of his FATHER, LORD, and FRIEND.

I now turn to the last scene of the life of Sir William Jones. The few months allotted

allotted to his existence after the departure of Lady Jones, were devoted to his usual occupations, and more particularly to the discharge of that duty which alone detained him in India; the completion of the digest of Hindu and Mohammedan law. But neither the consciousness of acquitting himself of an obligation which he had voluntarily contracted, nor his incessant assiduity, could fill the vacuity occasioned by the absence of her, whose society had sweetened the toil of application, and cheered his hours of relaxation. Their habits were congenial, and their pursuits in some respects similar: his botanical researches were facilitated by the eyes of Lady Jones, and by her talents in drawing; and their evenings were generally passed together, in the perusal of the best modern authors in the different languages of Europe. After her departure, he mixed more in promiscuous society;

ciety; but his affections were transported with her to his native country.

On the evening of the 20th of April, or nearly about that date, after prolonging his walk to a late hour, during which he had imprudently remained in conversation, in an unwholesome situation, he called upon the writer of these sheets, and complained of aguish symptoms, mentioning his intention to take some medicine, and repeating jocularly an old proverb, that "an ague in the spring is medicine "for a king." He had no suspicion at the time, of the real nature of his indisposition, which proved in fact to be a complaint common in Bengal, an inflammation in the liver. The disorder was, however, soon discovered by the penetration of the physician, who after two or three days was called in to his assistance; but it had then advanced too far to yield to the efficacy of the medicines usually prescribed, and

they were administered in vain. The progress of the complaint was uncommonly rapid, and terminated fatally on the 27th of April, 1794. On the morning of that day, his attendants, alarmed at the evident symptoms of approaching dissolution, came precipitately to call the friend who has now the melancholy task of recording the mournful event. Not a moment was lost in repairing to his house. He was lying on his bed in a posture of meditation; and the only sympton of remaining life was a small degree of motion in the heart, which after a few seconds ceased, and he expired without a pang or groan. His bodily suffering, from the complacency of his features and the ease of his attitude, could not have been severe; and his mind must have derived consolation from those sources where he had been in the habit of seeking it, and where alone, in our last moments, it can ever be found.

The

The deep regret which I felt at the time, that the apprehensions of the attendants of Sir William Jones had not induced them to give me earlier notice of the extremity of his situation, is not yet obliterated. It would have afforded me an opportunity of performing the pleasing but painful office, of soothing his last moments, and I should have felt the sincerest gratification in receiving his latest commands; nor would it have been less satisfactory to the public, to have known the dying sentiments and behaviour of a man, who had so long and deservedly enjoyed so large a portion of their esteem and admiration.

An anecdote of Sir William Jones (upon what authority I know not) has been recorded; that immediately before his dissolution, he retired to his closet, and expired in the act of adoration to his Creator. Such a circumstance would have been conformable to his prevailing habits of thinking

and reflection: but it is not founded in fact; he died upon his bed, and in the same room in which he had remained from the commencement of his indisposition.

The funeral ceremony was performed on the following day with the honours due to his public station: and the numerous attendance of the most respectable British inhabitants of Calcutta, evinced their sorrow for his loss, and their respect for his memory.

If my success in describing the life of Sir William Jones has been proportionate to my wishes, and to my admiration of his character, any attempt to delineate it must now be superfluous. I cannot, however, resist the impulse of recapitulating in substance what has been particularly detailed in the course of this work.

In the short space of forty-seven years, by the exertion of rare intellectual talents, he acquired a knowledge of arts, sciences,

and

and languages, which has seldom been equalled, and scarcely, if ever, surpassed. If he did not attain the critical proficiency of a Porson or Parr in Grecian literature; yet his knowledge of it was most extensive and profound, and entitled him to a high rank in the first class of scholars; while as a philologist, he could boast an universality in which he had no rival. His skill in the idioms of India, Persia, and Arabia, has perhaps never been equalled by any European; and his compositions on Oriental subjects, display a taste which we seldom find in the writings of those who had preceded him in these tracts of literature*. The language of Constantinople was also familiar to him; and of the

* Amongst those who have latterly distinguished themselves by their Oriental learning, the late Reverend J. D. Carlyle, professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge, has displayed equal taste and erudition, in his elegant translation of *Specimens of Arabian* POETRY, published in 1796.

Chinese

Chinese characters and tongue, he had learned enough to enable him to translate an ode of Confucius. In the modern dialects of Europe, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and German, he was thoroughly conversant, and had perused the most admired writers in those languages. I might extend the list, by specifying other dialects which he understood, but which he had less perfectly studied*.

* The following is transcribed from a paper in the hand-writing of Sir William Jones:

LANGUAGES:

Eight languages studied critically:
English, Latin, French, Italian,
Greek, Arabic, Persian, Sanscrit.

Eight studied less perfectly, but all intelligible with a dictionary:
Spanish, Portuguese, German, Runick,
Hebrew, Bengali, Hindi, Turkish.

Twelve studied least perfectly, but all attainable:
Tibetian, Pâli, Phalavi, Deri,
Russian, Syriac, Ethiopic, Coptic,
Welsh, Swedish, Dutch, Chinese.

Twenty-eight languages.

In another memorandum, he mentions having read a grammar of the Russian and Welsh.

But mere philology was never considered by Sir William Jones as the end of his studies, nor as any thing more than the medium through which knowledge was to be acquired; he knew, that "words "were the daughters of earth, and things "the sons of heaven," and would have disdained the character of a mere linguist. In the little sketch of a treatise on Education, which has been inserted in these Memoirs, he describes the use of language, and the necessity of acquiring the languages of those people who in any period of the world have been distinguished by their superior knowledge, in order to add to our own researches the accumulated wisdom of all ages and nations. Accordingly, with the keys of learning in his possession, he was qualified to unlock the literary hoards of ancient and modern times, and to display the treasures deposited in them, for the use, entertainment,

or

or instruction of mankind. In the course of his labours, we find him elucidating the laws of Athens, India, and Arabia; comparing the philosophy of the Porch, the Lyceum, and Academy, with the doctrines of the Sufis and Bramins; and, by a rare combination of taste and erudition, exhibiting the mythological fictions of the Hindus in strains not unworthy the sublimest Grecian bards. In the eleven discourses which he addressed to the Asiatic society, on the history, civil and natural, the antiquities, arts, sciences, philosophy, and literature of Asia, and on the origin and families of nations, he has discussed the subjects which he professed to explain, with a perspicuity which delights and instructs, and in a style which never ceases to please, where his arguments may not always convince. In these disquisitions, he has more particularly displayed his profound Oriental learning in illus-

illustrating topics of great importance in the history of mankind; and it is much to be lamented, that he did not live to revise and improve them in England, with the advantages of accumulated knowledge and undisturbed leisure*.

A mere

* Of these discourses, the subjects of the two first have been noticed in the Memoirs; the seven following, from the third to the ninth inclusive, are appropriated to the solution of an important problem, whether the five nations, viz. the Indians, Arabs, Tartars, Persians, and Chinese, who have divided amongst themselves, as a kind of inheritance, the vast continent of Asia, had a common origin, and whether that origin was the same that is generally ascribed to them.

To each of these nations a distinct essay is allotted, for the purpose of ascertaining, *who* they were, *whence* and *when* they came, and *where* they are now settled. The general media through which this extensive investigation is pursued, are, first, their *languages* and *letters*; secondly, their *philosophy*; thirdly, the actual remains of their old *sculpture* and *architecture*; and, fourthly, the written memorials of their *sciences* and *arts*: the eighth discourse is allotted to the *borderers*, *mountaineers*, and *islanders* of Asia; and the ninth, on the *origin* and *families* of nations, gives the result of the whole enquiry.

To

A mere catalogue of the writings of Sir William Jones, would shew the extent and variety

To state all the information which is curious, novel, and interesting, in these discourses, would be nearly to transcribe the whole, and the very nature of them does not admit of a satisfactory abridgment; the conclusion adopted by Sir William Jones, may be given in his own words; but this without the arguments from which it is deduced, and the facts and observations on which those arguments are founded, must be imperfectly understood. I must therefore refer the reader, who is desirous of investigating the great problem of the derivation of nations from their parental stock, or, in other words, of the population of the world, to the discourses themselves; and in presenting him with a faint outline of some of the most important facts and observations contained in them, I mean rather to excite his curiosity than to gratify it.

I shall follow the discourses in the order in which they stand; and, to avoid unnecessary phraseology, I shall, as far as possible, use the language of Sir William Jones himself.

The first discourse, which is the third of the series in which they were delivered, begins with the HINDUS.

The civil history of the inhabitants of India, beyond the middle of the nineteenth century from the present time, is enveloped in a cloud of fables. Facts, strengthened by analogy, may lead us to suppose the existence of a primeval language in Upper India, which may be called *Hindi*, and that the *Sanscrit* was introduced into it,

variety of his erudition; a perusal of them will prove, that it was no less deep than miscel-

it, by conquerors from other kingdoms in some very remote age. The *Sanscrit* language, whatever be its antiquity, is of a wonderful structure; more perfect than the Greek, more copious than the Latin, and more exquisitely refined than either; yet bearing to both of them a stronger affinity, both in the roots of verbs, and in the form of grammar, than could possibly have been produced by accident; so strong indeed, that no philologer could examine them all three without believing them to have sprung from *some common source*, which perhaps no longer exists. There is a similar reason, though not quite so forcible, for supposing that both the *Gothick* and *Celtick*, though blended with a very different idiom, had the same origin with the *Sanscrit*; and the old *Persian* might be added to the same family.

The *Deh-nagari* characters, in which the languages of India were originally written, are adopted with little variation in form, in more than twenty kingdoms and states, from the borders of *Cashgar* and *Khoten*, to the Southern extremity of the peninsula; and from the *Indus* to the river of Siam. That the square Chaldaic characters, in which most *Hebrew* books are copied, were originally the same, or derived from the same prototype, both with the *Indian* and *Arabian* characters, there can be little doubt; and it is probable that the Phœnician, from which the Greek and Roman alphabets were formed, had a similar origin.

The

miscellaneous. Whatever topic he discusses, his ideas flow with ease and perspicuity;

The deities adored in *India*, were worshipped under different names in Old *Greece* and *Italy*, and the same philosophical tenets which were illustrated by the Ionick and Attick writers, with all the beauties of their melodious language, are professed in India. The *six* philosophical schools of the Indians, comprise all the metaphysicks of the old *Academy*, the *Stoa*, and the *Lyceum*; nor can we hesitate to believe, that PYTHAGORAS and PLATO, derived their sublime theories from the same fountain with the sages of India. The *Scythian* and *Hyperborean* doctrines and mythology are discovered in every part of the Eastern regions, and that WOD or ODEN, was the same with BUDH of India, and Fo of China, seems indisputable.

The remains of *architecture* and *sculpture* in India, seem to prove an early connection between that country and Africa. The letters on many of the monuments appear partly of *Indian*, and partly of *Abyssinian* or *Ethiopick* origin; and these indubitable facts seem to authorise a probable opinion, that *Ethiopia* and *Hindustan* were colonized by the same race. The period of the subjugation of India, by the Hindus under Rama, from Audh to Silan, may be dated at about 36 centuries before the present period.

The ARABS come next under investigation. The Arabic language is unquestionably one of the most ancient in the world. That it has not the least resemblance either

spicuity; his style is always clear and polished; animated and forcible when his subject

either in words, or in the structure of them to the *Sanscrit*, or great parent of the Indian dialects, is established by the most irrefragable arguments. With respect to the characters in which the old compositions of Arabia were written, little is known except that the *Koran* originally appeared in those of *Kufah*, from which the modern Arabian characters were derived, and which unquestionably had a common origin with the *Hebrew* and *Chaldaic*. It has generally been supposed, that the old religion of the Arabs was entirely Sabian; but the information concerning the Sabian faith, and even the meaning of the word, is too imperfect to admit of any satisfactory conclusion on the subject. That the people of *Yemen* soon fell into the common idolatry of adoring the sun and firmament, is certain; other tribes worshipped the planets and fixed stars, but the religion of the poets seems to have been pure theism: of any philosophy but ethics, there are no traces among them; and their system of morals was miserably depraved for a century, at least, before Mohammed.

Few monuments of antiquity are preserved in Arabia, and of these the accounts are uncertain. Of sciences, the Arabs of Hejaz were totally ignorant, and the only arts successfully cultivated by them, (horsemanship and military accomplishments excepted,) were poetry and rhetoric. The people of Yemen had possibly more mechanical arts, and perhaps more science.

Thus

subject requires it. His philological, botanical, philosophical, and chronological disqui-

Thus it clearly appears, that the Arabs both of Hejaz and Yemen, sprang from a stock entirely different from that of the Hindus; and if we give credit to the universal tradition of Yemen, that Yoktan, the son of Eber, first settled his family in Arabia, their first establishments in their respective countries were nearly coeval, about eighteen centuries before the Christian æra.

The TARTARS furnish the subject of the fifth discourse. In general, they differ wholly in feature and complexion from the Hindus and Arabs. The general traditional history of the Tartars begins with Oghuz, as that of the Hindus does with Rama; and according to Visdelou, the king of the Hyumnus or Huns, began his reign about 3560 years ago, not long after the time fixed, in the former discourses, for the regular establishments of the Hindus and Arabs in their several countries.

The enquiry concerning the languages and letters of the Tartars, presents a deplorable void, or a prospect as barren and dreary as their deserts; they had *in general* no literature, (a proposition, which is not affected by admitting with Ibnu Arabshah, the existence of Dilberjin and Eighuri letters); and all that can be safely inferred from the little information we have on the subject, is the probability that the various dialects of Tartary descended from one common stock, essentially different

from

disquisitions, his historical researches, and even his Persian grammar, whilst they fix the

from that from which the Indian and Arabian tongues severally came. The language of the Brahmans affords a proof of an immemorial and total difference between the savages of the mountains, as the Chinese call the Tartars, and the studious, placid, contemplative inhabitants of India.

Pure theism appears to have prevailed in Tartary for some generations after Yafet; the Mongals and Turcs some ages afterwards relapsed into idolatry; but Chingis was a theist.

Thus it has been proved beyond controversy, that the far greater part of Asia has been peopled, and immemorially possessed by three considerable nations, whom for want of better names we may call Hindus, Arabs, and Tartars; each of them divided and subdivided into an infinite number of branches, and all of them so different in form and features, language, manners, and religion, that if they sprang originally from one common root, they must have been separated for ages.

The sixth and next discourse is on PERSIA OR IRÂN.

There is solid reason to suppose, that a powerful monarchy had been established in Irân, for ages before the Assyrian Dynasty, (which commenced with Cayumers, about eight or nine centuries before Christ) under the name of the Mahabadian Dynasty, and that it must be the oldest in the world.

When Mohammed was born, two languages appear to have

curiosity and attention of the reader, by the novelty, depth, or importance of the know-

have been generally prevalent in the great empire of Irân; that of the court, thence named Deri, which was only a refined and elegant dialect of the *Parsi*, and that of the learned named Pahlavi. But besides these two, a very ancient and abstruse tongue was known to the priests and philosophers, called the *language of the Zend*, because a book on religious and moral duties, which they held sacred, and which bore that name, had been written in it. The *Zend*, and old *Pahlavi*, are now almost extinct in Irân; but the *Parsi*, which remains almost pure in the Shahnameh (a poem composed about eight centuries ago), has now become a new and exquisitely polished language. The *Parsi* has so much of the Sanscrit, that it was evidently derived from the language of the Brahmans; but the pure Persian contains no traces of any Arabian tongue. The Pahlavi, on the contrary, has a strong resemblance to the Arabic, and a perusal of the Zend glossary, in the work of Mr. A. du Perron, decidedly proves the language of the Zend to be at least a dialect of the Sanscrit. From all these facts it is a necessary consequence, that the oldest discoverable languages in Persia, were Chaldaic and Sanscrit; that when they ceased to be vernacular, the Pahlavi and Zend were deduced from them respectively, and the Parsi from the Zend, or immediately from the dialect of the Brahmans, but all had perhaps a mixture of Tartarian; for the best lexicographers assert, that numberless

knowledge displayed in them, always delight by elegance of diction. His compositions

berless words in ancient Persian are taken from the language of the Cimmerians, or the Tartars of the Kipchak.

The ancient religion of the old Persians was pure theism, which prevailed until the accession of Cayumers, and was evidently the religion of the Brahmans; whilst the doctrine of the Zend, was as evidently distinct from that of the Véda. With their religion, their philosophy was intimately connected; and a metaphysical theology has been immemorially professed by a numerous sect of Persians and Hindus, which was carried partly into Greece, and prevails even now among the learned Mohammedans, who some times avow it without reserve. The modern professors of this philosophy, which is that of the Indian Vidanti school, are called Sufis. Their fundamental tenet is, that nothing exists but God; that the human soul is an emanation from his essence, and though divided for a time from its heavenly source, will be finally re-united with it, in the enjoyment of the highest possible happiness.

The result of this discourse is, that a powerful monarchy was established in Irân, long before the Pishdadi or Assyrian government; that it was in truth a Hindu monarchy, that it subsisted many centuries, and that its history has been engrafted on that of the Hindus, who founded the monarchies of Ayodhya or Audh, and Indraprestha or Delhi; that the language of the first Persian

sitions are never dry, tedious, nor disgusting; and literature and science come from his

sian empire was the mother of the *Sanscrit*, and consequently of the Zend and Persian, as well as of the Greek, Latin, and Gothic; that the language of the Assyrians was the parent of Chaldaic and Pahlavi: and that the primary Tartar language had been current in the same empire.

Thus the three distinct races of men, described in the former essays, as possessors of India, Arabia, and Tartary, are discovered in Irân or Persia, in the earliest dawn of history.

Whether Asia may not have produced other races of men distinct from the Hindus, the Arabs, or the Tartars, or whether any apparent diversity may not have sprung from an intermixture of these three, in different proportions, remains to be investigated; and in this view, the enquiry next proceeds to the CHINESE, who form the subject of the seventh discourse.

The word China, is well known to the people whom we call Chinese, but they never apply it to themselves or their country. They describe themselves as the people of Han, or some other illustrious family, and their country they call *Chin-cue*, or the central region, or *Tien-hia*, meaning what is under heaven.

From the evidence of Con-fut-su or Confucius, it is proved that the Chinese themselves do not even pretend that, in the age of that philosopher, any historical monuments existed preceding the rise of their third dynasty,

his hands, adorned with all their grace and beauty.

No

above eleven hundred years before the Christian epoch; and that the reign of Vuvam, who has the fame of having founded that dynasty, was in the infancy of their empire; and it has been asserted by very learned Europeans, that even of this third dynasty no unsuspected memorial can now be produced. It was not until the eighth century before our Saviour, that a small kingdom was erected in the province of Shensi; and both the country and its metropolis were called *Chin*. The territory of Chin so called by the old Hindus, by the Persians and Chinese, gave its name to a race of Emperors, whose tyranny made them so unpopular, that the modern inhabitants of China hold the name in abhorrence.

The *Chinas* are mentioned by Menu, in a book next in time and authority to the Véda, as one of the families of the military class, who gradually abandoned the ordinances of the Véda; and there is a strong presumption for supposing, that the Chinas of Menu are the Chinese. Hence it is probable, that the whole race of *Chinese* descended from the *Chinas* of Menu, and mixing with the Tartars, by whom the plains of Honan, and the more Southern provinces were thinly inhabited, founded by degrees the race of men, who are now in possession of the noblest empire in Asia. The language and letters, religion and philosophy of the modern Chinese, or their ancient monuments, their sciences, and their arts, furnish little, either in support or refutation of this opinion, but

No writer perhaps ever displayed so much learning, with so little affectation of it.

various circumstances under the two heads of literature and religion, seem collectively to prove, (as far as such questions admit of proof) that the *Chinese* and *Hindus* were originally the same people. Many singular marks of relation may be discovered between them and the old Hindus, as in the remarkable period of *four hundred and thirty-two thousand**; and in the cycle of *sixty* years, in the predilection for the mystical number *nine*, in many similar fasts and great festivals, especially at the solstices and equinoxes; in the obsequies consisting of rice and fruits offered to their deceased ancestors; in the dread of dying childless, lest such offerings should be intermitted; and perhaps in their common abhorrence of *red* objects; which the Indians carry so far, that *Menu* himself, when he allows a Brahmin to trade, if he cannot otherwise support life, absolutely forbids "his "trafficking in any sort of *red* cloths, whether linen or "woollen, or made of woven bark."

The *Japanese* are supposed to be descended from the same *stock* as the *Chinese*; the *Hindu* or *Egyptian* idolatry has prevailed in Japan from the earliest ages, and amongst the ancient idols worshipped in that country,

* The period of 432,000 years, seems to be founded on an astronomical calculation purposely disguised, by ciphers added or subtracted, *ad libitum*. See Discourse on Chronology of the Hindus, Sir William Jones's Works, vol. i. p. 283.

there

it. Instead of overwhelming his readers with perpetual quotations from ancient and modern

there are many which are every day seen in the temples of Bengal.

The *borderers*, *mountaineers*, and *islanders*, of Asia, form the subject of the eighth discourse. It begins with the Idumeans or Erythreans, who were indubitably distinct from the Arabs, and, from the concurrence of many strong testimonies, may be referred to the Indian stem.

That the written Abyssinian language, which we call Ethiopic, is a dialect of the old Chaldean, and sister of the Arabic and Hebrew, is certain; and a cursory examination of many old inscriptions on pillars and in caves, leaves little doubt, that the Nagari and Ethiopian letters had a similar form. It is supposed, that the Abyssinians of the Arabian stock having no letters, borrowed those of the black Pagans, whom the Greeks called Troglodytes; and upon the whole, it seems probable that the *Ethiops* of *Meroe* were the same people with the first Egyptians, and consequently, as it might easily be shewn, with the original Hindus.

There is no trace in the maritime part of Yemen, from Aden to Maskat, of any nation who were not Arabs or Abyssinian invaders; and from the gulf of Persia to the rivers Cur and Aras, no vestige appears of any people distinct from the Arabs, Persians, and Tartars. The principal inhabitants of the mountains which separate *Irân* from *India*, were anciently distinguished among the

modern authors, whose ideas or information he adopts, he transmutes their sense into

the Brahmans, by the name of Doradas; they seem to have been destroyed or expelled by the Afgans or Patans; and there is very solid ground for believing, that the Afgans descended from the Jews; because they sometimes in confidence avow that unpopular origin, which in general they sedulously conceal, and which other Musselmans positively assert; because Hazaret, which appears to be the Azareth of Esdras, is one of their territories; and principally because their language is evidently a dialect of the scriptural Chaldaic.

It is not unworthy of remark, that the copious vocabulary exhibited by Grellmann of the Gypsy dialect, contains so many Sanscrit words, that their Indian origin can hardly be doubted.

The *Boras*, a remarkable race of men, inhabiting chiefly the cities of *Gujarat*, though Musselmans in religion, are Jews in genius, features, and manners, and probably came first, with their brethren the Afgans, to the borders of India.

The languages, letters, religion, and old monuments of Silân (Ceylon), prove that it was immemorially peopled by the Hindu race. To the people of Java and Sumatra, the same origin may be assigned; and relying upon the authority of Mr. Marsden, that clear vestiges of one ancient language are discernible in all the insular dialects of the Southern seas from Madagascar to the Philippines, and even to the remotest islands lately discovered,

into his own language; and whilst his compositions on this account have a pleasing uniformity,

covered, we may infer from the specimens of those languages, in his account of Sumatra, that the parent of them all was no other than the Sanscrit.

That the people of Potyid, or Thibet, were Hindus, is known from the researches of Cassiano; their written language proves it.

The natives of Eighur, Tancut, and Khata, who had systems of letters, and are even said to have cultivated liberal arts, may be suspected to have been of the Indian, not of the Tartarian family; and the same remark may be applied to the nation called Barmas, but who are known to the *pundits* by the name of Brahmachinas, and seem to have been the Brachmani of Ptolemy.

From all that can be learned of the old religion and manners of the Hyperboreans, they appear like the Massagetæ, and some other nations usually considered as Tartars, to be really of the Gothic, that is, of the Hindu race; for it is demonstrable, that the Goths and Hindus had originally the same language, gave the same appellation to the stars and planets, adored the same false deities, performed the same bloody sacrifices, and professed the same notions of rewards and punishments after death. It may be concluded, that all the Northern languages, excepting the Gothic, had a Tartarian origin like that universally ascribed to the Sclavonian.

From the best information procurable in Bengal, it satisfac-

uniformity, his less learned readers are enabled to reap the fruits of his laborious studies.

His

satisfactorily appears, that the basis of the Armenian, was the ancient Persian, of the same Indian stock with the Zend, and that it has been gradually changed, from the time that Armenia ceased to be a province of Irân.

The Greeks and Phrygians, though differing somewhat in manners, and perhaps in dialect, had an apparentaffinity in religion as well as in language; the grand object of mysterious worship in Phrygia, is stated by the Greeks to be the mother of the gods, or *nature personified;* as she is seen among the Indians, in a thousand forms, and under a thousand names. The Diana of Ephesus, was manifestly the same goddess, in the character of productive nature; and the Astarte of the Syrians and Phœnicians, appears to be the same in another form. The Phœnicians, like the Hindus, adored the sun, and asserted water to be the first of created things; nor can it be doubted, that Syria, Samaria, and Phœnice, (or the long strip of land on the shore of the Mediterranean) were *anciently* peopled by a branch of the Hindu stock, but were *afterwards* inhabited by that race, for the present called Arabian; in all three, the oldest religion was the Assyrian, as it is called by Selden, and the Samaritan letters appear to have been the same at first with those of Phœnice; but the Syriac language, of which ample remains are preserved, and the Punic, of which a specimen is seen in Plautus, and on monuments lately

His legal publications have been noticed in these Memoirs: of their merit I am not qualified

lately brought to light, were indisputably of a *Chaldaic* or *Arabic* origin. Thus all the different races mentioned in this discourse, may be referred to an Indian or Arabian pedigree.

The ninth discourse, *On the Origin and Families of Nations*, opens with a short review of the propositions to which we have been gradually led.

That the first race of *Persians* and *Indians*, to whom may be added the *Romans* and *Greeks*, the *Goths* and the old *Egyptians* or *Ethiops*, originally spoke the same language, and professed the same popular faith, is capable of incontestable proof: that the *Jews* and *Arabs*, the *Assyrians*, or second *Persian race*, the people who spoke *Syriac*, and a numerous tribe of *Abyssinians*, used one primitive dialect, wholly distinct from the idioms just mentioned, is undisputed and indisputable: but that the settlers in *China* and *Japan* had a common origin with the *Hindus*, is no more than highly probable; and that all the *Tartars*, as they are inaccurately called, were primarily of a third separate branch, totally differing from the two others in language, manners, and features, may be plausibly conjectured, but cannot for reasons alleged in a former essay be perspicuously shewn, and is therefore for the present merely assumed.

If the human race, as may be confidently affirmed, be of one natural species, they must all have proceeded from one pair; and the world, with respect to its population,

qualified to speak. I have been informed, that his Essay on the Law of Bailments was

lation, in the age of Mahomet, would exhibit the same appearances as were then actually observed upon it. At that period, five races of men, peculiarly distinguished for their multitude and extent of dominion, were visible in Asia; but these have been reduced by enquiry to three, because no more can be discovered, that essentially differ in language, religion, manners, and known characteristics. These three races of men, (if the preceding conclusions be justly drawn) must have migrated originally from a central country, and all the phænomena tend to shew that country to be Irân; it is there only that the traces of the three primitive languages are discovered in the earliest historical age, and its position with respect to *Arabia* or *Egypt*, *India*, *Tartary*, or *China*, gives a weight to the conclusion, which it would not have, if either of those countries were assumed as the central region of population. Thus, it is proved that the inhabitants of Asia, and consequently of the whole earth, sprang from three branches of one stem: and that these branches have shot into their present state of luxuriance, in a period comparatively short, is apparent from a fact universally acknowledged, that we find no certain monument, nor even probable traditions of nations planted, empires and states raised, laws enacted, cities built, navigation improved, commerce encouraged, arts invented, or letters contrived, above twelve, or at most fifteen or sixteen, centuries before Christ.

Hence

was stamped with the approbation of Lord Mansfield, and that his writings shew, that he

Hence it seems to follow, that the only family after the Flood established themselves in the Northern part of *Irân*; that as they multiplied, they were divided into three distinct branches, each retaining little at first, and losing the whole by degrees, of their common primary language, but agreeing severally on new expressions for new ideas; that the branch of YAFET was enlarged in many scattered shoots over the North of Europe and Asia, diffusing themselves as far as the Western and Eastern seas, and at length in the infancy of navigation beyond them both; that they cultivated no liberal arts, and had no use of letters, but formed a variety of dialects as their tribes were variously ramified; that, *secondly*, the children of HAM, who founded in *Irân* itself the first monarchy of *Chaldeans*, invented letters, observed and named the luminaries of the firmament, calculated *the known Indian period of* 432,000 years, or an hundred and twenty repetitions of the *Saros*; that they were dispersed at various intervals and in various colonies over land and ocean; that the tribes of *Misr*, *Cush*, and *Rama*, (names remaining unchanged in Sanscrit, and highly revered by the Hindus) settled in *Africk* and *India*; while some of them, having improved the art of sailing, passed from *Egypt*, *Phœnice*, and *Phrygia*, into *Italy* and *Greece*; whilst a swarm from the same hive moved by a northerly course into *Scandinavia*, and another, by the head of the Oxus, and through the passes

he had thoroughly studied the principles of law as a science. Indeed it is impossible

passes of Imaus, into *Cashgar* and *Eighúr*, *Khata*, and *Khoten*, as far as the territories of *Chin* and *Tancut*, where letters have been immemorially used and arts cultivated, nor is it unreasonable to believe, that some of them found their way from the Eastern isles into *Mexico* and *Peru*, where traces were discovered of rude literature and mythology, analogous to those of *Egypt* and *India*; that, *thirdly*, the old *Chaldean* empire being overthrown by CAYUMERS, other migrations took place; especially into *India*, while the rest of Shem's progeny, some of whom had before settled on the red seas, peopled the whole Arabian peninsula, pressing close on the nations of *Syria* and *Phœnice*; that, lastly, from all the three families many adventurers were detached, who settled in distant isles or deserts, and mountainous regions; that, on the whole, some colonies might have migrated before the death of Noah, but that states and empires could scarcely have assumed a regular form till 1500 or 1600 years before the Christian epoch; and that for the first thousand years of that period, we have no history unmixed with fable, except that of the turbulent and variable, but eminently distinguished nation, descended from Abraham.

The tenth discourse is appropriated to unfold the *particular advantages* to be derived from the concurrent researches of the society in Asia; and amongst the foremost and most important which has been attained, he justly

sible to suppose, that Sir William Jones applied his talents to any subject in vain.

From

justly notices the confirmation of the Mosaic accounts of the primitive world.

Part of this discourse is quoted at length in the Memoirs; and to abstract it would add too much to the length of this note: I shall only observe, that the discourse is worthy of the most attentive perusal.

For a similar reason, and with the same recommendation, I shall barely advert to the subject of the eleventh and last discourse, delivered by Sir William Jones before the society, on the 20th of February, 1794, On the Philosophy of the Asiatics, quoting a part of the concluding paragraph:—"The subject of this discourse is in-"exhaustible; it has been my endeavour to say as much "on it as possible in the fewest words; and at the "beginning of next year, I hope to close these general "disquisitions with topics measureless in extent." In this general and concise abstract of the subjects discussed in these discourses, I beg it may be understood, that I by no means pretend to have done justice either to the argument or observations of Sir William Jones; but it may induce the reader to peruse the dissertations themselves, which will amply repay the trouble of the task.

Nor is the reader to conclude that these discourses contain all that Sir William Jones wrote on the sciences, arts, and literature of Asia. We have a dissertation on Indian Chronology; another on the Antiquity of the Indian Zodiack, in which he engages to support an opi-

nion

From the study of law, which he cultivated with enthusiasm, he was led to an admiration of the laws of his own country; in them he had explored the principles of the British constitution, which he considered as the noblest and most perfect that ever was formed: and in defence of it he would cheerfully have risked his property and life. In his tenth discourse to the society, in 1793, little more than a year before his death, we trace the same sentiments on this subject, which he adopted in youth.

"The practical use of history, in affording particular examples of civil and military wisdom, has been greatly exaggerated; but principles of action may cer-

nion (which Montucla treats with supreme contempt,) that the Indian division of the Zodiack was not borrowed from the Greeks or Arabs; another specifically on the Literature of the Hindus; and one on the Musical Modes of the Hindus; besides many essays on curious and interesting subjects, for which I can only refer to his works.

tainly

tainly be collected from it: and even the narrative of wars and revolutions may serve as a lesson to nations, and an admonition to sovereigns. A desire, indeed, of knowing past events, while the future cannot be known, (and a view of the present, gives often more pain than delight,) seems natural to the human mind: and a happy propensity would it be, if every reader of history would open his eyes to some very important corollaries, which flow from the whole extent of it. He could not but remark the constant effect of despotism in benumbing and debasing all those faculties which distinguish men from the herd that grazes; and to that cause he would impute the decided inferiority of most Asiatic nations, ancient and modern, to those in Europe, who are blest with happier governments: he would see the Arabs rising to glory, while they adhered to the free maxims of their bold ancestors, and sinking

sinking to misery from the moment when those maxims were abandoned. On the other hand, he would observe with regret, that such republican governments as tend to promote virtue and happiness, cannot in their nature be permanent, but are generally succeeded by oligarchies, which no good man would wish to be durable. He would then, like the king of Lydia, remember Solon, the wisest, bravest, and most accomplished of men, who asserts, in four nervous lines, that, "as hail "and snow, which mar the labours of "husbandmen, proceed from elevated "clouds, and, as the destructive thunder-"bolt follows the brilliant flash, thus is "a free state ruined by men exalted in "power, and splendid in wealth, while "the people, from gross ignorance, choose "rather to become the slaves of one tyrant, "that they may escape from the domina-"tion of many, than to preserve them-

" selves from tyranny of any kind by their " union and their virtues." Since, therefore, no unmixed form of government could both preserve permanence and enjoy it; and since changes even from the worst to the best, are always attended with much temporary mischief, he would fix on our British constitution (I mean our public law, not the actual state of things in any given period), as the best form ever established, though we can only make distant approaches to its theoretical perfection. In these Indian territories, which Providence has thrown into the arms of Britain for their protection and welfare, the religion, manners, and laws of the natives preclude even the idea of political freedom; but their histories may possibly suggest hints for their prosperity, while our country derives essential benefit from the diligence of a placid and submissive people, who multiply with such increase, even after the

ravages of famine, that, in one collectorship out of twenty-four, and that by no means the largest or best cultivated (I mean Chrishna-nagur), there have lately been found, by an actual enumeration, a million and three hundred thousand native inhabitants; whence it should seem, that in all India, there cannot now be fewer than thirty millions of black British subjects."

This quotation will prove, that he was not tainted with the wild theories of licentiousness, miscalled liberty, which have been propagated with unusual industry since the Revolution in France; and that whilst he was exerting himself to compile a code of laws, which should secure the rights and property of the natives of India (a labour to which he in fact sacrificed his life), he knew the absurdity and impracticability of attempting to introduce amongst them that political freedom, which

which is the birth-right of Britons, but the growth of ages. Of the French Revolution, in its commencement, he entertained a favourable opinion, and, in common with many wise and good men, who had not as yet discovered the foul principle from which it sprang, wished success to the struggles of that nation for the establishment of a free constitution; but he saw with unspeakable disgust, the enormities which sprang out of the attempt, and betrayed the impurity of its origin. Things ill begun, strengthen themselves with ill. We may easily conceive, and it is unnecessary to state, what the sentiments of Sir William Jones would have been, if he had lived to this time.

If the political opinions of Sir William Jones, at any period, have been censured for extravagance; let it be remembered, that he adopted none, but such as he firmly believed to arise out of the prin-

ciples of the constitution of England; and as such he was ever ready to avow and defend them. His attachment to liberty was certainly enthusiastic, and he never speaks of tyranny or oppression, but in the language of detestation: this sentiment, the offspring of generous feelings, was invigorated by his early acquaintance with the republican writers of Greece and Rome, and with the works of the most celebrated political writers of his own country; but the whole tenour of his life, conversation, and writings, proves to my conviction, that he would have abandoned any opinion, which could be demonstrated irreconcileable to the spirit of the constitution.

With these principles, he ever refused to enlist under the banners of any party, which he denominated faction, and resisted the influence of private friendships and attachments, whenever they involved a com-

a competition with his regard to the constitution of his country. These sentiments may be traced in his correspondence and publications, and they are sometimes accompanied with expressions of regret arising from the impossibility of reconciling his political principles, to the bias of his inclinations towards individuals.

The latest political publication of Sir William Jones, is prior to the year 1783. The temper of the nation, soured by a long and unsuccessful war, was displayed during the three preceding years, in the bitterest invectives and censures, both in and out of Parliament; and those who thought that the principles of the constitution had been invaded by the conduct of the Minister, supported by a majority in the House of Commons, looked to a reformation in the representation of the country, as the only means of restoring the balance of the constitution. The revolu-

tion

tion which has since deformed the political state of Europe, was not then foreseen, and the experience founded on the *consequences* of the speculations which led to it, or have emerged from it, was to be acquired. In judging of the political opinions of Sir William Jones, and of the freedom with which they were published to the world, we should revert to the language and spirit of the times when they were delivered. It may be further remarked, that some political theories, which were held to be incontrovertible, have of late years been questioned, and that the doctrines of Locke on Government, which it would once have been heresy to deny, no longer command that implicit acquiescence, which they once almost universally received.

In the first charge which Sir William Jones delivered to the grand jury at Calcutta, he told them that he aspired to no popularity,

popularity, and sought no praise but that which might be given to a strict and conscientious discharge of duty, without predilection, or prejudice of any kind, and with a fixed resolution to pronounce on all occasions what he conceived to be the law, than which no individual must suppose himself wiser. His conduct as a judge, was most strictly conformable to his professions: on the bench he was laborious, patient, and discriminating: his charges to the grand jury, which do not exceed six, exhibit a veneration for the laws of his country; a just and spirited encomium on the trial by jury, as the greatest and most invaluable right derived from them to the subject; a detestation of crimes, combined with mercy towards the offender; occasional elucidations of the law; and the strongest feelings of humanity and benevolence. By his knowledge of the Sanscrit and Arabic, he

was

was eminently qualified to promote the administration of justice in the Supreme Court, by detecting misrepresentations of the Hindu or Mohammedan laws, and by correcting impositions in the form of administering oaths to the followers of Brahma and Mohammed. If no other benefit had resulted from his study of these languages, than the compilation of the digest, and the translation of Menu and of two Mohammedan law-tracts, this application of his talents to promote objects of the first importance to India and Europe, would have entitled him to the acknowledgments of both countries. Of his studies in general it may be observed, that the end which he always had in view, was practical utility; that knowledge was not accumulated by him, as a source of mere intellectual recreation, or to gratify an idle curiosity, or for the idler purpose of ostentatiously displaying his acquisitions; to render

render himself useful to his country and mankind, and to promote the prosperity of both, were the primary and permanent motives of his indefatigable exertions in the pursuit of knowledge.

The inflexible integrity with which he discharged the solemn duty of this station, will long be remembered in Calcutta, both by Europeans and natives. So cautious was he to guard the independence of his character from any possibility of violation or imputation, that no solicitation could prevail upon him, to use his personal influence with the members of administration in India, to advance the private interests of friends whom he esteemed, and which he would have been happy to promote. He knew the dignity, and felt the importance, of his office: and, convinced that none could afford him more ample scope for exerting his talents to the benefit of mankind, his ambition never extended beyond

it,

it. No circumstance occasioned his death to be more lamented by the public, than the loss of his abilities as judge, of which they had had the experience of eleven years.

When we consider the time required for the study of the law as a profession, and that portion of it, which was devoted by Sir William Jones to the discharge of his duties as judge and magistrate in India, it must appear astonishing, that he should have found leisure for the acquisition of his numerous attainments in science and literature, and for completing the voluminous works which have been given to the public. On this subject I shall, I trust, be excused for using, as I may find convenient, my own language in a discourse which I addressed to the Asiatic society a few days after his decease.

There were in truth few sciences in which he had not acquired considerable proficiency;

proficiency; in most, his knowledge was profound. The theory of music was familiar to him, nor had he neglected to render himself acquainted with the interesting discoveries lately made in chemistry; and I have heard him assert, that his admiration of the structure of the human frame, induced him to attend for a season, to a course of anatomical lectures delivered by his friend, the celebrated Hunter. Of his skill in mathematics I am so far qualified to speak, that he frequently perused and solved the problems in the Principia.

His last and favourite pursuit was the study of botany. It constituted the principal amusement of his leisure hours. In the arrangement of Linnæus, he discovered system, truth, and science, which never failed to captivate and engage his attention; and from the proofs which he has exhibited of his progress in botany, we may conclude, if he had lived, that he would have extend-

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ed the discoveries in that science*. From two of the essays mentioned in the note, I shall transcribe two short extracts which mark his judgment and delicacy of sentiment. "If botany could be described by "metaphors drawn from the science itself, "we may justly pronounce a minute ac- "quaintance with *plants*, their *classes*, "*orders*, *kinds*, and *species*, to be its *flowers*, "which can only produce *fruit* by an ap- "plication of that knowledge to the pur- "poses of life, particularly to *diet* by which "diseases may be avoided, and to *medicine* "by which they may be remedied." On the indelicacy of the Linnæan definitions,

* Besides occasional botanical information, we have in the works of Sir William Jones, vol. ii. p. 1, a little tract intitled, *The Design of a Treatise on the Plants of India*, p. 39; *A Catalogue of* 420 *Indian Plants*, comprehending their Sanscrit and as many of the Linnæan generic names, as could with any degree of precision be ascertained; and, p. 47, *Botanical Observations on seventy select Indian Plants*, which last was a posthumous publication.

he

he observes, "Hence it is that no well-"born and well-educated woman can be "advised to amuse herself with botany, as "it is now explained, though a more ele-"gant and delightful study, or one more "likely to assist and embellish other female "accomplishments, could not possibly be "recommended."

It cannot be deemed useless or superfluous, to enquire by what arts or method he was enabled to attain this extraordinary degree of knowledge. The faculties of his mind, by nature vigorous, were improved by constant exercise; and his memory, by habitual practice, had acquired a capacity of retaining whatever had once been imprinted upon it. In his early years, he seems to have entered upon his career of study with this maxim strongly impressed upon his mind, that whatever had been attained, was attainable by him, and it has been remarked, that he never neglected

nor

nor overlooked any opportunity of improving his intellectual faculties, or of acquiring esteemed accomplishments.

To an unextinguished ardour for universal information, he joined a perseverance in the pursuit of it, which subdued all obstacles. His studies in India began with the dawn, and during the intermissions of professional duties, were continued throughout the day: reflection and meditation strengthened and confirmed what industry and investigation had accumulated. It was also a fixed principle with him, from which he never voluntarily deviated, not to be deterred by any difficulties that were surmountable from prosecuting to a successful termination, what he had once deliberately undertaken.

But what appears to me more particularly to have enabled him to employ his talents so much to his own and the public advantage, was the regular allotment of his

his time to particular occupations, and a scrupulous adherence to the distribution which he had fixed; hence all his studies were pursued without interruption or confusion*. Nor can I omit remarking the candour and complacency, with which he gave

* It was a favourite opinion of Sir William Jones, that all men are born with an equal capacity for improvement. The assertion (which I do not admit) will remind the reader of the modest declaration of Sir Isaac Newton, that if he had done the world any service, it was due to nothing but industry and patient thought. The following lines were sent to Sir William by a friend, Thomas Law, Esq. in consequence of a conversation in which he had maintained the opinion which I have imputed to him; his answer, which was unpremeditated, is a confirmation of it.

Sir William, you attempt, in vain,
By depth of reason to maintain,
That all men's talents are the same,
And they, not Nature, are to blame.
Whate'er you say, whate'er you write,
Proves your opponents in the right.
Lest genius should be ill-defin'd,
I term it *your superior mind*,
Hence to your friends 'tis plainly shewn,
You're ignorant of yourself alone.

Sir

gave his attention to all persons of whatever quality, talents, or education; he justly concluded, that curious or important information might be gained even from the illiterate, and, wherever it was to be obtained, he sought and seized it.

The literary designs which he still meditated*, seem to have been as ample as those which he executed; and if it had pleased Providence to extend the years of his existence, he would in a great measure have

Sir William Jones's Answer:

Ah! but too well, dear friend, I know
My fancy weak, my reason slow,
My memory by art improv'd,
My mind by baseless trifles mov'd.
Give me (thus high my pride I raise)
The ploughman's or the gardener's praise,
With patient and unceasing toil,
To meliorate a stubborn soil.
And say, (no higher meed I ask)
With zeal hast thou perform'd thy task?
Praise, of which virtuous minds may boast,
They best confer, who merit most.

* See Memoirs, p. 229.

exhausted

exhausted whatever was curious, important, and attainable, in the arts, sciences, and histories of India, Arabia, Persia, China, and Tartary. His collections on these subjects were extensive, and his ardour and industry we know were unlimited. It is to be hoped that the progressive labour of the society will in part supply, what he had so extensively planned*.

Of

* The following paper written by Sir William Jones, was found amongst his papers after his death, and may be considered as exhibiting his Oriental literary projects:

DESIDERATA.

INDIA.

1.

The Ancient Geography of India, &c. from the Puránas.

2.

A Botanical Description of Indian Plants from the Coshás, &c.

3.

A Grammar of the Sanscrit Language from Pánini, &c.

4.

A Dictionary of the Sanscrit Language from thirty-two original Vocabularies and Niructi.

Of his private and social virtues it still remains to speak; and I could with pleasure expatiate on the independence of his integrity,

5.

On the Antient Music of the Indians.

6.

On the Medical Substances of India, and the Indian Art of Medicine.

7.

On the Philosophy of the Ancient Indians.

8.

A Translation of the Véda.

9.

On Ancient Indian Geometry, Astronomy, and Algebra.

10.

A Translation of the Puránas.

11.

Translation of the Mahábharat and Rámáyan.

12.

On the Indian Theatre, &c. &c.

13.

On the Indian Constellations, with their Mythology, from the Puránas.

14.

The History of India before the Mohammedan Conquest. From the Sanscrit Cashmir Histories.

ARA-

integrity, his humanity and probity, as well as his benevolence, which every living creature participated.

ARABIA.

15.

The History of Arabia before Mohammed.

16.

A Translation of the Hamása.

17.

A Translation of Hariri.

18.

A Translation of the Fácahatâl Khulafá. Of the Cáfiah.

PERSIA.

19.

The History of Persia, from Authorities in Sanscrit, Arabic, Greek, Turkish, Persian, Ancient and Modern.

20.

The Five Poems of Nizámi, translated in Prose.

A Dictionary of pure Persian—Jehangiri.

CHINA.

21.

Translation of the Shí-cing.

22.

The Text of Con-fu-tsu, verbally translated.

TARTARY.

23.

A History of the Tartar Nations, chiefly of the Moguls and Othmans, from the Turkish and Persian.

 Could

Could the figure, (I quote with pleasure his own words,) instincts, and qualities of birds, beasts, insects, reptiles, and fish, be ascertained, either on the plan of Buffon, or on that of Linnæus, without giving pain to the objects of our examination, few studies would afford us more solid instruction, or more exquisite delight; but I never could learn by what right, nor conceive with what feelings, a naturalist can occasion the misery of an innocent bird, and leave its young, perhaps, to perish in a cold nest, because it has gay plumage, and has never been accurately delineated, or deprive even a butterfly of its natural enjoyments, because it has the misfortune to be rare or beautiful: nor shall I ever forget the couplet of Ferdausi, for which Sadi, who cites it with applause, pours blessings on his departed spirit:

Ah! spare yon emmet, rich in hoarded grain;
He lives with pleasure, and he dies with pain.

This

This may be only a confession of weakness, and it certainly is not meant as a boast of peculiar sensibility; but whatever name may be given to my opinion, it has such an effect on my conduct, that I never would suffer the *cocila*, whose wild native wood-notes announce the approach of spring, to be caught in my garden, for the sake of comparing it with Buffon's description; though I have often examined the domestic and engaging *Mayana*, which "bids us good morrow" at our windows, and expects, as its reward, little more than security: even when a fine young *manis* or *pangolin* was brought to me, against my wish, from the mountains, I solicited his restoration to his beloved rocks, because I found it impossible to preserve him in comfort at a distance from them.

I have noticed his cheerful and assiduous performance of his filial and fraternal duty: "To the other virtues of Mr. Jones, (I quote

(I quote the testimony and words of professor Bjornshal, who visited Oxford whilst Sir William Jones resided there, obligingly communicated to me by Dr. Ford of Mag. Hall,) " I ought to add that of filial duty, " which he displays at all times in the most " exemplary manner. I am not singular " in the observation here made. Every one " acquainted with Mr. Jones, makes it " likewise. I feel a pleasure in dwelling " upon a character that does such high " honour to human nature." The unceasing regret of Lady Jones is a proof of his claim upon her conjugal affections; and I could dwell with rapture on the affability of his conversation and manners, on his modest, unassuming deportment, nor can I refrain from remarking, that he was totally free from pedantry, as well as from that arrogance and self-sufficiency, which sometimes accompany and disgrace the greatest abilities; his presence was the delight of every

every society, which his conversation exhilarated and improved.

His intercourse with the Indian natives of character and abilities was extensive: he liberally rewarded those by whom he was served and assisted, and his dependents were treated by him as friends. Under this denomination, he has frequently mentioned in his works the name of Bahman, a native of Yezd, and follower of the doctrines of Zoroaster, whom he retained in his pay, and whose death he often adverted to with regret. Nor can I resist the impulse which I feel to repeat an anecdote of what occurred after his demise; the pundits who were in the habit of attending him, when I saw them at a public *durbar*, a few days after that melancholy event, could neither restrain their tears for his loss, nor find terms to express their admiration at the wonderful progress which he

he had made, in the sciences which they professed*.

If

* The following is a translation of a Sanscrit note written to Sir William Jones, by a venerable pundit, whom he employed in superintending the compilation of Hindu law. From my own communications with the writer of the note, I can venture to assert, that his expressions of respect for Sir William Jones, although in the Oriental style, were most sincere.

Trivédi Servoru Sarman, who depends on you alone for support, presents his humble duty, with a hundred benedictions.

VERSES.

1. To you there are many like me; yet to me there is none like you, but yourself; there are numerous groves of night flowers; yet the night flower sees nothing like the moon, but the moon.
2. A hundred chiefs rule the world, but thou art an ocean, and they are mere wells; many luminaries are awake in the sky, but which of them can be compared to the Sun?

Many words are needless to inform those who know all things. The law tract of *Atri*, will be delivered by the hand of the footman, dispatched by your Excellence.—Prosperity attend you!

I add a translation of two couplets in elegant Arabic, addressed by Maulavi Casim to Sir William Jones. The writer was employed by him in compiling the Mohammedan law.

Mayest

If this character of Sir William Jones be not exaggerated by the partiality of friendship, we shall all apply to him his own words, "it is happy for us that this "man was born." I have borrowed the application of them from Dr. Parr: and who more competent can be found, to estimate the merit of the great scholar, whom he deems worthy of this eulogium?

In the pleasing office of delineating his virtues, my regret for his loss has been suspended, but will never be obliterated; and whilst I cherish with pride the recollection that he honoured me with his esteem, I cannot cease to feel and lament that the voice, to which I listened with rapture and improvement, is heard no more.

Mayest thou remain with us perpetually, for thy presence is an ornament and a delight to the age!

May no unpleasant event find its way to thee; and mayest thou have no share in the vicissitudes of fortune!

As

As far as happiness may be considered dependent upon the attainment of our wishes, he possessed it. At the period of his death, by a prudent attention to economy, which never encroached upon his liberality, he had acquired a competency, and was in a situation to enjoy dignity with independence. For this acquisition he was indebted to the exertion of his talents and abilities, of energies well directed, and usefully applied to the benefit of his country and mankind. He had obtained a reputation which might gratify the highest ambition: and as far as human happiness is also connected with expectation, he had in prospect a variety of employments, the execution of which depended only on the continuance of his health and intellectual powers. I shall not here enlarge upon the common topic of the vanity of human wishes, prospects, and enjoyments, which my subject naturally suggests; but if my reader

reader should not participate that admiration which the memory of Sir William Jones excites in my mind, I must submit to the mortification of having depreciated a character, which I had fondly hoped would be effectually emblazoned by its own excellence, if I did but simply recite the talents and virtues which conspired to dignify and adorn it.

POST-

POSTSCRIPT.

THE following Epitaph, evidently intended for himself, was written by Sir William Jones, a short time only before his demise. It displays some striking features of his character; resignation to the will of his Creator, love and good-will to mankind, and is modestly silent upon his intellectual attainments.

AN EPITAPH.

Here was deposited,
the mortal part of a man,
who feared GOD, but not death;
and maintained independence,
but sought not riches;
who thought
none below him, but the base and unjust,
none above him, but the wise and virtuous;
who loved
his parents, kindred, friends, country,
with an ardour

which

which was the chief source of
all his pleasures and all his pains;
and who, having devoted
his life to their service,
and to
the improvement of his mind,
resigned it calmly,
giving glory to his Creator,
wishing peace on earth,
and with
good-will to all creatures,
on the [*Twenty-seventh*] day of [*April*]
in the year of our blessed Redeemer,
One Thousand Seven Hundred [*and Ninety-four*].

The Court of Directors of the East-India Company embraced an early opportunity of testifying their respect for the merit of Sir William Jones. By an unanimous vote of the Court, it was resolved, that a monument to his memory should be ordered, for the purpose of being erected in St. Paul's Cathedral, with a suitable inscription, and that a statue of Sir William Jones should be prepared at the expence of the Company, and sent to Bengal with directions

directions for its being placed in a proper situation there.

The posthumous honours paid to his memory by a society of gentlemen in Bengal, who had received their education at Oxford, were no less liberal than appropriate. They subscribed a sum to be given as a prize for the best dissertation on his character and merits, by any of the students at that University; and the proposal, with the sanction of the heads of the University, having been carried into execution, the premium was adjudged to Mr. Henry Philpotts, A. M., Fellow of Magdalen College.

The expectations of my readers would be disappointed, if I were not to mention the solicitude of Lady Jones, and the means adopted by her, for perpetuating the fame of a husband, with whom she had lived in the closest union of esteem and affection. Without dwelling upon the

elegant monument erected to his memory at her expense, in the anti-chamber of University College Oxford, her regard for his reputation was more effectually evinced, by the publication of his works in an elegant edition of six quarto volumes, in strict conformity to his opinion, that "The "best monument that can be erected to "a man of literary talents, is a good "edition of his works."

On the 27th of January 1795, Sir William Jones was unanimously elected a corresponding member of the *Historical Society of Massachusetts*. The society had soon the mortification to learn, that, nine months before the date of their vote, the object of their intended distinction was no more. The following letter, notifying the resolution of the society, was addressed, by the president of it, to Sir William Jones:

SIR,

SIR, *Boston, Feb. 7, 1795.*

As president, and by the direction of the Massachusetts Historical Society, I have the honour to inclose you a vote of that corporation, by which you are elected a member of it.

You have also by this conveyance a few publications, and a copy of our charter: by the latter you will see, as well the legal date, as the design of our institution. We possess a large hall in the centre of Boston, where we deposit those books, publications, and other matters, which may have a tendency to fix and illustrate the political, civil, and natural history of this continent: and we have been very successful in our attempts to collect materials for that purpose.

Your character, and the attention which the world allows you to have paid to learning of this kind, have induced us to

pursue

pursue such measures as we hope will obtain your good wishes, and friendly regard: and we shall have great pleasure in forwarding to you, from time to time, such other books and publications, as we may suppose to be acceptable to you.

Any observations from you, or any member of the society in which you preside, illustrating those facts which compose the natural history of America, or of any other part of the world, will be received as valuable marks of your attention.

As the correspondence of literary and philosophical societies, established in different nations, is an intercourse of true philanthropy, and has a manifest tendency to increase that friendship, and to support that harmony in the great family of mankind, on which the happiness of the

world so much depends, it can never solicit your aid without success.

I have the honour to be,
With sentiments of the highest respect,
Your most obedient, humble servant,
J. SULLIVAN.

It is certainly to be greatly regretted, that Sir William Jones did not live to translate the digest of Hindu law, in the compilation of which he had bestowed so much time and attention. It is however satisfactory to know, that his benevolent intentions in this laborious work have not been disappointed, and that Mr. H. T. Colebrooke, in the civil service of the East-India Company at Bengal, from motives of public spirit, and a laudable hope of distinction, has completed a translation of it, with an ability which does him the highest credit. This voluminous work was undertaken

undertaken and executed by Mr. Colebrooke, under the pressure of uninterrmitted official occupations, and is a proof of literary industry rarely exceeded.

For the gratification of the reader's curiosity, I insert the short but characteristic translation of the Preface of the Hindu Compilers of the Digest.

PREFACE BY THE COMPILERS.

Having saluted the Ruler of Gods, the Lord of Beings, and the King of Dangers, Lord of Divine Classes, the Daughter of the King of Mountains, the venerable Sages, and the reverend Authors of Books, I, JAGANNAT'HA, Son of Budra, by command of the Protectors of the Land, compile this book, intitled, *The Sea of controversial Waves*, perspicuous, diffusive, with its islands and gems, pleasing to the princes and the learned.

What is my intellect, a crazy boat,

compared with the sacred code, that perilous ocean? The favour of the Supreme Ruler is my sole refuge, in traversing that ocean with this crazy vessel.

The learned Radhacanta Gonespresada, of firm and spotless mind, Ramamóhana Ramanidhee Ganasyama, and Gungadhara, a league of assiduous pupils, must effect the completion of this work, which shall gratify the minds of princes:—of this I have unquestioned certainty.

Embarking on ships, often do men undaunted traverse the perilous deep, aided by long cables, and impelled by propitious gales.

Having viewed the title of loans, and the rest as promulged by wise legislators, in codes of laws, and as expounded by former intelligent authors;

And having meditated their obscure passages with the lessons of venerable teachers, the whole is now delivered by *me*.

APPEN-

APPENDIX.

No. I.

JONESIUS REVICZKIO, S.

QUAM jucunda mihi fuit illa semihora, quâ tecum de poëtis Persicis, meis tuisque deliciis, sum collocutus: initium enim amicitiæ et dulcissimæ inter nos consuetudinis arbitrabar fuisse. Quam spem utriusque nostri importuna negotia fefellerunt. Ruri enim diutiùs quàm vellem commorari, variæ me cogunt occupationes. Tu Germaniam, ut audivi, quàm citissimè proficisci meditaris. Doleo itaque amicitiam nostram in ipso flore quasi decidere. Illud tamen tanquam lenimen doloris

loris mei restat, nempè ut, si præsens te præsentem alloqui non possim, liceat certè quidem per literas colloqui, et cùm sermonis communicatione, tùm conjunctione studiorum, perfrui. At cùm de amicitiâ nostrâ loquar, ne, quæso, videar hoc tam gravi nomine abuti. Permagno enim vinculo conjungi solent ii qui iisdem utuntur studiis, qui literas humaniores colunt, qui in iisdem curis et cogitationibus evigilant. Studia eadem sequimur, eadem colimus et consectamur. Hoc tamen inter nos interest. Nempè tu in literis Asiaticis es quàm doctissimus; ego verò ut in iis doctus sim, nitor, contendo, elaboro. In harum literarum amore non patiar ut me vincas, ita enim incredibilitèr illis delector, nihil ut suprà possit: equidem poësi Græcorum jam indè à puero ita delectabar, ut nihil mihi Pindari carminibus elatius, nihil Anacreonte dulcius, nihil Sapphûs, Archilochi, Alcæi, ac Simonidis aureis

aureis illis relliquiis politius aut nitidius esse videretur. At cum poësin Arabicam et Persicam degustarem, illicò exarescere

* * * *

No. II.

REVICZKI à Mons. JONES.

Monsieur,

Je suis très sensible à votre souvenir et aux compliments réitérés, dans vos lettres à Madame de Vaucluse; je puis dire que j'en suis un peu fier, me glorifiant, de ce qu'une entrevue d'un quart d'heure m'a pu procurer l'honneur de votre amitié. Je tâcherois bien de la cultiver, si mon plan me permettoit de faire un plus long séjour dans ce pays-ci, ou du moins, si je pouvois vous rencontrer à Oxford, où je pense de me rendre avant que je quitte l'Angleterre. J'apprens avec plaisir, que vous avez été chargé de donner au public, un Essai sur la Prosodie des Orienteaux; comme

comme je suis persuadé que vous vous acquitterez dignement de cette commission, et qu'un bon succès couronnera votre entreprise, je suis charmé d'avance, de l'humiliation que vous ferez essuyer à tous nos Poëtes Européens, qui ne pourront pas s'empêcher d'avoir honte de la pauvreté de leurs langues prosaïques, lorsqu'ils s'apperceveront, que les langues Orientales, independamment de la rime, que est de leur invention, ont de véritables quantités de syllabes aussi bien que les Grecs, avec une variété de pieds plus abondantes encore, et par conséquent un vrai art métrique et prosodique. Je prends la liberté de vous envoyer le cahier d'une de mes dernières traductions de Hafyz, dont je m'amuse quelquefois quand j'ai du loisir. Vous qui connoissez le génie de la langue Persanne, trouverez sans doute mon entreprise téméraire, aussi ne cherche-je point à faire sentir la beauté de l'original dans

ma

ma version, mais uniquement les pensées simples et sans ornement, j'y joins aussi une paraphrase en vers, mais très libre. En quoi je me suis le plus éloigné du texte, c'est en substituant quelquefois au mignon une maîtresse, soit pour donner une liaison aux vers, qui par la nature même du Ghazel, n'en ont point; soit pour me conformer en cela au gout de nos pays; d'autant plus que dans le premier vers, le Persan lui même parle de sa maîtresse. Vous trouverez aussi à coté du texte Persan, des expressions analogues des poëtes Grecs et Latins, suivant que je m'en souviens lorsque je lis Hafyz. J'espère d'avoir l'honneur de vous voir ici avant mon départ, vous assurant que je compte parmi les plus grands avantages que j'ai eu en Angleterre, l'honneur de votre connoissance.

Je suis votre très humble Serviteur,

REVICZKI.

No. III.

REVICZKI à MONS. JONES.

Londres, le 24ème de Fevrier, 1768.

MONSIEUR,

Le jour même que j'ai expédié la mienne, j'ai reçu votre savante et obligeante lettre, que j'ai lû avec un plaisir infini, quoique j'aurois souhaité qu'elle fût un peu moins flateuse sur mon compte, et moins modeste sur le vôtre. Toutefois je ne prends pas vos expressions à la lettre, et malgré tout ce que vous puissiez dire, je vois clairement par votre goût et jugement sur les passages cités dans votre lettre, que vous avez fait un grand chemin dans la littérature Orientale. Je vous prie cependant, quelque grace pour le Grec et le Latin; car quoique je ne puisse pas nier qu'il y a quelque genre de poésie, où les Orienteaux et particulièrement les Persans ont atteint un degré de perfection et de supériorité,

je

jé ne me ferois point de scrupule, de renoncer plutôt à la connoissance de ces trois langues qu'à la seule langue Grecque. Je suis bien aisé que votre ouvrage soit déjà si avancé, et que je puisse espérer de la voir bientôt rendu public. Je serois fort embarassé de vous donner quelque avis au sujet de votre livre, à cause que je suis actuellement depourvu de tout livre qui traite directement de cette matière, et que d'ailleurs, c'est une mer à boire, que l'abondance et la variété du metre Oriental, et qu'il est impossible d'en savoir par cœur toutes les parties. Je serois curieux de savoir, sous quel chapitre vous avez rangé Le Kaside, genre de poésie très en vogue parmi les Arabes, et cultivé avec grand succès, que répond plus qu'aucun autre à l'élogie Latine, mais qui par sa construction tient au Ghazel, avec cette différence, que le Ghazel, suivant les règles, ne devroit jamais passer 13 distiques ou beits;

beits; et que le Kaside n'est borné à aucun nombre; 2do. que les beits du Ghazel doivent par leur nature comprendre en eux-mêmes, et terminer tout le sens, pendant que ceux du Kaside ont du rapport entre eux, en continuant le même sujet. Un exemple admirable de ce dernier est celui sur la mort de Mahomet, célèbre dans tout l'Orient, et connu par cœur à tous les gens de lettres, dans une allégorie continuelle, mais admirable et très pathétique, dont le commencement est tel, si je m'en souviens:

امن تذكر جيران بذي سلم
مزجت دمعاً جري من مقلة بدم

Pour ce qui regarde vos doutes sur la prétendue allégorie de Hafyz, il y auroit beaucoup à dire, car il semble que le respect et la vénération que les Mahométans portent à la mémoire de ce grand

génie,

génie, est la véritable cause de leur mystérieuse interprétation, voulant par là justifier la conduite du poëte en nous le donnant pour un homme irréprochable aussi bien dans ses mœurs que dans ses vers. La plus grande partie de ses commentateurs, comme Shemy, Surury, et les autres, s'évertuent d'expliquer dans un sens mystique les vers qui roulent sur le vin, les garçons, les plaisirs, et le mépris de la religion, comme indigne d'un bon Musulman ; mais le plus habile de ces interprêtes, le savant Sudi, n'a pas voulu suivre cette méthode, disant, que quelque raison que puissent avoir les autres commentateurs, sans combattre leur bonnes intentions, il se contentera d'expliquer le texte littéralement. Il ne sera pas peut-être mal-à-propos, de marquer ici une anecdote, que j'ai lû quelque part touchant Hafyz; ce grand homme étant mort, quelques-uns des Ulemas, ont fait difficulté de lui accorder

la sépulture, à cause du libertinage de ses poësies, mais en fin après bien de contestations, il en sont venu au *Tefal*, c'est-à-dire à la pratique, d'ouvrir son Divan au hazard, moyenant une aiguille; le premier vers qui s'offrit à leur vûe fut le suivant:

قدم دریغ مدار از جنازه حافظ
اگرچه غرق گناهست میرود ببهشت

Ce passage ayant été pris pour une décision du ciel, les Ulemas furent bientôt d'accord, et on le fit enterrer dans l'endroit même du Musella, devenu célèbre par ses vers. Si je ne me trompe pas, cette circonstance se trouve dans Katib celebi. Quant à moi, tout autant que je suis porté à croire que Hafyz en parlant de vin et de l'amour n'entend point finesse en cela, de même je dois avouer que je ne trouve point des obscénités en lui, ni des expressions sales et grossières, comme cela arrive

arrive assez souvent à Sadi. Je ne puis m'empêcher non plus de le regarder comme un esprit fort, et je pourrois citer cent exemples, pour montrer qu'il se moque du prophète et de l'Alcoran comme quand il dit :

ان تلخ دش که صوفی ام الخبایث خواند
اشهی لنا و احلی من قبلة العز ارا

Pour les poëtes Turcs, j'avoue que je ne les lis pas avec le même plaisir, quoique je convienne qu'il y'en a quelques-uns qui ont du mérite; le plus agréable, à mon avis, est Ruhi Bagdady dont il y a des satyres admirables. Je ne sais pas s'il est de votre connoissance. Mais la plupart des Turcs ne sont que des copistes ou traducteurs des Persans, et souvent destitués de goût et d'harmonie.

Je ne puis pas déviner la raison qui vous fait

fait trouver, Monsieur, un sens impudique dans ce beau vers de Mesihi:

الهي سن بني ايلتمه سينه
صرلا يمجه يارگ سينه سينه

dont le simple sens est: "Mon dieu, ne m'envoyez pas au tombeau sans que j'aye auparavant embrassé mon ami," à moins que vous ne fassiez consister l'obscénité dans l'amitié d'un garçon, qui est l'éternel sujet de toutes les poësies Orientales aussi bien que Grecques et quelquefois Latines. Je vous envoye la plus fraiche de mes traductions, en vous priant de me la renvoyer quand vous en serez las, car je n'en ai point de copies. Je suis, avec la plus parfaite estime et vénération,

Votre très humble serviteur,

REVICZKI.

No. IV.

REVICZKIUS JONESIO, S.

Londini, Martii die 7, 1768.

Dicamne me literis tuis delectatum, an eruditum? Prorsus animi pendeo, tu in literis omne punctum tulisse videris, hoc unum reprehendendum existimo, quòd concisione peccent, etsi tu prolixitatis notam incurrere verearis. Quòd missam ad te duarum odarum versionem intemperanti laude efferas, quòdve meas esse aliquid putâris nugas, id purè putà humanitatis ac comitatis tuæ indicium esse suspicor; quòd autem in sphalmata mea benignus animadverteris, serió habeo gratiam, uti vice versâ, quòd tam parcus fueris in castigandâ errorum meorum sylvâ, indulgentiæ tuæ adscribo. Itaque etsi summoperè cavendum mihi sit, ne, dum culpam removere studeo, gratiam, quam

 profiteor,

profiteor, imminuere videar; non possum tamen apud animum meum impetrare, ut omni penitùs apologiæ supersedeam. Quare non incongruum puto monere, me nullo, sive ostentationis, sive gloriæ studio, ad versus scribendos animum appulisse, quos jam olim in scholæ limine valere jussos, non ante hos tres menses, otio me ad id pelliciente, resumsi; non alia, τῆς μεταπλάσεως, ratione, quàm quòd, Latinè redditis 50 circiter odis mercurialis nostri Hafyzi;

——— cujus amor tantùm mihi crescit in horas,
Quantùm vere novo viridis se subjicit alnus:

in ipso progressu operis tam immanem observavi metaphrasis meæ à prototypo difformitatem, ut me laboris fastidium ceperit. Nam etsi præter illam inficetam, sed religiosam versionem, quam singulis distichis subscriptam vides, aliam liberiorem et tersiorem, Latinâ æquè ac Gallicâ linguâ,

linguâ, præ manibus habeam; tamen non est minùs discrepans à textu, quàm حکایت زرّدوز و بر یا باف Hoc est;

Historia aurifabri et storearum textoris. HAFIZ.

Accedit, quod sæpissimè ad exprimendum unius monosyllabi sensum, sesquipedali paraphrasi sit utendum. Proinde non abs re futurum judicavi, ligatâ nonnunquam oratione textum Persicum æmulari; cujus tamen qualicunque successui illud semper obstabit, quòd in Ghazelâ, nulla sit versuum cohæsio et ἀλληλουχία, cujus defectum Latina poësis nullâ ratione admittit. Sed de his affatìm.

* * * * * *

Librum de poësi Hebræorum quem commendas, episcopi Oxoniensis, quemve tibi pro exemplari proposuisti, legi jam aliàs, et quidem magnâ cum voluptate, quamvis in præsentiarum parum ex illo memoriæ meæ inhæreat; hoc unum recor-

 dor,

dor, quòd dictione æquè ac methodo sit præditus admirabili. Flores Græci et Orientales epistolæ tuæ interspersi, oppidò me delectaverunt, et observo tuum in eorum delectu judicium. Propositum autem Orientem visendi, laudo quidem, sed præviè suadeo ut linguæ seu Turcicæ seu vulgaris Arabicæ usum tibi familiarem reddas, si profectum et voluptatem ex itinere illo consequi est animus, quandoquidem non aliâ ratione Mahometanos affari conceditur.

Quod de servili Turcarum imitatione dixi, non de omni imitatione dictum volo. Scio enim multos imitando archetypum superâsse, uti hoc, Georgica Virgilii, et Hesiodi ἔργα καὶ ἡμέραι testantur. Nec ipse Hafyz negaverit nonnulla se ab aliis mutuatum, utpote quem non puduerit subindè integros versus transcribere: sicut ille est in ipso frontis opere: quem, mutato tantùm hemistichiorum ordine, Iezido filio surripuit,

surripuit, apud quem ita legitur;

اور کلسا و ناولا الایا ایلا السّا کي

ut nihil dicam de integrâ ferè ghazelâ alio in loco, &c. &c. Offendor enimverò insulsâ illâ et penè continuâ poëtarum Turcarum imitatione, de quibus non ineptè quis dictum putet,

O imitatores, servum pecus!

ut Horatius noster, &c.

Quæris quid sentiam de aliis Persarum poëtis? numve solum Hafyz ore rotundo loqui censeam? Absit! quis enim potest primam Sadii paginam inspicere, quin se in exstasin rapi sentiat? Immo scire te volo, mihi primum stimulum additum fuisse ad Orientales literas perdiscendas hâc Sadii strophâ, quam fortuitò didascalus meus Constantinopoli recitavit et interpretatus est:

اي كريمي كه از خزانه غيب
كبر و ترسا وظيفه خورداري
و وستانرا كي كني محروم
تو كه بادشمنان نظر داري

Sed quis non indignetur lepidissimum scriptorem, à tam illepido metaphraste, quàm fuit meâ sententiâ Gentius, Latinitate donatum. Non diffiteor tamen magis me mulceri lectione Hafyzi, eò quòd in illo verba sententiosa hilaritate mixta deprehendam. Quod Jiamium attinet; etsi illius opere destituar, memor tamen eorum quæ Constantinopoli degens aliquando legi, non vereor dicere poëtarum totius Persiæ esse felicissimum. Et quidem judicio Sudij, Hafyz in compluribus divani sui *Kafiis* sive ἰσοκαλαληξῃ, quem vulgus rhythmum vocat, est incomparabilis, uti in literis: ا : م . ت &c.; in aliis rursum literis

literis est remissior; in nonnullis denique planè languet, quando Jamii per omnes alphabeti literas eâdem felicitate decurrit. Ghazelam اگر ان ترک non verti Latino carmine ob versuum incohærentiam; sed si prosaicam versionem et notas desideras, lubens obsequar. Interea mitto hunc novissimum, non partum adhuc, sed embrionem. Vale. Londini, die 7 Martii.

P. S. Versus tuos Arabicos miror mehercle, non tantùm probo; sed in hoc non ausim te æmulari.

No. V.

REVICZKIUS JONESIO, S.

Londini, 17 *Martii,* 1768.

Oppidò recreatus sum literis tuis, præcipuè verò multiplici tuâ versione, imitatione, compositione. Quarum argumento clarè evincis, te non tantùm

——— exemplaria Græca
Nocturnâ versâsse manu, versâsse diurnâ,

sed

sed omnem propemodùm Hellenici sermonis δεινοτητα και χαριεντισμον assecutum esse. Multæ sunt veneres in odâ tuâ ad Venerem, et plenus laudis conatus in adæquando divino exemplari. Sed quis possit sibi à luctu temperare, cùm observaverit, non tantùm nos jacturam pati lepidissimi operis, sed quòd illæ etiam perpaucæ reliquiæ quæ supersunt, adeò sint mutilatæ & depravatæ? Nam etsi lubens concedam, textum odæ, quem tu eligisti, sive illum etiam Dionys. edit. Upton., præferendum esse Stephaniano, aut cujuscunque est illa (si diis placet) emendatio, quòd in tuo exemplari major habeatur dialecti ratio, ac plures insint γνησιότητος χαρακτηρες: tamen negari non potest complures vel in eo reperiri hiatus, et menda, quæ nullâ satis explicatione aut sensûs detorsione celari possunt. Quamvis autem credibile sit, Æoliam puellam suo particulari idiomate locutam, cujus leges ætate nostrâ non satis perspectæ

perspectæ sint: quis tamen putet Æolicam dialectum metro et prosodiæ oppositam, ut nihil dicam de sensu ipso in aliquot locis corrupto?

* * * * * *

Elegans omnino est versio illa tua de osculo Agathonis. Consimilis idea est in illo Hafyzi disticho:

عزم دیدار تو دارد جان بر لب امده

باز گرود یا دراید چیست فرمان شما

Id est, ut oris tui aspectu frui possit, anima mea tota in labiis meis hæret. Jube ergo quod vis; nam à tuo nutu pendet, utrum exiens me inanimem relinquat, an verò rediens me mihi reddat. Auctor Ὀαρίστυος Δάφνιδος καὶ χορης lubricum Platonis versum prorsus αισχρολογῶς usurpavit:

αυθ' ἁυτεν δυνάμαν και την ψυχαν' επιβαλλειν.

Quod pollicitus sum, mitto tibi ghazelam, *Eker an Turki*, &c. cum versione prosâ, unà

una autem etiam adumbrationem aliquam in versu, alio tempore expoliendam. Velim autem mihi perscribas, utrum scias extare aliquam Hafyzi versionem, sive typis editam, sive manuscriptam, Latinè, aut quovis alio Europæo idiomate. Nam quòd sciam nullus adhuc poëtæ hujus interpretationem tentavit, præter primam ghazelam, quæ nuperrimè iterum in analectis professoris Hyde in publicum est emissa.

Obsecro te insuper, ut indicare mihi velis, ubi locorum invenire valeam librum primum Iliadis Homeri cum analysi et notis in usum scholarum, in Angliâ typis vulgatum, quem amicus meus pro filio comparandum flagitat.

Gazela, cujus *shahi beit* laudas, profectò lepida est; cujus primi distichii solummodò recordor:

مي خواه و گلفشان کن از دهر چه میجوي
این گفت سحرگه گل بلبل تو چه میگوي

Quamvis

Quamvis sarcinas meas colligere inceperim, ac libros meos in cystam condiderim ; tamen si animo tuo arridet, aut si ad propositum tuum facit, ghazelam hanc, priùs quàm proficiscar, vertendam assumam. Tu proindè jube, ac vale.

No. VI.

REVICZKIUS JONESIO, S.

Quòd solito tardiùs respondeam amicissimis tuis literis, nova et planè peregrina civitatis hujus facies in causâ est. Nec puto vitio mihi vertas, quòd advenam me, peculiaris genti huic, et invisa aliàs, consuetudo, paulò longiùs detinuerit; fateor enim me nuspiam tali methodo patres conscriptos decerni comperisse. Initio quidem novitate jucundum visum, sed sensìm eò turbarum progressa res est, ut propè pertæsus sim spectaculi. Nunc igitur, crescente adhuc tumultu, domî manere satius ducens, occasionem nactus sum

sum literam hanc exarandi. Gratulor mihi imprimis quòd missam ad te carminis Persici versionem indulgentèr receperis, quòd me ex eo idoneum judicaveris totius divani metaphrasten. Sed quamvis conceptam de me opinionem gloriæ mihi ducam, non vereor tamen adhortationem tuam taxare inclementiæ. Quis enim, nisi *cui robur et æs triplex circum pectus* est, aggrediatur *sexcentarum* ghazelarum, prosâ et carmine, versionem? Talis conatus non solùm complures annos requirit, sed et mentem ab omni alio studio vacuam; quæ non est mea conditio, cùm ego disciplinas istas non nisi per transennam tractare consueverim. Nihilominùs, quid quod absolvere potero, aliquandò in lucem edere constitui. Clavis Homeri non est expers, qui à me librum primum Iliadis cum vocum analysi postulavit; sed commodiùs putat pueris usuvenire opus hoc, quia in illo notæ textui sunt subjectæ;

quod

quod in clavi desideratur. Si tamen ad manus est tibi clavis Homeri, quæso inspicias primam ejus paginam; etenim si bene memini, catalogus quidam operi præfixus est, qui libri hujus et typographi simul notitiam continet. Quamvis me humanitas tua ab omni ulteriori opere absolverit, mitto tamen odam illam quam in penultimâ tuâ epistolâ desiderâsti, eò quòd rem tibi gratam fore arbitror. Est autem, mediusfidius, non ex facillimis una, tum sensu, tum vel maximè metaphrasi, ob linguæ exoticæ continuum idioma nullâ satis periphrasi exprimendum. Quæris, quid de linguæ Hebrææ et Arabicæ proprietate sentiam, deque illis communi μεταχρονισμῳ futuri, pro præterito; respondeo: quòd etsi perrarò hebraïzare soleam, aut, ut veriùs dicam, sacram linguam in veneratione potiùs quàm deliciis, habeam; quòd præter unum Veteris Testamenti codicem, et nonnulla de eo Rabinorum somnia,

somnia, nihil lectu dignum afferat; hoc tamen ex qualicunque illius lectione retineo, quòd utriusque inter grammaticen summa sit affinitas, quòdve paucitas temporum et modorum in Arabicâ, substitutionis eorundem mutuæ occasio est; idque linguæ Hebrææ eodem morbo laboranti necessariò convenire putem; quamvis hoc in linguâ Græcâ, maximâ temporum et modorum varietate gaudente, satis obvium sit, ut cùm infinitivum pro imperativo usurpant. Quod autem ad vocum quantitates attinet, alitèr sentio. Puto enim esse Arabum artem metricam longè recentioris inventionis, utpote quæ paulò ante Muhammedi tempora formam accepisse perhibetur, nullo vestigio antiquioris poëseôs. Cujus si eadem esset ratio apud Hebræos, quod quidem motionum consimilis usus suadere videtur; quidni hucusque sine ullâ difficultate Hebræorum prosodiam per analogiam assecuti fuissemus?

Ghazela

Ghazela illa, quam in miscellaneo quodam opere sine authoris nomine legisse te scribis, si quidem correctè scripta esset, certus sum, quòd nihil meo adminiculo eguisses. Nunc autem prout erroribus scatet, Œdipus sim, si expediam. Quis enim ignorat in linguis Orientalibus solam punctorum diacriticorum confusionem maximis difficultatibus ansam dare? Quid si accedat literarum ipsarum omissio aut commutatio? Hinc quicunque lectioni auctoris alicujus operam dat, meâ quidem sententiâ, duplici exemplari instructus sit oportet, ut cùm impossibile penè sit mendorum expertes libros manuscriptos reperire, unus alterius ope corrigatur. Et hæc est mea methodus.

Residuum est, ut pro Italico sonetto mihi communicato, gratias referam, et laudes quas par est conferam, epistolamque concludam. Vale. Londini, die 29° Martii, 1768.

No.

No. VII.

JONESIUS REVICZKIO, S.

Næ tu percomem perque benevolum te præbuisti! ut qui inter urbanas occupationes, inter civium seditiosorum strepitum, inter comitia ad senatores eligendos comparata, occasionem tamen captaveris, cùm ad me amicissimè, ut soles, scribendi, tùm carmen Persicum mittendi, idque pulcherrimum, et abs te Latinè conversum. Est meherculè Hafez noster, ambrosiâ alendus poëta; et quotidiè gratior mihi jucundiorque videtur ejus venustas ac pulchritudo. Integra illius opera in lucem proferendi & vertendi, quemadmodum cœpisti, præcipua difficultas erit versio poëtica, sed hæc facilior evadet, quàm opinaris: nam permultæ sunt, ut putò, Gazellæ, quas vel ob sententias à nostris moribus valdè abhorrentes, vel ob figuras elatissimas et quasi παραπεπινδυνευμενα, vel ob

ob disticha ne minimo quidem nexu inter se cohærentia, Latinis versibus non convertes; ideòque aliquantulùm levabitur Herculeus alioquin labor.

Distichon illud اگر ان ترک moram mihi injecisse memini, et cum tuo rogatu adversaria mea inspicerem, ita inficeta mihi visa ex illius distichi interpretatione, ut mihi planè quadrari putarem servuli Terentiani verba,

Davus sum, non Œdipus;

tibi autem illud Sophocleum,

Ὁ πασι κλεινος Οιδιπους καλουμενος

utpote qui ex illo obscuro et quasi sphingeo carmine, significationem, si non perfectam, satis tamen luculentam, elicere potueris, illud dico cujus initium:

اغار شد ان زلف مشکین که تو داری
پایان ماه ان غبغب سیمین که تو داری

Homeri analysin, in bibliothecâ nostrâ reperire non potui. Sed amicum habeo

Oxonii, qui librum, de quo percontaris, possidet. Ad illum scripsi pridiè Kalend. April., et rogavi ut me quàm citissimè certiorem faceret, quis fuerit libri illius auctor, et quo loco liber fuerit excusus.

Nisi essem amantissimus veritatis, et ab omni simulatione aversissimus, dolerem herculè, et ægrè ferrem, te urbem nostram turbulentissimis his temporibus vexatam intueri, et illam Anglorum undequaque percelebratam libertatem in effrænam licentiam (ne dicam immanitatem) mutatam videre. Est sanè respublica nostra propè divinitùs initio constituta, usque adeò ut nulla unquam vel Græcæ vel Romanæ civitatis constitutio fuerit perfectior; imo, nec Plato nec Aristoteles, nec legumlatorum ullus, meliorem civtatis formam cogitatione comprehendere potuit; tam suavi enim concentu et quasi harmonicâ tres pervulgatæ rerumpublicarum formæ in unam speciem tam parantur, ut nec

Aris-

Aristoxeni tibiam, nec Timothei fides modulatiores fuisse putem. Per enim est difficile civitatem constituere, in quâ nec regis dignitas optimatûm auctoritate, nec procerum potestate populi libertas, nec populi libertate legum vis et majestas, minuetur. Sic tamen in hâc insulâ olim se res habuit; et etiam nunc haberet, si nonnulli homines frænis in plebe quàm calcaribus uti maluissent. Ideòque mihi temperare nequeo, quin vehementèr improbem illum Wilkensium fortem quidem et ingeniosum virum, sed turbulentum civem, et seditionis quasi facem atque incendium. Sed multò magis patriciorum quorundam integritatem ac fidem requiro, qui illum primò sustentabant ac tuebantur, deinde deseruerunt turpitèr ac prodiderunt. Si cupis legum nostrarum et consuetudinum pleniorem habere notitiam, perlegas velim Smithi librum de republicâ Anglorum, et Fortescuei dia-

logum de laudibus legum Angliæ. Primum Latinè, nec inelegantèr, scripsit Thomas Smithus, legatus olim noster in Galliâ sub regno Elizabethæ; alter, libellus est, de quo dici potest id quod de fluvio Teleboâ scripsit Xenophon, Μεγας μεν ὑ, καλὸ δε. Auctor fuit Angliæ cancellarius sub rege Henrico sexto, et ob turbulenta tempora, cum alumno suo principe Edwardo, in Galliam fugit; ubi, cùm esset summâ senectute, aureolum hunc dialogum contexuit. Certè leges nostræ, ut in illo libro videbis, persapientèr sunt compositæ, ut ait Pindarus,

Νομὸς ὁ πάντων βασιλευς
Θνατων τε και αθανατων,
Ουτος δε δη αγει βιαιως
Το δικαιοτατον, ὑπερτατα
Χειρι.

Et reliqua, quæ citat in Gorgiâ Plato.

Equidem civitatem nostram inspiciens, videor quodammodo ludum Scacchicum (quo ludo uterque nostri valdè delectamur)

tamur) intueri. Regem enim habemus, cujus dignitatem strenuè defendimus ; sed cujus potestas perbrevem habet *terminationem*. Equites, sagittarii, atque alii, patriciorum speciem quandam habent, qui bella et negotia publica administrant ; sed præcipua vis est in peditibus, seu populo, qui si arctè inter se cohæreant, præstò est victoria ; si distrahantur et dissipentur, perit utique exercitus. Hæc autem omnia, ut in ludo Scacchico, certis legibus diriguntur. Denique, cùm meipsum considero, videor mihi similis esse cujusdam, qui duobus lusoribus assidens, ludum studiosè contemplatur visendi solùm causâ, et delectationis. Quòd si unquam mihi capessere rempublicam contingat, nec plausus meherculè quæram nec lucrum, sed eò tendam, et ad eum exitum properabo, ut incolumis servetur pulcherrimè constituta civitas.

Sed, nescio quomodo, etsi brevis esse institui,

institui, loquax fio. Ad alia igitur declinabo. Literas tuas proximas non sine timore aliquo legi: Quid autem timui? Nempè tui ex hâc insulâ discessûs nuntiationem. Cùm autem nihil de eo locutus sis, et cùm municipii nostri negotia ad exitum quemdam perducantur; cùm denique incertos esse sciam rerum humanarum eventus, et nesciam si hanc occasionem amisero, an te posthac videro, statui Londinum venire; et spero propediè te, vel Nonis vel VIII Iduum, me visurum. Cura ut valeas.

No. VIII.

JONESIUS REVICZKIO, S.

Binas abs te accepi literas humanitatis et eruditionis plenissimas, quibus benevolentiam in me tuam, et ingenii tui lumina, facilè perspexi. Utrisque nunc simul respondeo.

Consilium meum de libro in lucem proferendo,

ferendò, abs te probari, ut debui, gaudebam et lætabar, (ut inquit in tragœdiâ Hector,) à te laudato viro laudari. Sed cùm duo illa propè divini poëtæ carmina legerem, incredibilem animo cepi voluptatem. Sunt valdè bella, et interpretatione tuâ, tanquam luce aliquâ illuminari videntur. Prætereà versibus ea imitatus es, sanè elegantibus, quos versus, si cum opere meo edi concedas, pergratum feceris cùm mihi, tùm lectoribus; qui gaudebunt, opinor, poëtam Persicum audire Latinè loquentem. Sin, minus, in thesauris meis latebunt. Αυτογραφα tibi quàm citissimè reddenda curabo. Quod autem scribis, "Hos versus cùm iis legendis fueris defessus, mihi reddas velim," perindè est ac si dicas, "Nunquam reddas;" neque enim fieri potest, ut iis legendis satiari ullo modo possim.

No.

No. IX.

JONESIUS REVICZKIO, S.

Dat. putà Nov. 1768.

Tametsi vereor ne ante ex Angliâ decesseris quàm hæ ad te literulæ afferri poterint, nequeo tamen mihi temperare, quò minùs eas scribam.

Literas tuas perhumanas accepi; et cùm eas, tum venustum Hafizi carmen magnâ cum delectatione perlegi, et quasi devoravi.

Sed quid opus est verbis? Forsan hæc quæ nunc scribo, ad te non pervenient. Proindè etiam atque etiam te rogo atque obtestor, ut quâcunque in regione iter feceris, mei memor sis, et quàm sæpissimè, quàm primùm, quàm longissimas ad me literas mittas: et tibi persuade, nihil mihi jucundius unquam vel fuisse, vel fore, amicitiâ tuâ. Vale!

Die Lunæ, Oxonii.

No.

No. X.

Τῳ τιμιωτατῳ ΓΥΛΙΕΛΜΩ ΙΟΝΕΣΙΩ χαιρειν και ευπρατ]ειν.

Ὁση μεν σε ἡ περι τες αλλες ξενες επιεικεια τε και χρησ]ης, ες εχω ειπειν· τετο δε οιδα, ὁτι τογε εις εμε ἡκον μερος, πολλα· αγαθα της σης συνεσιας απελαυσα, ε μεν τοι εμοιγε ῥᾳδιον επ' ακριβειας ἁπαν]α διεξιεναι της σης ευεργεσιας κεφαλαια, ὡς παραλαβων με εξεναγησας και εδειξας τα καλλιστα τε Αθηναιε, προσαγων τοις σπεδαιων ευδοκιμοις, και παντα τροπον επιμελεμενος ὁπως ἡδιστα διαξω παρ' ὑμῖν. Τα δη τοσαυτα και τοιαυτα τις ες αν ἡσθειη βλεπων, και ειγε εν ευχαις τα πραγματα ειη, τις ες αν αμελ]ασθαι σε αμοιβη τη δικαιᾳ εθελησειε; και δη επιτελλω σοι ὡσπερ ὑπεσχομην, ε μα Δια, ὡς βελομενος ανταποδιδοναι ευεργετη, αλλα μοναχῶς εις μελλησης φιλιας ελπιδα, και μαλιστα ειδως ὁτι ες ολιγωρησεις τῶν εμῶν γραμματον. Τα δε ενθεν ὑστατα γραφω σοι, εγγυς γαρ ηδη πριν μῆνα δυναι ὀπισθε ευθις κατιεναι, και ἱνα μη μακρες απ]ειπω τες λογες, ἱκετευω σε και αντιβολω ὡσπερ μεχρι τεδε πολλην ενειδον σοι την ευνοιαν προς εμε τοσαυ]ην και προς το λοιπον τε χρονε διαφυλατ]ειν. Εῥρωσο.

Την

Την μητερα και αδελφην σε χαιρειν κελευω· και ὁμολογω ταυταις χαριν, της ες ξενον ανδρα ευποιΐας.

Θαρρυλλιος τριτῃ φθινοντι.

No. XI.

JONESIUS REVICZKIO, S.

Nicææ Ligurum, 4 Cal. Febr. Anno 1770.

Miraberis forsan, nec sanè injuriâ miraberis, cùm acceperis à me ex hâc regione literas ; non enim isthinc scribo, ubi aut Tamesis aut Isis deliciæ meæ allabuntur, sed ubi mare Ligusticum Alpibus maritimis minatur.

In urbeculâ hâc amœnissimâ trimestris propè commoror; fieri igitur non potuit, ut in Angliâ cùm essem, literæ tuæ exoptatissimæ ad me perferrentur, quarum unæ pridiè Calend. Septembris, alteræ decimo-nono Cal. Januarii datæ sunt; utræque mihi erant jucundissimæ; quò longiores, eò me delectabant magis. Libellos tuos de re militari legendo devorare, incredi-

incredibile est quantùm aveam, sed in ædibus Spencerianis, ut accepi, Londini servantur. Unum exemplar ad me afferet prima navis oneraria, quæ huc ex Britanniâ appulerit; tria reliqua curabo, ad tres amicos tuos, (imo meos, si tui sint, licèt à me ne aspectu quidem cognitos) fidelitèr et celeritèr quantum fieri potest, perfetenda. Opus istud in Germaniâ laudari, nec miror equidem et valdè gaudeo. Primus de eo mentionem mihi fecit nobilis Germanus, vir comis, ut videtur, et amabilis, quem Mediolani quæstoris officio fungi puto; is pollicitus est, non solùm ad me opus tuum mittere, sed etiam certiorem facere, quo modo valeres, et quibus verbis ad te literas inscriberem; quod ob promissum ita lætabar ut nunquam aliàs vehementiùs. Suspicabar enim (ignosce injustæ suspicioni) me ex memoriâ tuâ propè effluxisse, et desperabam à te epistolam accipere, nisi te primus ad scri-

scribendum provocarem. Interea perlatæ sunt ad me binæ tuæ expectatissimæ literæ; quibus accesserunt carmina quatuordecim, non tantùm verè lyrica, sed digna quæ aureæ lyræ succinantur: quòd verò me idoneum putas qui de iis judicium feram, tantùm sanè glorior, quantùm abest ut me tali honore digner; sed ut ut se res habeat, omnia cum notis meis qualibuscunque ad te tunc remittam post acceptum ad hasce literas responsum: nolo enim tam bellè exaratas chartulas tabellariis committere, quorum nondum sit certa atque explorata fides.

Decimo-quarto ut opinor die, hæc accipies, quibus amabò respondere ne cuncteris; ac tibi persuadeas nihil mihi jucundius fieri posse, quàm tuarum quicquid sit literarum. Percontaberis forsan quibus me oblectaverim studiis, post tuum ex patriâ meâ discessum. Hæc ut denarrem paucis, te morabor. Inter alias occupa-

tiones, librum meum de poësi Asiaticâ perpolivi, quem ad te mittere cùm meditarer, ideòque accuratiùs rescribere cœpissem, ecce! majus quoddam intervenit negotium. Rex Daniæ, laudandæ indolis adolescens, qui eo tempore in regiâ Londinensi habitabat, me (nescio quâ famâ sibi notum) accessiri jubet: ostendit codicem Persicum, satis amplum, qui vitam ac res gestas celeberrimi illius tyranni Nadirshah dicti, contineret: ait se percupere librum illum gallicè, ad verbum redditum videre; alia addit comiùs quàm veriùs. Quid multa? Opus sum arduum aggressus, quod me per majorem anni jam elapsi partem occupatum distinuit, historiam in sex libros divisam dicendi genere Asiatico, fidè reddidi; accedunt notulæ quædam necessariæ, et de poëtis quos Asia tulerat, brevis dissertatio, cui unum atque alterum Hafezi carmen adjeci, (plenum scio erroribus, sed iis quibus ignoscent docti, et qui indoctos

indoctos latebunt). Hæc omnia vix dum ad umbilicum perduxeram, cùm discipuli mei (qui tui semper memor est) sororula, morbo φθισικῷ correpta repentè sit, statueritque pater ejus cum familiâ vel in Italiâ vel in Galliâ Transalpinâ hyemare. Coactus igitur sum historiam meam (quam in lucem proferri rex voluit) Galli cujusdam satis fidi curæ, committere, qui excusoris errores corrigeret. Is me nuperrimè certiorem fecit, librum jam esse excusum; et curabo eum ne ad regem quidem ipsum citiùs quàm ad te mittendum. Patriam itaque meam reliqui, et post nimis longam Lutetiis commorationem, Lugdunum versùs iter fecimus, velocissimo Rhodani fluvio devecti; et Massiliam, Forum Julii, atque Antipolim prætergressi, hâc regione venimus;—

> Ver ubi purpureum gemmis ridentibus hortos
> Pingit, et à pratis exulat acris hyems.

Diutiùs tamen hìc quàm vellem, commorabimus;

rabimus; sed puto nos ad Calendas Junias in Angliam reversuros. Meditor equidem, si qua sese obtulerit occasio, circiter Idus Februarias Liburnum navigare, et cùm Florentiam celebrem illam Triumvirorum coloniam, et renascentium literarum cunas, tum Romam laudatarum artium omnium procreatricem, et fortasse Neapolim visere. Quidquid de istâ navigatione statuero, certior fies. Si roges quo modo me hìc oblectem, haud multis respondeo. Quidquid habet musicorum ars tenerum ac molle, quidquid mathesis difficile ac reconditum, quidquid denique elatum aut venustum vel poësis vel pictura, in eo omni, sensus meos et cogitationes defigo. Nec rei militaris notitiam negligo, quâ vir Britannus sine summo opprobrio carere neutiquam potest. Multa patriâ sermone scripsi; inter alia, libellum de rectâ juventutis institutione, more Aristoteleo, hoc est, αναλυτικῶ. Prætereà tragœdiam con-

texere

texere institui, quam inscripsi Soliman, cujus, ut scis, amabilissimus filius per novercæ insidias miserrimè trucidatus est: —plena est tenerorum affectuum fabula, et cothurno Æschyleo elatior, utpote quæ imaginibus Asiaticis sit abundantissima. Mitto tibi carmina duo; unum ex Hafizio depromptum; alterum è poëtâ Arabo perantiquo sumptum,—in hoc tamen imagines ad Romanam consuetudinem aptavi. Mitto insuper, ne quæ pars paginæ otietur, epigramma Græcum, quo cantiunculam Anglicam sum imitatus. Vale; et schedas tuas tunc expecta cùm te has literas accepisse certior factus fuero.

No. XII.

JONESIUS N. HALHEDO, S.

Jucundæ mihi fuerunt literulæ tuæ, quibus id perspexerim, quod maximè vellem, nempè te haud ignorare quanta sit mea in te, ac tui similes, benevolentia.

Misi

Misi protinùs, ut petebas, ad amicos meos literas, quibus eos etiam atque etiam sum hortatus, ut causæ perindè faverent tuæ, ac si esset mea. Quòd si petentibus nobis morem gesserint, et mihi certè fecerint pergratum, et sibi ipsis non inutile, quippe meæ erga illos voluntati magnus accedet cumulus. Majori tamen opinor fructu negotium tuum potero promovere, cùm in Britanniam rediero; ac tibi velim sit persuasissimum nullâ unquam in re studium meum atque amorem roganti tibi aut deese aut defore. Quod ad valetudinem meam attinet, bellè habeo; sed oblectationibus careo iis, quarum desiderium nequeo non molestè ferre. Cùm primùm huc venerim, visu gratissimæ erant eæ res, quas in patriâ nostrâ, rarò, aut ne rarò quidem, videmus; —olivæ, myrtus, mala aurea, palmæ, vineta, aromata, et in mediâ hyeme florum suavissimorum copia. Sed amotâ tandem eâ,

quam novitas secum affert, jucunditate, fastidium quoddam subest ac satietas. A mari Ligustico vix trigînta passus distat diversorioli mei fenestra; sed, ut pulcrè Ovidius,

Una est immensi cærula forma maris.

Nihil itaque restat aliud, nisi ut cum M. Tullio fluctus numerem, vel cum Archymede atque Archytâ arenas metiar. Credibile non est, quantùm me hujusce loci tædeat, quantùmque Oxonii esse cupiam, ubi vel tecum jocari, vel cum Poro philosophari possim. Velim, si non molestum erit, ad me sæpiùs scribas; nam et tu quid agas, et quid à nostris agatur, certior fieri cupio; sed Latinè, si placet scribas, et hilarè, amovenda est enim ea quâ angi videris tristitia. Me ama, quemadmodum ego te: humanioribus literis da operam, ut soles; musas cole; philosophiam

philosophiam venerare; multa scribe die, multa noctibus: ita tamen ut valetudinem tuam cures diligentèr. Vale.

Datæ Calendis Martiis, Anno 1770,
Nicææ Ligurum.

No. XIII.

JONESIUS REVICZKIO, S.

Nicææ Ligurum, Datæ 7 Calend. April. Anno 1770.

Credibile non est, quantùm tuo angar silentio, aut enim, quod fieri nolim, literas meas 4 Calend. Febr. datas non accepisti, aut, quod erit injucundius, tuum ad me responsum, in itinere excidit, aut denique, quod suspicari nefas est, tuâ penitùs effluxi memoriâ. Scripsi ad te ex hâc regione literas, non (ut de suis ad Lucceium ait Cicero) valdè bellas, sed eas tamen, quas tibi satis gratas fore putabam, utpote quæ et benè perlongæ essent, et multa de meis rebus continerent. Post debitum temporis intervallum, responsum

tuum cupidè expectabam ; quotidiè rogitabam, num quæ à Vindobonâ literæ ? Nullæ : idem alio die atque alio atque alio rogabam : nullæ. Sollicitus esse cœpi, et mea indiès vehementiùs augebatur expectatio : nullæ adhuc literæ ! et duo propè jam elapsi sunt menses, sed nihil abs te literarum. Ecquid adeò faciam ? ecquid capiam consilii ? Chartulas tuas (quas ad te remittendas volebas) vereor incertis tabellariis committere ; tu iis intereà haud facilè cares : cæterùm, licèt eas, ante acceptum à te responsum, remittere nequeam ; notas tamen meas hìc subjicio, quas, si minùs placent, in ignem conjice ; sunt, ut velle videbaris, omninò aristarchicæ et forsan morosæ nimis. Libellus tuus de re militari Turcarum, oppidò me delectabat ; nihil eo vel utilius, et ad tempora accommodatius, esse potest. Cùm dubium sit, an hæc ad te perventura sit epistola, breviloquens esse cogor, ne prorsùs cum ventis colloquar, et

bonas

bonas horas inanitèr consumam. Huic urbi circiter Idus Apriles valedicam: iter Italicum, quod meditabar, in aliud tempus distuli. Vale, mi Carole, et mei memor sis, ut ego semper tui. Cùm in Britanniam rediero, longiores et hilariores à me literas frequentèr accipies.

No. XIV.

JONESIUS REVICZKIO, S.

Tametsi priùs ex hoc loco decedere statui, quàm abs te responsum accipere potero, occasionem ad te scribendi prætermittere nec volo, nec debeo. Valdè tibi assentior (ut in aliis omnibus) peregrinandi dulcedinem laudanti: nihil unquam aut utilius autumavi, aut jucundius. Quantò mihi gratior esset peregrinatio mea, si mihi Vindobonam visere liceret, ubi tecum colloqui, tecum philosophari, tecum in loco desipere, tecum poëseôs reconditas gemmas eruere possem.

sem. Dum eâ felicitate careo, jure quodam meo de cæteris, quibus abundo voluptatibus, malè loquor. Displicet Gallorum hilaritas odiosa; et obscurum quiddam habet cœli Italici placida serenitas. Adeò mei amans sum (hoc est, adeò sum amens) ut me benevolentiâ tuâ digniorem esse putem quàm antehac. Nescis quantùm ab illo muter quem in Angliâ vidisti. Fui adolescens, fui imprudentior; nunc me totum humanioribus Musis devoveo; et nihil vehementèr peto præter Virtutem, quâ nihil divinius; Gloriam, quâ nihil mortali pretiosius; ac tuam denique amicitiam, quâ nihil dulcius esse potest. Ne literæ meæ prorsus illiteratæ sint, ecce tibi epigramma, quod nocte quâdam serenâ fecerat amicus quidam meus, et quod, ejus rogatu, Græcè verti. Tibi ut opinor placebit, nam ad Meleagri et aliorum in Anthologiâ poëtarum mentem videtur accedere. Διζαμαι, &c.

No.

No. XV.

JONESIUS REVICZKIO, S.

Id. Quintil. 1770.

Næ ego levis homo sum atque incertus! Totam Europam transvolo, nullibi diù commoror: in Liguriâ hyemavi; in Galliâ, verno tempore fruebar; Germaniæ finibus æstatem ago; si modò æstas vocari potest pluviosa hæcce et ingrata tempestas. Possum certè ab hoc loco chartulas tuas, sine metu, ad te remittere, ac te majorem in modum hortor, ne cuncteris eas in lucem proferre. Dignæ sunt, et tuo judicio, et doctorum omnium laudibus. Hoc dico sine blanditiis, quas à me procul habeo. Notæ meæ, quas accepisti, erroribus plenæ sunt, quos velim excusas. Nam cùm essem Nicææ, tum veterum libris, tum cæteris (quibus uti soleo) adminiculis, planè carui, et etiam nunc careo. Accepi abs te literulas Gallicè scriptas, cum odâ in primis laudandâ.

laudandâ. In eâ mihi perplacuit facilis illa transitio:

> Sed dandæ amori sunt lachrymæ breves,
> Quas sanguinis vis, quas pietas cupit.
> Mox, nube abactâ, Sol tenebras
> Discutiens, meliùs nitebit.

Crede mihi, à fletu, cùm hæc legerem, vix temperare potui. Ita enim à naturâ afficior, ut magis pulchrâ ac tenerâ simplicitate movear, quàm elatissimis poëseôs figuris; inde fit, ut plus me delectent divini illa Pindari, Ὅσα δὲ μὴ πεφίλητε Ζευς, et quæ sequuntur, quàm elaborata Aquilæ et Ætnæ montis descriptio. Ecquid adeò ad te mittam, ne prorsus immunis, tuo fruar munere? Ecce tibi carmen, quod (si nihil aliud) commendat certè vetustas. Ridebis: non est illud quidem, in Antoniæ Delphinæ nuptias; immo laudes continet principis antiquissimi Sinensis, cujus nomen è memoriâ excidit; scio μονοσυλλαβον esse. Cùm opera Confucii à Coupletio aliisque reddita perlegerim, non potui non demirari cùm venerabilem

venerabilem sententiarum dignitatem, tùm etiam varias carminum reliquias, quibus ornantur philosophi illius colloquia. Carmina ea ex vetustissimis poëseôs Sinicæ monumentis excerpta sunt, ac præcipuè à libro Xikim dicto, cujus in regis Galliæ bibliothecâ nitidum extat exemplar. Statim mihi in animo erat, verba Sinica inspicere; codicem manu sumpsi, et post longum studium, odam unam cum versione Coupletii comparare potui, atque adeò singulas voces, seu potiùs figuras, ad ἀναλυσιν quandam reducere. Hanc igitur odam ad te mitto, ad verbum redditam. Mirifica est in eâ cum majestate conjuncta brevitas: singuli versiculi quatuor tantùm constant vocibus. Unde fit, ut ἐλλείψεις in iis sunt frequentissimæ, quæ carmen eò sublimius reddunt, quò obscurius. Addidi versionem poëticam, quâ unumquemque versum ad Confucii mentem exposui; luculentè necne, minùs laboro; tu modò judica; satis habeo

habeo si tibi arrideat. Minimè te latet, philosophum istum, quem Platonem Sinicum appellare audeo, circiter sexcentenos ante Christum annos floruisse; is autem hanc odam citat, tanquam suis temporibus perantiquam; est igitur pretiosæ vetustatis quasi gemma, quæ ostendit, in omni tempore apud omnes populos, eandem esse poëseôs vim, easdem imagines. Restat aliud opus, de quo loquar necesse est; ne fortè literæ meæ perlongæ 4 Calend. Febr. datæ exciderint, in quibus totam rem ab initio denarravi. Vitam dico tyranni Persici Nadir Shah, quam è codice Asiatico Gallicè versam edidi; opus ingratum perfeci rogatu regis Daniæ, Augusti mei, quem magnam Europæ spem haud dubito affirmare. Is mihi in primis jussit, ut opus fidè et penè religiosè redderem; ut notas adjicerem necessarias; ut denique brevem de poësi Persarum dissertationem operi subjungerem. Pensum meum ut potui,

nec

nec sine fastidio, persolvi; sed ita festinantèr ac properè, (rex enim me identidem ut festinarem urgebat,) ut liber sit erroribus plenissimus, et præsertim dissertatio de poësi, in quâ decem Hafizi Odas vertere ausus sum, nec exemplari correcto (licèt splendidissimo), nec ullo omninò usus commentario. Scripsi ad Rivestium Anglum vicarium, eumque rogavi ut ad te librum celeritèr mitterit; quod spero facturum. Ignosce, amabò te, erroribus quos vitare forsan in summâ otii copiâ non possem, nedum in iis temporis angustiis. Ignosce, si duas Odas quas ad me misisti خوشا شیراز et گل در بر و می بکف cæteris adjecerim, cum Gallicâ solummodò versione. Ignosce, si de amico meo, amica, ut par est, inciderit mentio; regem enim meum scire volui quanti te faciam. Ad cætera benevolentiæ tuæ indicia, haud parum accedet ponderis, si errores meos in hoc libro notare

notare velis, præcipuè in dissertatione, quam separato volumine edere statui. Rex Daniæ, ut accepi, opus meum vehementèr probat, et mihi honores nescio quos meditatur; cogitanti enim illi, quonam me compensaret munere, dixit amicus quidam meus, vir nobilissimus, me pecuniam nec desiderare, nec magni facere, sed honoris, ut rebatur, esse appetentem.

Libellum tuum de Turcarum re militari ad regem mittendum curavi; tum quia eo lectore dignus est, tum quia te habet auctorem. Cave credas, me literis hisce finem dedisse, quia nihil aliud habeo quod dicam; affluit enim animus meus rerum copiâ, et mihi longè difficilius est, styli impetum temperare, quàm scribendi materiem invenire. Sed nolo patientiâ tuâ usque adeò abuti, ut aures tuas nimiâ loquacitate defatigem. Valetudinem tuam, si me amas, cura.

No. XVI.

REVICZKI à Mons. JONES.

Vienne, ce 9 Août, 1770.

En vérité, Monsieur, vous n'êtes pas fort à plaindre de ce changement continuel de climats et de lieux où vous dites être engagé depuis un an entier. C'est le plus grand bien à mon avis, qui puisse arriver à un homme qui d'ailleurs a toutes les dispositions pour voyager; vous avez passé les rigueurs de l'hyver, sous un ciel doux et tempéré en Italie, le printems en France et en Angleterre; il vous reste à passer l'été aux confins de l'Allemagne, dans un endroit qui est le rendezvous général de toute l'Europe, et où l'on voit d'un coup d'œil, tant de différentes nations assemblées; cela n'est-il pas charmant? ou n'est-ce pas là la partie essentielle des voyages, πολλων ανθρωπων γνωναι νοον?

Je sens pourtant combien un homme de

de lettres peut s'y trouver manquer de secours, et de commodités pour pousser ses études, et cela seul peut diminuer en partie le plaisir qu'on a de voyager. Je vous suis très obligé de la bonté que vous avez eu de m'envoyer cette piece de votre façon, qui me paroit très rare dans son genre; mais, de grace, depuis quand avez-vous fait l'acquisition de la langue Chinoise? c'est un talent que je ne vous connoissois pas encore; mais vous ne mettez point de bornes à votre polyglottie. J'en suis d'autant plus charmé que je pourrois au moins compter sur la fidélité d'une seule traduction de cette langue, le peu que nous en avons me paroissant fort suspect; votre piece a outre le mérite de l'antiquité, celui de l'élégance de la version. J'attends avec impatience la vie de Chéh Nadir, et je vous fais mes remercimens pour l'attention que vous avez eu pour moi en chargeant le sous-secretaire d'état

d'état de me faire tenir un exemplaire; je ne suis pas moins curieux de lire ce que vous y avez ajouté sur la poésie des Orienteaux.

Vous êtes bien bon, Monsieur, de soumettre votre ouvrage à mon jugement; vous savez combien peu vous risquez, et vous êtes bien sûr d'entrainer mon foible suffrage. J'y trouverai pourtant une faute que n'est pas même légère; à savoir, la mention honorable que vous y avez fait de moi, qui l'ai mérité si peu, et qui l'aurois du moins taché de mériter, si j'avois pu m'y attendre. Il y a cettefois-ci quelques dames et cavaliers d'ici à Spa, qui tous ensemble valent bien la peine d'être connus. On me dit que milady Spencer est l'amie intime de la Princesse Esterhazy, vous connoitrez par son moyen un amiable et respectable Dame, et qui fait grand cas des gens de mérite.

Je n'ai rien à vous envoyer présentiment qui

qui vaille la peine; je me reserve ce plaisir pour une autre occasion, et suis en attendant avec tout le respect et vénération,

Votre très humble serviteur,

REVICZKI.

No. XVII.

REVICZKIUS JONESIO, S.

Viennæ, 16° *Octobris*, 1770.

Etsi nihil certi constare possit ex novissimis tuis literis, quo terrarum concesseris ex Thermis Spadanis, tamen ex hoc ipso silentio arguo te inpræsentiarum Londini commorari. Opinionem meam corroborat tarda literarum tuarum perceptio; nam toto illo tempore quo in Hungariam divertens, hinc aberam, epistolâ tam exoptatâ frustratus fui, nec nisi in reditu diù jam hærentem ac penè obsoletam deprendi. Utinam eveniat, quod tantoperè concupiscere videris, quodve mihi summo gaudio foret; ut, nempè, post tot exantlata

exantlata itinera, Vindobonam tibi visere liceat. Leves et frivoli Galli; molles et enervati Itali; torpidi fortasse & morosi Germani, sed nec sic aspernandi, utpote qui pro elegantioribus naturæ dotibus solidiores nacti, candore et innatâ quâdam honestate advenarum animos devinciunt. Meâ quidem nihil interest hoc de Germanis testimonium adhibere: namque in Germaniâ non secùs ac nuper in Angliâ peregrinus versor; et nemo, nisi rerum ac locorum ignarus, Hungaros Germanis adnumeraverit, adeò genio, linguâ, moribus, ac naturâ ipsâ inter se dissidentes: sed fatenda est ingenuè veritas, neque diffiteor me hìc locorum satis ad nutum vitam agere. Tu, qui æquus rerum estimator es, facilè, ut opinor, in eandem sententiam abibis, idemque de hoc populo judicium tuleris. Oppidò te immutatum dicis; ideòque te mihi magis placiturum speras, quòd, sepositis juvenilis ætatis oblectamentis, totum

te literis et virtutis studio addixeris; at ego te talem revidere malo, qualem in Angliâ cognitum admiratus sum, nec vidi quidquam quod reprehendere possem. In eo autem vel maximè te suspexi, quòd severissimas disciplinas et summum in literas ardorem, tam scitè lusibus et voluptatibus temperare noveris. Cave ne ita te studiis immergas, ne vitæ gaudia, parùm per se duratura, prætermittas, quibus tanta cum literis est affinitas, ut iis nemo, nisi sapiens et eruditus, rectè frui censendus sit. Cave etiam, ne idem tibi eveniat in provectiori ætate conqueri quod adolescenti illi Horatiano, dicenti:

> Quæ mens est hodiè, cur eadem non puero fuit?
> Aut cur his animis incolumes non redeunt genæ?

Quòd autem Musas pudicas et ἀναφροδίτας esse aiunt, id fabulosum planè et soli fictioni conveniens est; nam et ipsæ *carmina jacere inter molles pulvillos amant.* — Jam ad alia digredior. — Versionem tuam libri Persici,

Persici, quam jam aliàs pollicitus eras, immo etiam misisse significaveras, hucusque non vidi, neque cur nondum appulerit intelligo; ac proinde obsecro, ut ubi deliteat investiges. Carmen Anglicum venustissimum ejusque duplicem ac elegantissimam metaphrasin magnâ cum delectatione legi atque etiam relegi; miror autem quòd tam parùm contentus esse videaris Latinâ, quæ mihi mirè placet.

No. XVIII.

JONESIUS REVICZKIO, S.

Londini, 11 *Non. Mart. Anno* 1771.

Dii Deæque perdant τὰς ἐκ τῶν ἀπορρήτων nostros, qui mihi per hos sex menses polliciti sint, se complures meos libellos ac literas ad te missuros; quod eos necdum fecisse video, nec statim facturos arbitror: aiunt se occasionem nondum habuisse, et propter belli Hispanici suspicionem (quæ jam nulla est) diutinis impediri negotiis.

Nequeo tamen à me impetrare quin ad te scribam; multa enim dicenda habeo; quàm vellem coram! Jam indè à reditu meo in Britanniam permagnâ curarum varietate sum quasi irretitus: circumstant amici, sodales propinqui; hortantur ut poësin et literas Asiaticas aliquantisper in exilium ire jubeam, ut eloquentiæ et juris studio navem operam, ut in fori cancellis spatiar, ut, uno verbo, actor causarum, et ambitionis cultor fiam. Equidem iis haud ægrè morem gessi, etenim solus per forenses occupationes ad primos patriæ meæ honores aperitur aditus. Mirum est quàm sim φιλόδοξος και φιλόπονος. Ecce me adeò oratorem. Erunt posthac literæ meæ πολιτικωτεραι: et, si velit fortuná ut ad capessendam rempublicam aliquando aggrediar, tu mihi eris alter Atticus, tu mihi consiliorum omnium, tu mihi arcanorum particeps. Noli tamen putare me omninò mansuetiores literas negligere: poëmata

quædam

quædam patrio sermone scripta in lucem propediem edere statui; tragœdiam Soliman dictam in theatrum tunc adducam, cùm histriones invenero dignos, qui eam agant: prætereà poëma epicum ingentis argumenti (cui Britanneïs nomen) contexere institui; sed illud sanè eòusque differam, donec mihi otii quiddam, cum aliquâ dignitate junctum, concedatur. Intereà bellissimos lego poëtas Persicos; habeo codicum manuscriptorum lautam copiam, partim à me coëmptam, partim mihi commodatam; inter eos, complures sunt historici, philosophi, et poëtæ magni apud Persas nominis. Poëma Jamii quod Yúsuf Zuleikha vocatur, mihi in primis placet; singula disticha (quorum instar quatuor mille et septuaginta continet) sunt veræ stellulæ, mera lumina; sex hujus libelli pulcherrima exemplaria Oxonii habemus, quorum unum accuratè scribitur, vocalibus insignitur, et notis Golii illustratur;

tratur; aliud exemplar ipse possideo, quod, si tempus suppetat, excudi curabo. Tu interea ecquid agis? Pergisne Hafizum tuum ornare, illuminare? Equidem perlibenter opem meam (quantula sit cunque) editioni ministrabo, si velis Londini librum tuum excudi; sed vix puto quenquam τυπογράφων suis illum sumptibus excusurum, nisi sint Hafizi carmina vel Anglicè vel Gallicè versa; nam credibile vix est quàm pauci sint in Angliâ viri nobiles qui Latinè sciant. Suadeo itaque, ut notas et versionem fidam Gallico sermone scribas; poteris tamen Odas abs te Latinis versibus redditas operi subjungere: puto etiam linguam Gallicam vestratibus gratiorem fore quàm Latinam. Satis benè se habet nova Meninskii editio; novorum characterum Arabicorum specimen ad te mitto, in quibus si quid minùs elegans videas, amabò te, quàm primùm edicas, ut citissimè corrigatur. Unum

Hafizi

Hafizi carmen tabulâ æneâ incidi curavi; et forsan (si aurum abundet) totum Jamli poëma eodem modo incidi faciam; quod opus chartis sericis impressum, et ornamentis illustratum, arbitror Bengalæ præfecto et cæteris Indiæ principibus gratum fore. Liber meus ad te missus, ubi lateat nescio; sed aliud exemplar, idque nitidius et correctius, ad te primâ occasione mittam, unà cum libello *de literis Asiaticis*, nuper edito, et Grammaticâ meâ linguæ Persicæ, satis bellè excusâ; in quâ si quid reperias minùs accuratum, si quid omitti videatur, oro mihi dicas, ut in alterâ editione illud mutetur, hoc addatur. Librum de poësi Asiaticâ tunc in lucem proferam, cùm mihi aliquantulum detur otii. Ne tamen putes me ea oblectamenta, quæ secum affert adolescentia, spernere; imò me, ut neminem, delectat cantus et saltatio, et modicus vini cyathus, et puellarum (quarum est Londini festiva copia) divina

divina pulchritudo: sed omnibus vitæ gaudiis facilè antefero illam, illam quam perditè amo, gloriam; illam per aquas, illam per ignes, illam diebus, illam noctibus persequar. O mi Carole, (liceat enim te, missis formulis, veteri simplicitate alloqui,) quanta mihi sese aperit sylva! Si vitæ spatium duplicetur, vix mihi satisfaciat, ad ea quæ in animo habeo tam publicè quàm privatìm rectè perficienda. Vale!

No. XIX.

JONESIUS, D. B. S.

Londini, 6 Kal. April. 1771.

Liber iste Persicus, quem possides, gemmâ quâvis est pretiosior. Ejusdem possidet exemplar tuo simillimum vir undequaque doctissimus Meninskius, quem suo more, hoc est, inelegantèr ac parùm Latinè ita describit مخزن الاسرار "*mœch-*

"*zenul*

" *zenul esrar.* Gazophylacium arcano-
" rum aut mysteriorum, liber pretiosissi-
" mus, quippe elegantissimo in Persiâ stylo
" et charactere scriptus, insignibus imagi-
" nibus distinctus, et vix inveniendus:
" atque in eodem codice libri præterea
" quinque alii continentur, خسرو و شیرین
" *chusru ve-shirin*, et مجنون و لیلی *Leili*
" *wu meg'nun* historiæ fictæ amatoriæ;
" tres verò reliqui morales, هفت پیکر
" *heft peyker* اشرف نامه اسکندر *ashref*
" *nam'ei Iskender*, *et* اقبال نامه *Ykbâl*
" *na'meh*: codex est pretio 200 aureorum
" æstimatus." Hinc de vero libri tui pretio judicare potes. Equidem alia quædam subjungam, et, ut poëta, haud verebor affirmare sex bellissima in hoc libro poëmata, magis ob poëseôs pulchritudinem, quàm ob scripturæ elegantiam, et imaginum nitidos colores, esse pretiosa.

Auctor

Auctor fuit percelebratus ille Nezami, cui agnomen Kenjuvi; qui sub finem sæculi duodecimi, regi Thogrul Ben Erslan, illustri bellatori et literarum fautori, deliciis erat. Liber quinque complectitur poëmata, quorum ultimum in partes dividitur duas: primum, quod arcanorum thesaurus vocatur, multos continet fabellas et multa colloquia de hominum officiis ac rebus humanis; in illo sæpè inducitur rex Persarum celeberrimus Nushirván, qui sub finem sæculi sexti contra Justinum primum, et Justinianum felicitèr bellavit: illo regnante, natus est Arabûm legislator Mohammedes, qui illum ob justitiam, in Alcorano collaudat; illum poëtæ Persici Sádi, Hafez, Jami, aliique perpetuò laudant, et unus ex iis bellè ait:

زنده است نام فرّخ نوشیروان بعدل
گرچه بسی گذشت که نوشیروان نماند

"Nomen

" Nomen Nushirván fortunatum ob jus-
" titiam vivit, licèt multum elapsum sit
" temporis, per quod Nushirvan ipse non
" ampliùs manet." Secundum poëma juvenis amabilissimi Meg'nûn, seu *amentis*, ita ob amorem insanum dicti, et Leilæ pulcherrimæ puellæ vitas continet. Tertium amores complectitur regis Khosrois è Sassaniorum familiâ vicesimi-tertii Nushirvani nepotis, et formosissimæ virginis Shirinæ seu *Dulcis*. Quartum *septem figuræ* nominatur, et regis Beharam, quem Græci ineptè, ut solent, Varanam appellant, historiam narrat; præcipuè verò septem illius palatia describit, quorum unumquodque diversum à cæteris colorem habuisse dicitur. Quintum Alexandri vitam, ac res gestas denarrat; verùm enimverò sciendum est, Asiaticos omnes regem Macedonum à perantiquo rege Secander dicto non distinguere, sed amborum facta ridiculè commiscere. Hæc habeo quæ

de

de libro tuo dicam, non conjecturâ fretus, sed certè sciens me vera dicere. Lætor admodùm collegium S^ti Johannis Cantabrigiensis hunc thesaurum, te donante, possessurum: ac spero in Academiâ vestrâ aliquos futuros, qui poëtæ venustissimi Nezami elegantias poterint animo comprehendere. Si quis pleniorem poëtæ hujusce notitiam habere velit, consulat oportet librum jucundum, cui nomen *vitæ poëtarum Persicorum*, auctore Deuletshah Samarcandio, cujus vidi Lutetiis pulcherrimum exemplar.—Vale!

No. XX.

REVICZKIUS JONESIO, S.

Viennæ, die 10° *Octobris*, 1771.

Jam propè annus est elapsus, à quo occasionem præstolor, quâ libellum, te probante, in lucem emissum, ad te mitterem, quin ullam hactenùs potuerim adipisci; nunc demum opportunè evenit discessus

discessus in Angliam viri amicissimi, τὰ ἐπὶ τῶν ἀπορρήτων Britanniæ legationis, qui mihi officium suum spontè obtulit, et opus *hoc meum, aut, si mavis, tuum,* ad te deferri curare est humanissimè pollicitus. Eadem fidelia cuperem etiam gratum animum, pro transmissò mihi munere, contestari, sed grates persolvere dignas non opis est nostræ; *sat erit tua dicere facta.* Oppidò miratus sum studium et doctrinam ac vel maximè diligentiam in triplici opere quo mihi gratificatus es, sed erubui laudibus quas mihi intemperantèr prodigis. Multum sanè tibi literæ et literati omnes debere fatebuntur, si eandem deinceps, quam cœpisti, orientalibus literis operam navaveris. Scire percuperem quo honore remuneratus sit virtutem et laborem tuum Rex Daniæ, aut, illo auctore, Rex Angliæ, ut tibi et bonis omnibus, qui te æquè ac ego diligunt, gratari possim, utque nobile

tuum

tuum ingenium condignè præmiatum lætari valeam.—Vale!

No. XXI.

JONESIUS REVICZKIO, S.

Oxonii, vii *Id. Decembres, Anno* 1771.

Abs te per hos menses (imo potiùs annos) tredecim, ne literulæ quidem! Binas equidem ad te literas miseram, unas Non. Mart. Latinè scriptas et benè longas, alteras Gallicè exaratas *currenti*, quod aiunt, *stylo*. In iis quid egerim, quid agere meditarer, in quo vitæ cursu essem, ad quas dignitates aspiraret ambitio mea, feci te diligentissimè certiorem. Libros meos quatuor, ut opinor, accepisti, quos D. Whitchurch, legato Anglico ὁ ἐκ τῶν ἱερῶν, secum, meo rogatu, Vindobonam tulit. Illum, adolescentem bonæ indolis, et literarum peramantem, dignum esse scito quem utaris familiaritèr. Hocce literarum,

terarum ad te afferet D. Drummond, homo literatus, quem medicæ artis studium, quod in hâc insulâ non te latet esse perhonorificum, isthîc proficisci incitavit, secundùm Homericum illud, Ἰητρὸς ἀνὴρ πολλῶν ἀνταξιος ἄλλων.

Eos velim ita tractes, ut sciant meam commendationem apud te plurimùm valere. Accipies eodem tempore orationculam quandam meam, in pulchellum, nescio quem, terræ filium, qui Academiæ nostræ conviciari ausus est; non impunè, ut videbis, si quid apud istiusmodi vappam ac nebulonem valeat mucro orationis meæ. *Conturbavi*, ut ait Cicero de suis Commentariis, *Gallicam nationem*. Quid agit Hafez, deliciolæ nostræ? Nunquamne carmina illa suavissima, te interprete, prodibunt in lucem? Placetne tibi versio mea Anglica, carminis istius *Egher an Turki?* Nostratibus certè quidem non displicet. Vellem plures alias Anglicè

Anglicè vertere, sed otium non suppetit. Neminem adhuc inveni, qui libellum tuum de re militari reddere dignè posset. Præfatio tua omnibus et docta et elegans videtur; sed opus (quod tute ais in proœmio) titulo *Osúlûl hikm fi nezámi' lümem* aiunt non respondere. Ejusdem libri πρωτότυπον Turcicè scriptum (cum cæteris Constantinopoli excusis, et bellissimo carminum Mesihii exemplari) in bibliothecâ Regiæ nostræ Societatis vidi. Cupio scire, num facile sit omnes eos libros quos laudas, ab Ibrahimo editos, vel in Germaniâ, vel in Thraciâ, aut Hungariâ emere? quod si fieri posset, illorum compos esse pervellem. Ecquidnam de Turcis novi? μεν εἰρήνης οὐδεὶς λόγος; Equidem, simul ac de belli Russici exitu certior factus fuero, legationem Turcicam apertè petere constitui; nunc occultè et susurratim. Rex, optimè in me affectus; optimates satis benevoli; mercatorum societas admodùm

modùm mihi favet: illud solum vereor, nè quis competitor potentior in scenam prodeat, et me cursu prævertat. Si petitio felicitèr evaserit, dii boni! ὡς καλλιεπιεύσομαι; primùm, tuo Vindobonæ fruar colloquio; dein literis Asiaticis madebo; Turcarum mores ex abditissimis fontibus exhauriam—sin aliud contigerit, φιλοσοφήσον. Erit forum; non deerunt, ut spero, causæ; erit litium plena messis; restabit eloquentiæ studium; restabit poësis, historia, philosophia, quarum singulis rectè colendis vita nostra hæcce humana, ὅσοι νῦν βροτοὶ ἐσμεν, vix sufficiet. Multa alia habeo quæ dicam, sed me *imperiosa trahit*,—non *Proserpina*, ut spero, at si qua est fori ac judiciorum fautrix Dea. Longiores literas expecta: tu intereà ad me quàm longissimas mitte. Te unicè ac fraternè diligimus.—Vale!

No. XXII.

JONESIUS ROBERTO ORME, S.

IV. *Id. Apriles, Anno* 1778.

Quantâ cum voluptate, quantâque admiratione tui, historiam de bello Indico legerim, faciliùs possum animo complecti, quàm verbis enarrare: ita enim dilucidè abs te consilia, res gestæ, et rerum eventus declarantur, ut iis profectò, dum legebam, non mente solùm sed re interesse, non tam lector, quàm actor esse, visus sim. In primis mihi placebant vitæ ac naturæ hominum, aut rerum gestarum gloriâ, aut sapientiæ laude florentium, abs te declaratæ; nec minorem narrationi venustatem afferunt, locorum insignium descriptiones, velut illa Gangis fluvii planè graphica; et sanè animadverti non modò poëtas, sed politiores omnium ferè ætatum historicos in fluviis describendis haud parum artis

ac studii posuisse: sic Achelöum Thucydides, Teleböam Xenophon describit, uterque suo in genere egregiè; sed hic, ut semper, venustè ac brevitèr; ille, ut sæpiùs, elatè atque horridulè. Ad genus dicendi quod attinet, si elegantia et in verbis constet, et in verborum collocatione, quàm elegans oratio sit oportet tua, in quâ verba lectissima, semperque apta ad id, quod significant, ordine pulcherrimo collocantur; quæ laus est in scribendo propè maxima. Quòd si historiæ tuæ partem alteram, quæ à te jamdudum flagitatur, in lucem protuleris, cùm bonis omnibus ac tui similibus gratum feceris, tum nominis tui famam latiùs diffuderis: nec justum videtur ornari abs te ac celebrari regionem Coromandelicam, si negligatur ea, quam rex quidam Indicus *delicias terrarum* vocitabat, *Bengala*.— Vale!

No. XXIII.

JONESIUS F. P. BAYER HISPANO, S.

Prid. Cal. Mart. An. 1774.

Libelli tui *de Phœnicum Linguâ et Colonis*, qui dubito doctiorne sit an jucundior, bellissimum exemplum accepi; et quanquam vereor, ne *aurea æneis*, tanquam Homericus ille Diomedes, permutare videar, mitto tamen ad te, in grati scilicet animi testimonium, commentarios meos poëseôs Asiaticæ, qui si tibi arriserint, id scito magnæ mihi voluptati fore. —Vale!

No. XXIV.

JONESIUS H. A. SCHULTENS, S.

Id. Jul. An. 1774.

Adolescentulum summâ modestiâ, diligentiâ, virtute præditum, cui nomen Campbell, quíque ad te hoc literularum pertulerit, majorém in modum tibi commendo.

mendo. Is in Indiâ mercaturam facturus est; sed priusquàm longam istam et molestam navigationem susceperit, sermonibus quibusdam Europæis atque Asiaticis, et ex his præcipuè Persico, addiscendis, operam est daturus. Quantum illi vel in studiis vel in negotiolis adjumenti afferre poteris, tantum mihi allatum autumavero; ipsum prætereà tibi semper devinxeris.

Quid agit Haririus noster? Ecquando abs te ornatus, prodibit in lucem? Nos in foro tempus consumimus; quicquid otii datur, id omne legibus interpretandis historiisque legendis conferre cogimur. Commentarios meos ad te misi, quos te spero accepisse. Vale.

No. XXV.

H. A. SCHULTENS

لغريد عصره و قريح وبره

يونس.

السّلام

Quoties,

Quoties, amicissime Jones, fortunati ejus temporis, quod in beatâ vestrâ insulâ transegi, subit memoria, toties animum sentio miro quodam voluptatis sensu perfundi, à gratissimâ recordatione jucundæ tuæ atque utilissimæ, quâ frui mihi licuit, consuetudinis. Simul verò tui desiderium tam vehementèr excitatur, ut absentiam tuam feram ægerrimè. Quàm animi ægritudinem sin minùs tollere, at lenire potest, dulce epistolarum commercium. Et revera non illud tempus indè à reditu in patriam effluxisset, absque ut nihil prorsus de me audires, nisi cùm ipse variis, iisque insolitis, negotiis fuissem districtus; tum timuissem, ne studiorum tuorum molestus essem interpellator. Tollit hunc metum gratissimum, quod nuper à te accepi commentariorum tuorum munus, quod eò mihi gratius accidit, quo videre inde licuit, mei memoriam tibi nondum excidisse. Maximas omninò ago habeoque gratias

pro

pro terso illo tuo, atque elegantissimo libro, quem summâ aviditate legi, perlegi, relegi, et, ne vivam, obstupui. Simul tamen sincerus Musarum nostrarum amator deplorandam illarum sortem indolui, quibus in summâ cultorum suorum penuriâ tantum virum eripiunt rauca fori jurgia. Ergone eas non habent venustates, eas gratias, ut aliis quæ non nisi opes et honorum titulos dotem adferunt, præferri mereantur? Ergone non ita placet sola earum forma, et habitus elegantissimus, simul et suavissimus, ut cultores alliciant, qui, spretis aliis, perditè eas ament, iis solis se oblectent, atque toti cum iis sint? Ignoscas, mî Jonesi, talia amicè tecum expostulanti.

Operis tui non nisi pauca, duo fortè vel tria, exempla hucusque ad nos sunt delata. Fac, quæso, ne illorum copiam ulteriùs nobis invideat librariorum socordia. Accipies brevì orationem, quam hìc loci habui,

habui, inauguralem de *finibus literarum Orientalium proferendis.* Tumultuariè confecta, non potuit ita elaborari ac debuisset, atque ipse vellem, modò per tempus licuisset. Jucundissimum, quod obeo, munus hoc solum habet molestiæ, quòd nondum liceat liberè quò velim divagari, atque in institutionibus grammaticis, lectionibus exegeticis Veteris Testamenti, et enarrandis antiquitatibus Judäicis, tantum temporis consumere cogar, ut parum vel nihil legendis auctoribus Arabicis, multò minùs Persicis, supersit. Sed tædium hoc eò libentiùs fero, quò, si citò devoretur, majus inde otium mihi brevì sit nasciturum. Et ubi semel omnem hanc lectionum farraginem singulis annis repetendam chartis mandavero, liber et mei juris potero totus his studiis incumbere. Meidanensem edendum suscipere jam certum mihi est deliberatumque. In editione parandâ duo ad minimum lustra erunt impen-

impendenda. Quanta enim tum ipsius linguæ, tum historiarum, rituum, et morum Orientalium cognitio ad id requiratur, sine quibus tamen tantum opus ne conandum quidem est, ipsemet probè nôsti. An verò hic fœtus, ubi ad maturitatem pervenerit, obstetricantem manum facilè inventurus sit اللّٰهُ اعلم. Scheidius Professor Harderovicensis in edendo Gieuhario occupatur. Sumptus tanto operi imprimendo necessarios cùm ferre non valeat, difficultatem hanc putat sublatam iri, si 28 fasciculos, pro numero literarum divisos, seorsìm in lucem emittat; ita ut pecunia ex primo fasciculo, qui literam ا continebit, parata sufficiat imprimendo ب et sic porrò.

Cæterum novi, quod ad te scribam, nihil est. Quàm vellem tui iterum videndi copia mihi fieret! Si id in te efficere valeat per glaciem currendi ardor, ut Banksium

sium vestrum, imitatus eum in finem huc venires, jam non adeò frigora extimesco, ut contra sperem intensissima, glaciesque solidissimas et diù duraturas. Quidquid sit, sive hyeme, sive æstate, nihil unquam poterit mihi gratius accidere, quàm te hospitem excipere. Uxor (quam antè 5 circiter menses duxi) magno flagitat desiderio videndi Jonesium illum, de quo maritum audit quotidiè loquentem. Multum ea te salvere jubet, ut et pater meus, qui dici non potest quantoperè legendis operibus tuis imprimis commentariis fuerit delectatus. Magno ille te honore prosequitur, et diligit, et colit.—Tu velim scribas ad me quid agas; quid agant optimæ illæ tuæ mater et soror, quas meo nomine plurimum quæso salutes, easque certiores reddas, gratissimum me animum servare et semper servaturum pro insigni humanitate et variis officiis, quibus me sibi devinxerunt. —Cæterùm de me sic judices, quantùm

ego

ego possim, me tibi, omnibusque tuis summo cum studio præstò semper futurum. Vale, mî Jonesi, meque ama.

Scripsi Amstelædami,

9 Sept. 1774.

Ferè oblitus eram de principe nostro Damasceno Yuseph (ni fallor) عباس ad te scripsisse. Valdè doleo eum tam diù hìc latuisse, ut biduo antequam hinc Bruxellam peteret, me primum inviserit. Mirè delectatus fui indole ejus liberali, generosâ, et verè Arabicâ. Neque elegantiori doctrinâ videbatur destitutus. Sed de his tu meliùs judices, quàm ego.—Ego hominem, quamdiu vivam, amabo, cujus jucundi sermones me febri laborantem ita recreârunt, et totum quasi occupârunt, ut pessimo morbo redire cupienti nullus locus superesset.

Si velis ad me scribere, quod quæso facias citissimè, hæc sit epistolæ inscriptio:

A Mons. SCHULTENS,

Professeur en Langues Orientales,

Amsterdam.

Accepi nuper catalogum librorum, qui apud Whitium venales prostant. Nisi molestum sit, gratissimum mihi feceris, si ipsum jubeas hos libros mihi reservare, quos brevì curabo, simul missâ pecuniâ, ut huc deferantur:

No. 419 Elmacini Historia Saracenica— 18 Sh.

1100 Herbelot. 3 l. 3 Sh.

1471 Geogr. Nubiensis versio. 4 Sh.

5909 Eutychius. 15 Sh.

2091 Hunt in Proverbia VII. 1 Sh.

No. XXVI.

JONESIUS H. A. SCHULTENS, S.

Prid. Non. Oct. 1774.

Gratissimas abs te literas accepi, datas V Id. Sept. sed seriùs quàm vellem mihi redditas, quòd in maritimâ Cantii parte æstatem

æstatem egi, et nuper admodùm Londinùm redii; Commentarios meos abs te et patre tuo probari, vehementèr gaudeo; quòd addis amicissimè tu quidem et humanissimè, ægrè te ferre, me politioris doctrinæ desertorem esse, agnosco benevolentiam expostulationis tuæ. Sed, mî Alberte, non est integrum; jacta est alea; libri mei omnes, cùm impressi tùm manuscripti, præter eos, qui ad jureconsulti et oratoris officium pertinent, in arcâ Oxonii otiantur; et statui, per viginti minimùm annos, nullis rebus, nisi aut forensibus aut politicis, operam navare. Consilii mei rationes longo sermone persequi non est necessarium: illud sufficiet dicere, me, si Romæ vixissem aut Athenis, oratorum et illustrium civium labores, vigilias, pericula, exilium, invidiam, mortem denique, vel umbris poëtarum vel philosophorum hortis antelaturum fuisse. Idem faciendum in hâc Anglorum republicâ, quæ nec Romanæ nec Atheniensi

Atheniensi cedit, et sentio, et à pueritiâ sensi, et semper sentiam. Porrò autem, tametsi literarum politiorum venustatem facilè agnosco, tamen valdè me delectat id quod à Neoptolemo in tragœdiâ dicitur, Philosophari juvat sed paucis; et illud Hippocrateum, Ὁ βίος βραχὺς, ἡ τέχνη μακρὴ, ὁ καιρὸς ὀξὺς. Strenuè denique asseverabo alias esse majores artes, quæ non solùm fructus, sed et dulcissimos fructus, afferunt. Quid! nullamne attulit animi voluptatem divina illa Mathesis Archimedi, geometrarum principi, cùm in theoremate demonstrando adeò intentè cogitationem defixisset, ut captas esse Syracusas non sentiret? Quid! ullamne rem jucundiorem aut nobiliorem esse putemus, quàm juris patrii unum studium, de quo velim in memoriam revoces quid dicant in Ciceronis de Oratore libris L. Crassus et Q. Scævola? Quid! existimasne *Suadam* illam, cujus medulla ab Ennio dicitur Cethegus, qui

et

et flos populi ab eodem vocatur, aut Thaliæ aut Polyhymniæ suavitatis palmam concedere? Quid! estne aliquis qui non M. Tullii similis esse, cujus, cùm in omni mallet vitâ tùm in studiis, exemplar et quasi ἰδέαν mihi proponam, quàm aut Varronis eruditissimi viri, aut Lucretii, poëtæ ingeniosissimi? Quòd si verè insuave et horridum fuisset juris nostri studium, quod est longè secùs, tamen reprehendendus non essem, si cum veteribus sapientissimis, et cum ipsâ sapientiæ deâ, Athenarum fautrice, Minervâ, fructuosam atque utilem olivam sterili lauro anteponerem. Ut apertè loquar; non est mei stomachi nobilium virorum arrogantiam, quæ à poëtis et literarum cultoribus devoranda est, perferre. Hæc tibi amicè expostulanti, amicè respondeo; tuam autem voluntatem, egregiè in me perspectam et cognitam, scito mihi perjucundam esse. Orationem tuam avidè expecto. Labores

tuos

tuos omnes, et præcipuè Meidanense, opus bilustre, fortunet Deus! Mens sit, oro, fortis et constans doctissimo Scheidio, ut opus immensum quod meditatur, Atlanteis humeris sustinere valeat. Industriam ejus, omni laude dignam, admiror; sed post Meninskii fatum, non loquor de opere, sed de ipsius miseriis, non est viri prudentis (et qui sibi haud sapit, nihil sapit) navem suam tam incerto mari, atque adeò propè naufragii periculo exponere. Rege dignum opus est, fateor; sed censum requirit regis. Verè tibi gratulor, gratulantur tibi mater et soror mea, felicitate nuptiarum tuarum. Schultensiæ tuæ, quam amabilissimam esse certò scio, et patri tuo, viro optimo, salutem impertio plurimam. Gratum habeo, quòd me Amsteledami videre cupis; mihi quoque summæ erit voluptati tecum in patriâ tuâ colloqui; quòd si tuâ frui liceret consuetudine, glacies vestra Hesperidum hortis esset

esset amœnior, nec ipsa Tempe adire magis cuperem; sed, propter forenses occupationes, æstas mihi ad peregrinandum erit commodior. Polliceor tibi me, vel anno proximo, vel post eum venturo, mense Julio aut Augusto, apud te perlibentèr commoraturum.

Josephum, hominem Syrum, tibi placuisse lætor, et gaudeo illum per Germaniam iter facturum esse. De illo satis longa est historia; qui, nisi ego primariis hujus civitatis viris, qui apud regem plurimùm valeant, sedulò exorâssem, Londini aut vixisset miserrimus, aut mortem obiisset immeritò. Libros quos emere voluisti, tibi reservat Bibliopola. Literulas ad te meas Idibus Juliis scriptas, quas ad te perferendas dedi adolescenti Campbello, nondum, ut arbitror, accepisti. Regis Hispaniæ filius, Gabrielis, princeps juventutis, ad me misit Sallustium suum splendidissimè impressum. Id mihi summo ho-

nori duco, gratiasque perdiligentèr egi. Audiisti sine dubio de Brucii, hominis Scoti, peregrinationibus in Syriam, Arabiam, Abyssiniam, Nubiam, Ægyptum ;— cui non domus sua nota magis est, quàm Rubri Maris littus, et Nili fons.—Multos secum attulit codices Æthiopico sermone scriptos, et, inter alios, Enochi vaticinium, librum antiquum, sed inter Sibyllina volumina numerandum.

* * * * *

Dum hæc scribebam, venit ad me quidam qui attulit codicem, ut aiebat, manu scriptum, quem à Montacuto, nobili Anglo, Venetiis acceperat, ut ad me perferret. Aperui librum ; inveni bellissimum et perfectissimum Motanabii exemplar, cum epistolâ versibus Arabicis ad me scriptâ, ab *Abderrahman* nescio quo, quem fortasse in Asiâ Montacutus viderat. Gratissima est docti Arabis in me benevolentia ; versus apposui; neutiquam me dignor tam exaggeratis

geratis laudibus; sed nôsti magniloquentiam Asiaticorum. Noli jam putare me Motanabii poëmata continuè perlecturum; latebunt Oxonii, cum cæteris istis similibus thesauris meis. Velim tibi persuadeas te à me plurimi fieri, nec quidquam mihi jucundius esse posse, quàm abs te sæpissimè longissimas epistolas accipere. Cura ut valeas, meque, ut facis, amare pergas.

No. XXVII.

JONESIUS F. P. BAYER, S.

4 *Non. Oct.* 1774.

Vix reperio quibus tibi verbis agam gratias, quòd Sallustii historiam chartæ splendidissimæ perpulchrè impressam, et in sermonem Hispanum elegantèr conversam, ad me mittendam curaveris; eodemque me, novum hominem et privatum, honore affeceris, quo non nisi magnos reges et illustres academias, anteà dignatus es.

Sed incipienti mihi literas ad te mittere, dubium omninò visum est, gratularerne tibi priùs de præstantissimo interpretationis scriptore, an gratias agerem quòd mihi adeò jucundum tui μνημόσυνον dedisses. Auguror sanè clarius lumen bonarum artium, ac scientiarum accessurum patriæ tuæ, in quâ regius adolescens eo sit ingenio eâque doctrinâ præditus, ut historicorum Romanorum principem luculentèr interpretari, notisque eruditis illustrare possit. Quàm pauci sunt in aliis regionibus juvenes primarii, qui tantum opus perficere aut velint, si possint, aut possint fortasse, si velint! Sallustii gravissimum opus, sapientiâ et dignitate plenum, benè intelligere, permagnum est; aptè illustrare, egregium; bellè vertere, admirandum. Hæc omnia si vir privatus effecisset, laude dignus esset; si adolescens, honore decorandus; si et juvenis et princeps juventutis,

tutis, summis honoribus præconii more persequendus.

Linguæ vestræ studium doctissimæ complures jam annos intermisi; sed memini me Alonzi heroicum poëma, Garcilassi carmina, Cervantis lepidas fabellas, magnâ cum voluptate legisse. Nihil tamen, ita fortunatè vivam, elegantius aut politius legi, quàm Sallustii versionem; et libentèr doctissimo auctori assentior, cùm dicat in procemio, "linguam vestram ad Latini "sermonis gravitatem proximè accedere." Pergat igitur juvenis amabilissimus cùm de patriâ suâ tùm de humano genere bene mereri; efficiatque ut omnibus hujus ævi principibus viris facilè sit anteponendus. Si mihi liceat eloqui quod sentio, auctor sim ut M. Tullii ferè divinis operibus quàm diligentissimè navet operam; quæ neminem unquam legisse puto, quin legendo factus sit et eloquentior et doctior. Digna est admirabilis illa ad Quintum fratrem de

provinciâ

provinciâ administrandâ epistola, quæ ab omnibus in terrarum orbe regibus memoritèr quotidiè recitetur. Digni sunt libri de Officiis, de Finibus, de Quæstionibus Tusculanis, qui centiès perlegantur. Dignæ Orationes ferè sexaginta quæ in omnes Europæ linguas convertantur. Nec vereor affirmare sedecim illos epistolarum ad Atticum libros historiis ferè omnibus (Sallustio excepto) præstare. Quod ad tua ipsius opera attinet, liber tuus jucundissimus à me diligentèr et lectus est et legetur.—Audio te ejusdem versionem Latinam meditari, quam ut perficias oro, gentium exterarum gratiâ. Nihil in eo quod sit mutandum video, nihil quod non laudandum. Pervelim plures tuos antiquitatum Asiaticarum et Africanarum libros in lucem proferas. Ecquid harum rerum studiosis gratiusne optare possim? Tu interea, vir clarissime, et meo et reipublicæ literariæ nomine, etiam atque etiam vale.

No. XXVIII.

JONESIUS G. S. MICHAELI, S.

Prid. Non. Novemb.

Peto à te ne me putes libros tuos aut non legisse, aut lectos neglexisse. De fabulis Hebræorum neque à te prorsus dissentio, nec tamen usquequaque tibi assentior. Nolui igitur, re nondum satis exploratâ et cognitâ, ab opinione vulgari recedere. Cæterùm commentarios nostros abs te probari lætor. Quod quæris, seriòne Musas Asiaticas et politiores literas deseruerim, nihil scito esse verius; nec per viginti annos quidquam de his rebus aut scribam aut meditabor. Totus in foro sum, et in juris nostri studio Σπαρταν ἔλαχον: tua tamen opera, teque ipsum, vir optime atque humanissime, plurimi semper faciam. Vale!

No.

No. XXIX.

H. A. SCHULTENS JONESIO, S.

Jan. 6, 1775.

Etsi his diebus, quibus molesti et insoliti labores totum me occupatum tenent, ne id quidem temporis mihi superest, ut de epistolis exornandis cogitare liceat, tamen non potui doctissimo Bjornstahlio nihil literarum ad te dare, cùm ut haberet, quo optatus ipse aditus ad te patefieret; tùm, ut videres, me tui non immemorem vivere. — Jucundum tibi erit cum Sueco nostro Philarabe colloquium. Non tantùm enim multorum hominum mores vidit et urbes, sed Orientales etiam literas et callet egregiè et amat vehementèr. Deliciis (non olim, ut scribis, sed etiam nunc) tuis addictum scio pergratum tibi futurum.— Accepi utrasque tuas literas. Priores, quas Campbello dederas ad me perferendas, reddidit mihi ejus avunculus Cunningham,

ham, mercator hâc in urbe degens. Ipsum adolescentulum nondum vidi. Missus est in ludum quendam aliquot milliaribus hinc dissitum. Si huc redierit, conabor, quâcunque in re potero, memet utilem ei præstare:—ad alteras brevî respondebo. Tu interim, mî Jonesi, fac ut valeas, meque amare perge. Optimam tuam matrem et sororem, cæterosque communes amicos, meo nomine salutes quàm plurimùm.—Vale.

Dabam Amstelodami,
vi Januarii, 1775.

No. XXX.

JONESIUS REVICZKIO, S.

Dat. Londini, xiv *Kal. Feb. Anno* 1775.

Noli putare me tui oblitum, quòd raras à me literas accepisti; neque enim habui cui rectè fasciculum darem, nec tabellariis incertis λίσχην nostram familiarem volui committere. Nescio prætereà an hoc

literularum

literularum ad te perventurum sit, et vereor de re quâlibet apertiùs, ut soleo, loqui ; cùm tua ad me humanissima epistola, Varsoviæ Idib. Jan. data, resignata mihi reddita sit, quod puto hanc nostram fore, priusquàm tu illam recipies. Me scito infinitis in urbe et in togâ occupationibus impediri, quò minùs literis dem operam. Libros edidi duos; quos tum demùm accipies, cùm aliquem invenero, cui prudentèr eos committam. Scribe ad me literas, amabò te : nihil mihi amicitiâ tuâ jucundius esse potest. Quàm vellem aut tu huc venisses, aut ego istuc, ut unà vivere possemus. Displicuit mihi legatio Turcica. Vivam in patriâ, quæ bonis civibus haud facilè caret ; jamdudum enim σαλεύει. O, quàm lætarer, si te huc legatum videre possem : haud inviderem aut Europæ aut Asiæ regibus ! Tu intereà, mî Reviczki, etiam atque etiam vale !

No.

No. XXXI.

REVICZKIUS JONESIO, S.

Quantâ sim lætitiâ affectus, acceptis tuis amantissimis literis, facilè perspicies, si amorem in te meum plenè cognitum habueris. Ego occupationibus quibus eram hactenùs impeditus, frequentiùs hoc tanto solatio frui non potui, idque humanissimè à te factum agnosco, ut eo tempore acciperem tuas literas quo non expectarem. Etsi autem tutius fore crediderim nequid literis committamus, quod, si prolatum sit, molestè feramus; tamen resignationem epistolæ meæ, de quâ me edoces, casui potiùs quàm studio tribuo. Non dubito quin occupatissimus sis, cùm te forensibus exercitationibus totum dedideris. Quare non equidem jam te rogo ut ad me assiduò scribas, sed hoc te scire volo, quòd mihi ad scribendum plus otii quàm anteà contigerit, postquàm exactis nuperrimè

nuperrimè biennalibus comitiis (tædio autem sæcularibus) laborem penè omnem exantlavi. Hæc de publicis negotiis harum partium.—De Britannicis autem nihil cognovi ex tuis literis; sed ex aliis abundè comperio quantùm vos coloniarum interni motus, et bello externo difficiliores, exagitant. Me jam muneris et officii mei, non tam ardui quàm ingrati, fastidium cepit; nec alia mihi consolatio est hujus ingentis molestiæ, nisi quòd spero non ampliùs longiorem annuâ fore. Næ ego essem Londini libentèr, atque utinam aliquod in illâ urbe Reipublicæ meæ, πολιτικον opus efficere, et navare mihi liceat, καὶ κε τὸ βουλοίμην καὶ κεν πολιτείδιον εἶεν, nihil sanè tali provinciâ jucundius accidere mihi posset. Quod si Diis insperatò visum fuerit, tu velim mihi ibi præstò sis, ut tuo consortio tuâque familiaritate, ut consuevi, in omnibus rebus utar. Libros quos te edidisse scribis, nullâ mentione argumenti, conse-

qui

qui aveo, nec dubito quin eorum lectione mirum in modum oblecter. Vale; et ut me ames, vehementèr te rogo.

No. XXXII.

JONESIUS H. A. SCHULTENS, S.

Vide quantùm à libertate absim, ego scilicet, qui τέλειαν ἐλευθερίαν solebam præ me ferre! Volens equidem, atque adeò ardentèr cupiens, te Amstelodami visere, pollicitus etiam tibi, me hoc demùm anno apud te futurum, variis et magnis negotiis Londini detineor. Scito me unum esse è sexaginta viris iis, qui de debitoribus bona cedentibus judicant. Officio huic satis inest utilitatis, lucri non nimis: me tamen per majorem anni partem in hâc urbe defixum tenet. Adde studia necessaria, et forenses occupationes, magnumque opus respondendi clientibus de quæstionibus juris. Græcos tamen oratores lectito; et Isæi utilissimas orationes patrio sermone converti

converti. Quid agit interea Meidamus? quid Haririus? Pergas velim eos ornare, ita tamen ut cures valetudinem. Vale!

vij Id. Dec. MDCCLXXVI.

No. XXXIII.

H. A. SCHULTENS JONESIO, S.

Dici vix potest quantoperè me exhilararent literæ tuæ, breves illæ quidem, sed officii et humanitatis plenissimæ. Pudet profectò, me tam serò ad eas rescribere, ut jure mihi videar à te reprehendendus, tanquam tuorum erga me beneficiorum parùm memor: quam verò suspicionem gravissimam ut omni vi atque operâ deprecor, sic nolo equidem, nec possum, omnem negligentiæ culpam prorsus diffiteri.—Habes, mî Jonesi, rëum confitentem; sed ignoscas, quæso, meliora in futurum pollicenti. — Præterea multæ sunt et infinitæ ferè occupationes meæ, quæ me vix sinunt respirare,—certè scribere volentem

tem continuò jubent officium illud in aliud tempus rejicere. Justa tibi videbitur hæc excusatio, ubi dixero, de Meidanio meo per hos 5 menses ne quidem fuisse cogitatum. Nunc verò, paulò plus otii nactus, intermissum laborem brevi resumam, cujus persequendi molestiam multùm sublevabit ingens et rarum beneficium, quod à bibliothecæ Leidensis curatoribus nuper impetravi, ut non tantùm codicem Meidanii, sed alios etiam, quibus indigeo, huc mecum deferam, eosque, quamdiù opus erit, in usus meos adhibeam. Itaque tam insigni benevolentiâ mirificè adjutus, pergam acritèr, quantùm per alias occupationes licebit, in describendo codice, conficiendis indicibus necessariis, (sine quibus in tali opere exsequendo nihil proficitur,) et augendo atque ornando omni editionis apparatu, qui jam paulatim sub manibus cœpit increscere;—utinam modò liceret omne illud tempus, quod multùm

reluctanti,

reluctanti, ægerrimèque interdum ferenti, surripiunt cujuscunque generis lectiones, quas dicimus, coram discipulis, aliisve auditoribus cùm publicè, tùm privatìm, habendæ, his meis deliciis unicè impendere.—Sed tres, quatuorve annos prævideo in hoc pistrino adhuc fore consumendos, nec priùs me indè liberandum, quàm majore rerum copiâ instructo, facilè mihi erit hujusmodi recitationes absque longâ meditatione effundere, et, ut nos dicere solemus, tanquam ex manicâ excutere :—interim jacet Haririus, jacent poëtæ Arabes ; jacent etiam, quod vehementèr doleo, literæ Persicæ, molles illæ et elegantes, quarum addiscendarum tuâ me tant cupiditate incendisti, ut quidquid evenerit, si modò vivam et valeam, certum sit deliberatumque, raro apud nos exemplo, totum me illis tradere. De edendo Haririo parùm abest, ut desperem. Constitueram solum textum exhibere, ex optimis,

optimis, qui ad manum erant, codicibus expressum, eique versionem ab Avo paratam et absolutam adjungere:—hoc si præstarem, videbar mihi sine temporis dispendio, et interea dum aliud agerem, utilitati publicæ satis consulere. Sed sunt, quorum judicio multùm mihi deferendum est, partim etiam voluntate obtemperandum, qui consilium illud dissuadeant, et seriò hortentur, ne in lucem prodeat sine excerptis ex Tebrizio aliisve grammaticis, vel etiam sine annotationibus quibusdam meis. Ego quidem non ita sentio: sed est horum auctoritati cedendum, ideòque expectandum, donec major mihi facultas sit talem editionem ritè ornandi. Scheidius noster his diebus edidit primam particulam Lexici Gieuhariani, quæ ex capite I, sive باب الهمزه usque ad finem literæ ق ad قيأ decurrit, et 200 ferè paginis comprehenditur.—Putat integrum opus

cum versione Latinâ edendum, 10 volumina, unumquodque mille paginarum fore impleturum. Diversa sunt hominum judicia. Ipse quidem in persequendo tam immenso opere, adeò nullam molestiam prævidet, ut etiam de Phiruzabadio aliisque auctoribus edendis interdum cogitet. Alii verò institutum arbitrantur infinitis obseptum difficultatibus, nec unquam, nisi aureus quidem imber ipsi decidat, ad finem perducendum:—et hoc quidem unicum est, quod in Arabicis hodiè inter nos agitur, nisi quòd Willmettus, juvenis theologus, sed eruditus, glossarium parat in Hariríum, Arabshiadem, et Coranum.—Incipientibus opus utilissimum, quódque multùm proderit iis, qui, Lexici Goliani caritate, ejusque comparandi difficultate, solent interdum ab harum literarum studio deterreri. Melior est Græcarum literarum et Latinarum apud nos conditio; quod equidem non invideo, nec miror,

sed

sed ferrem adhuc leniùs, si modò aliqua hujus felicitatis pars in Orientales etiam literas redundaret.—Habemus Ruhnkenium in elaborando Velleïo Paterculo, Burmannum in Propertio, Wyttenbachium in Plutarcho, Tollium in Apollonii Lexico Homerico, eodem quod est à Villoisonio in Galliâ editum, occupatos. Phalaridis epistolæ, de quarum auctore tanta fuit inter vestrates Boyleium et Bentleium controversia, brevi in lucem emittentur. Vidistin' elegantissimam Ruhnkenii dissertationem de vitâ et scriptis Longini? Multa sunt ejus exempla in Angliam delata :— sin videris, curabo, ut, datâ occasione, eam accipias. Prodibit etiam intra paucas hebdomadas bibliotheca quædam critica, duobus vel tribus fasciculis, quovis anno, edenda, cujusque duplex erit institutum. Alterum, ut novos libros, sed optimos, commemoret, ex omni genere literarum, quæ ad eruditam antiquitatem pertinent ;

alterum, ut nova quædam et inedita, subindè interspergat. Latent quidem ejus auctores, vel potiùs, latere cupiunt; etsi quosdam illorum certissimè prodet cùm haud vulgaris eruditio, tùm rara scribendi elegantia. Nec tamen ita sunt mihi prorsùs ignoti, quin hoc ausim confidentèr affirmare, magnoperè tibi hunc libellum esse placiturum:—sunt autem in illâ societate quidam ex amicis meis atque familiaribus, qui id à me petant, ut commendatione meâ, bibliopolam Londini habeant, ad quem possint exempla quædam transmittere. Cogitavi de Elmsleyo, cui haud grave erit, viginti, vel etiam paucioribus exemplis experiri, quem successum libellus iste inter vos sit habiturus.—Sed volui priùs hâc de re ad te scribere, ut vel ipse, vel alius quisquam tuo hortatu, promptior sit ad illum negotium suscipiendum. Est adhuc aliud, idque majoris momenti, quod, me tanquam proxe-

netâ

netâ quodam usi, vehementèr à te flagitant:—nempè ex Orientalibus literis, imprimis verò Arabicis, Persicisque nonnulla in Bibliothecam conferre cupientibus auctor fui, ut, cùm pauci libri in hoc genere prodeant, pauciores etiam aliquâ commemoratione digni sint, vacuum hunc locum relinquerent brevioribus dissertationibus σχεδιασμασι, διατριβαις, vel quocunque tandem nomine aliquid acciperent, quod ad hæc studia promovenda egregiè conducat. Ipse promisi, me interdum, si nihil melius haberent, biographias quasdam ex Jbn Chalikane suppeditaturum. Tunc illi laudare quidem hoc consilium, simul verò vehementèr à me petere, ut Jonesio hujusmodi diatribas extorquerem: —nihil fore, quod hanc bibliothecæ partem ornatiorem redderet magisque commendaret:—me, si vera sint, quæ de mutuâ nostrâ amicitiâ semper in ore fero, facilè illud à te impetraturum. Vides igitur,

igitur, mî Gulielme, quò me adduxerit frequens tui erga me amoris gloriatio :— sed pareo eorum voluntati eò lubentiùs, quò pulchrior mihi indè spes nascitur, gravem quam fecimus tui jacturam, aliquâ ratione reparandi.—Itaque oro te, obsecro et per veterem illum tuum amorem Musarum Orientalium, quibus tam flebile tui desiderium reliquisti: per illum ergo amorem obtestor, ut, dum commoda tibi est iis gratificandi occasio, hanc nobis felicitatem non invideas. Excute forulos; —invenies multa parata, perfecta, nec indigna, quæ lucem adspiciant: quidquid mittes, erit illud acceptissimum, et, vel addito tuo nomine, vel omisso, uti ipse hoc jusseris, bibliothecæ inseretur. Si Anglicè quid scriptum habeas, nec sit tibi ejus Latinè vertendi opportunitas, illud equidem lubens suscipiam, istamque versionem aliis, qui sunt Latinè scribendi multò me peritiores, examinandam et corrigendam

rigendam tradens curabo, ne tuæ laudi atque existimationi aliquid detrahatur.—Nihil prætereà addetur, omittetur, vel mutabitur, sed omnia erunt tua eadem illa, quæ miseris : quam in rem, fidem meam, si opus esse putas, sanctissimè interpono. —Tu, nisi molestum est, citò mihi rescribe, nostræque petitioni facilem te præbe ac benignum.

Gratulor munus, quod aditum tibi ad majora et pinguiora brevì patefaciet. Sed amissam libertatem, non tam tui, quàm mei causâ, molestè fero. Nemini, ne Anglo quidem, misera est servitus, quæ in utilitatem publicam suscepta, virtutis est et meritorum justa remuneratio. Mihi autem, qui, dum liber eras, frustrà te expectavi, imprimis gravis est illa tua servitus, quæ tui videndi spem sin minùs omnem præcidit, at certè minuit, et multum extenuat.—Hunc tu nobis metum eripe, et si quid vacui temporis tibi relictum est ;—

erit

erit autem interdum, nam habes 59 socios in munere tuo tibi adjunctos ;—id quæso ne prætermittas, sed huc excurrens, felicitatem nostram jucundissimo tuo adspectu et colloquio augeas quàm cumulatissimè. Ego quin ad vos aliquando revertar, non defectu quodam voluntatis retineor ; tantâ enim cum voluptate repeto, memoriâ tempus illud, quo suavissimâ tuâ consuetudine frui mihi licuit, ut ne vivam, si non ardentissimo desiderio teneor in eandem felicitatem quantò ociùs evolandi. Nec prohibet temporis angustia, quandoquidem ita fert muneris mei ratio, ut per novem ferè menses plurimis negotiis obrutus, tribus reliquis liber sim et homo mei juris.—Quid igitur?—Dicam quod res est, nec turpe existimabo talia amico indicâsse

اذا ثقل روني خف علي ان اجي اليلسم

Sterile ut ubivis, sic etiam in Belgio literaturæ

teraturæ Orientalis solum necessaria quidem ad vitam lautè satis alendam præbet; quod superfluum videri posset neutiquam concedit.—Donec igitur inexpectata quædam fertilitas advenerit, itineris Anglici iterum suscipiendi spes prorsus mihi evanuit. Sed quæ fors fert, æquo feram animo. Quandoquidem verò hujus rei mentionem apud te injeci, addam etiam aliud, in quo tu forsan poteris egregiè mihi adjuvare. Constitui, ut rebus meis meliùs consulam eamque superfluitatem consequar, quæ, etsi careri potest, tamen grata est et jucunda fruentibus, adolescentulum circumspicere, quem in ædes recipiam, cujusque mores dirigam ac gubernem:—sed cupio imprimis ex vestratibus aliquem recipere, cùm quòd rariùs solent nostri homines pueros aliis tradere, tum quòd melius videtur (vides quàm ingenuè tecum agam) Anglo cuidam libertatem vendere, à quo major est et lautior merces

expec-

expectanda.—Sed monet deficiens charta, ut tandem desinam esse verbosior. Tu, si me amas, brevì rescribes, quid tibi hâc de re videatur, et si quid poteris mei causâ efficere, id scio te lubentèr facturum :—Ego quidem nunquam committam, ut quidquam, quod præstare possim, à me frustrà petas. Uxor mea meçum te optimamque matrem tuam et sororem plurimùm salvere jubet. Vale, mî Jonesi, Schultensiumque tuum amare perge.

Amsteledami, Prid. Non. Maii.

No. XXXIV.

JONESIUS H. A. SCHULTENS, S.

Amicè tibi et suavitèr hortanti, ut novo operi apud vos mox edendo ἔργον meum conferrem, certè non deessem, sed pangerem nescio quid, ut possem ; nisi omninò egerem otio. Cùm enim officium meum judiciale, tum forensis labor, lucubrationes continuæ, dicendi meditatio,

actio

actio causarum, et in jure respondendi munus, vix horulam mihi concedunt ad somnum, et ad cibum capiendum. Quòd me jucundissimè fecisti certiorem quid tu agas, quídque in patriâ tuâ agatur, gratias ago maximas. Ego si quem Anglum generosum et benè locupletem invenero, qui vel filium vel pupillum ad recolendas humaniores literas istinc mittere voluerit; laudis tuæ me verum præconem fore polliceor, nec in re quâpiam tibi defuturum. Hoc tamen quàm sit incertum, tu non ignoras. Vale, meque dilige.

IV Cal. Jul. 1777.

No. XXXV.

REVICZKIUS JONESIO, S.

Varsoviæ, 17 *Martii*, 1779.

Pertulit ad me nuper Duninius binos tuos variæ eruditionis libros, novissimè in lucem editos, quibus vehementèr delectatus sum; nam et memorem te adhuc mei

ex

ex munere hoc gratus recognovi, et singularis illa doctrina, quâ scripta tua referta luxuriant, voluptatem cum profectu legenti adtulit, et ad obliterata penè jam in animo meo hujuscemodi studia, iterum recolenda, stimulum addidit. Vitam Persici Schach Nadir jam anteà princeps Adamus Czartoriski linguis Orientis non infelicitèr addictus, legendam mihi obtulit, et quæ in diatribe adjuncta honorificè de me meministi indigitavit; sed ea quidem amori erga me tuo unicè adscripta velim. Nunc quòd amœnioribus literis nuncium dare, et Themidis sacrario unicè te devovere decreveris, sine Reipublicæ literariæ jacturâ fieri posse non censeo, neque futurum spero, quin te Melpomene nascentem vidit, et nolentem volentem sub suo imperio coërcebit. Mihi jam in septimum annum, et ad fastidium usque Vistulæ, littora coluntur, felicioribus mutanda, ni fallor, extincto, si diis placet, in Germaniâ

maniâ bello. Quantò gratiùs in Britanniâ nec longè à te, tempus meum transigerem, si me fata meis paterentur ducere vitam auspiciis! Sed quocunque locorum sorte compulsus fuero, amare te non desinam. Vale.

No. XXXVI.

H. A. SCHULTENS JONESIO, S.

Quanquam plurimis occupationibus et sæpiùs et nunc maximè impedior, à conscribendis epistolis, per quas veteris amicitiæ memoria recolatur, à cujus rei suavitate atque delectatione molestè fero me abduci: tamen tale mihi videtur argumentum literarum tuarum, quas his diebus accepi, ut melius sit tribus duntaxat verbis ad eas respondere, quàm, dum meliorem quæro scribendi opportunitatem, nimiâ cunctatione efficere, ut vel nihil ad causam tuam, quæ in summo meo erga te studio, quàm maximè mea est, juvandam præstare

præstare queam, vel, etsi à me juvari non possis, in suspicionem veniam negligentiæ in amicis colendis, eorumque voluntati ac desiderio obtemperando.

Enimverò, mi Jonesi, intellexi tuam petitionem gravissimi muneris, ac gloriosissimi, quod, si virtute non fautoribus ambiendum sit, haud scio in quem conferri possit te digniorem, atque ornatiorem cùm ingenio, plurimarum rerum utilissimarum cognitione, admirabili eloquentiæ vi et præstantiâ; tùm verò patriæ ac libertatis amantiorem, qui communi rerum vestrarum calamitati succurrat majore consilio, prudentiâ, fortitudine, animi integritate, cui igitur alma Mater nostra (nam patere me hâc appellatione pietatis meo sensui gratificari) salutis ac prosperitatis suæ curam tutiùs committat.

Sed hunc tuum, qui palàm cognitus est, libertatis amorem nonne in hâc temporum perversitate tibi putas nociturum esse?

esse? Ferentne plurimi, à quorum suffragiis ea res pendet, personam Academiæ in comitiis publicis à *Julio Melesigono* sustineri? Belgæ quidem de rerum vestrarum statu sic judicant, difficile esse bono viro, qui libertatis amorem publicè profiteatur, ad rempublicam gerendam admoveri.

Verùm hæc dices nihil ad me pertinere; modò quodcunque in me est, omni studio conferam ad causam tuam promovendam. Atque hoc ipsum est, de quo velim paulò plura ex te sciscitari: quomodo et apud quos illud studium profitendum sit ac declarandum. Habeamne potestatem suffragium mittendi, cujus ratio pro causâ tuâ habeatur? Id quidem vix credidero. An verò ex amicis meis Oxoniensibus illi compellandi sint, à quorum amicitiâ, benevolentiâ, et humanitate aliquid sperare ausim, veluti Kennicottus, Whitius, Winstanlejus? Tu mihi primâ mox occasione rescribas, atque indices quid agendum sit.

Habebis

cem proferre statui. *Tabrizzii* commentarium ipse possideo; *Zouzenii* παραφρασιν et notulas perutiles, cujus libri pulchrius exemplar Lutetiæ utendum accepi, benignissimè mihi commodavit collegium Trinitatis Cantabrigiense. *Sadii* notas et versionem Persicam cum *Ansarii* scholiis, et insigni *Obeidallæ* editione, Oxonii habemus; sed omninò omnes editiones et commentarios accedere vehementer cupio. Avus tuus felicis memoriæ, quem ego maximè, ut debeo, semper facio, carmina hæc "cedro digna" prædicat, seque ait, nisi fallor, codicem *Nahasi* Leydensem in proprios usus transcripsisse. Præterea in bibliothecæ locupletissimæ *Schultensianæ* indice, cujus unum exemplar, Huntero, amico meo, fideliter tradidi, alterum ipse avidè pervolutavi, hæc verba legi: "6990. Septem *Moallakat* Arab. pulcherrimè scripta." Ecquis, amabo, codicem hunc emptum possidet? Quonam veniet pretio? Do-

let,

let, emptorem me non fuisse; sed ego tunc variis et magnis negotiis ipse *suspensus* de *suspensis* carminibus nè cogitâvi quidem. Adjuva me, per musas oro, in opere hoc meo lautâ supellectile ornando; et quicquid habes vel notarum vel lectionum variarum apud te reconditum, deprome atque imperti. Multa de familiâ tuâ φιλάρχαις dixi in procœmio, plura et magnifica, sed et vera dicturus. Scire in primis velim, ullusne è septem poëtis, præter *Amriolkaisum* et *Tarafem* Latinè redditus apud vos prodierit. Librum meum, quem benè nitidum reddet *Baumgartius* pumex, expecta. Mater mea dilectissima omnium mulierum *fuit*, ut semper putavi, optima; est, ut confido, sanctissima; ego me luctu macerare non desinam. Te et Schultensiam tuam benè valere, si quàm citissimè certior factus fuero, id mihi erit gratissimum. Vale.

No. XXXVIII.

Baron REVICZKY to Sir W. JONES.

Londres, 30 Juin, 1789.

MONSIEUR,

Par la Vestale, frégate qui devoit conduire à la Chine le Colonel Cathcart, je vous ai envoyé une lettre, Monsieur, en réponse à une belle epitre Persanne, que le Sr. Elmsley libraire dans le Strand m'a fait tenir de votre part, et qui m'a servi d'un temoignage bien agréable du précieux souvenir dont vous continuez à m'honorer, malgré la distance des lieux qui nous sépare. Mais j'ai sçu que le Colonel étant mort en chemin la Vestale étoit retournée en Angleterre, et j'ai lieu de soupçonner que par cet accident ma lettre n'a pas atteint sa destination. J'ai reçu depuis peu un superbe ouvrage que vous avez fait imprimer à Calcutta, et qui feroit honneur à la plus celebre imprimerie

primerie de l'Europe, accompagné d'une aussi élégante qu'obligeante lettre, où j'ai reconnue la main de quelque très-habile Chattât, si je suis encore en état d'en juger, car en vérité, faute de continuer à cultiver les langues Orientales, elles me sont devenues si étrangères, que si je n'en avois jamais rien appris. Je n'ai pas encore vu la belle écriture Arabe si bien rendue par l'imprimerie, que dans le poème Persan dont vous m'avez fait l'honneur de me gratifier. Je suis bien faché que pendant mon sejour à Londres j'ai été privé de votre chère compagnie, qui m auroit été d'une resource infinie ; et j'ignore encore si je jouirai de ce bonheur lors de votre retour, me voyant obligé de suivre bientôt ma nouvelle destination à Naples, où l'Empereur m'a nommé son Ministre. Mais quelle que soit ma destinée, je vous prie d'être persuadé, que l'absence et l'éloignement ne changeront jamais rien

à la

à la résolution que j'ai prise d'être toute ma vie par reconnoissance et par inclination,

Votre très humble et très obeissant,

Serviteur,

REVICZKI.

Appendix. A.

The Design of "Britain Discovered," an Heroic Poem, in Twelve Books,

BY WILLIAM JONES.

Ne carmine quidem ludere contrarium fuerit: ideoque mihi videtur M. Tullius tantum intulisse eloquentiæ lumen, quod in hos quoque studiorum secessus excurrit.

Quintil. Instit. I. x. 5.

The Idea of an Epic Poem, at Spa, July 1770, Anno ætat. 23.

BRITAIN DISCOVERED:

A POEM.

IN TWELVE BOOKS.

THE DESIGN.

THE first hint of this poem was suggested by a passage in a letter of Spenser to

to Sir Walter Raleigh, where having explained his intention in writing the Fairy Queen, he adds, that if he found his image of Prince Arthur, and the allegory of the twelve private virtues to be well accepted, he might, perhaps, be encouraged to frame the other part of political virtues in his person, after he came to be king. What Spenser never lived to perform, it is my design in some measure to supply, and in the short intervals of my leisure from the fatigues of the bar, to finish an heroic poem on the excellence of our Constitution, and the character of a perfect king of England.

When this idea first presented itself to my mind, I found myself obliged, though unwillingly, to follow the advice of Bossu, who insists, that a poet should choose his subject in the abstract, and then search in the wide field of universal history for a hero exactly fitted to his purpose. My

hero

hero was not easy to be found; for the story of King Arthur, which might have been excellent in the sixteenth century, has lost its dignity in the eighteenth; and it seemed below a writer of any genius to adopt entirely a plan chalked out by others; not to mention, that Milton had a design in his youth, of making Arthur his hero; that Dryden has given us a sketch of his intended poem on the same subject; and that even Blackmore had taken the same story; whose steps it were a disgrace to follow.

It only remains, therefore, to have recourse to allegory and tradition; and to give the poem a double sense; in the first of which, its subject is simply this, the discovery of our island by the Tyrian adventurers, who first gave it the name of Britain; in the second, or allegorical sense, it exhibits the character above mentioned, of a perfect king of this country,—a cha-

racter

racter the most glorious and beneficial of any that the warmest imagination can form. It represents the danger to which a king of England must necessarily be exposed, the vices which he must avoid, and the virtues and great qualities with which he must be adorned. On the whole, Britain Disbovered, is intended as a poetical panegyric on our excellent Constitution, and as a pledge of the author's attachment to it; as a national epic poem, like those of Homer, Virgil, Tasso, Camoëns, designed to celebrate the honours of his Country, to display in a striking light the most important principles of politics and morality, and to inculcate these grand maxims, that nothing can shake our state, while the true liberty of the subject remains united with the dignity of the sovereign, and, that in all states, virtue is the only sure basis of private and public happiness.

A work

A work of this nature might indeed have been written in prose, either in the form of a treatise, after the example of Aristotle, or of a dialogue, in the manner of Tully, whose six books on government are now unhappily lost; or perhaps in imitation of Lord Bolingbroke, who has left us something of the same kind in his idea of a patriot king: but as poetry has the allowed advantage over mere prose, of instilling moral precepts in a manner more lively and entertaining, it was thought proper to deliver the whole subject in regular measure, under the fiction of an heroic adventure.

The poem will be written in rhyme, like the translation of the Iliad by Pope, and of the Eneid by Dryden; since it has been found by experience, that the verses of those poets not only make a deeper impression on the mind, but are more easily retained in the memory, than blank verse, which

which must necessarily be too diffuse, and in general can only be distinguished from prose by the affectation of obsolete or foreign idioms, inversions, and swelling epithets, all tending to destroy the beauty of our language, which consists in a natural sweetness and unaffected perspicuity: not to insist that a writer who finds himself obliged to confine his sentiments in a narrow circle, will be less liable to run into luxuriance, and more likely to attain that roundness of diction so justly admired by the ancients. As to the monotony which many people complain of in our English rhymes, that defect, which is certainly no small one, if we admit only those endings which are exactly similar, must be compensated by a judicious variation of the pauses, an artful diversity of modulation, and chiefly by avoiding too near a return of the same endings.

The machinery is taken partly from

the Socratic doctrine of attendant spirits, or benevolent angels, like Thyrsis in the Masque of Comus; and partly from the Scriptural account of evil spirits worshipped in Asia, under the names of Baal, Astartè, Nisroc, Dagon, Mammon, Moloch, and in ancient Europe, where Cadmus introduced them under those of Jupiter, Venus, Mars, Neptune, Vulcan, Pluto. If any objection be made to these machines, they may be considered as allegorical, like Spenser's knights and paynims; the good spirits may be said to represent the virtues, and the evil ones the vices.

The action, or story of the piece, is raised upon the tradition before-mentioned, that the Phœnicians first discovered the island of Britain; but the rest must be wholly supplied by invention.

A prince of Tyre, therefore, whom we may name Britanus or Britan, shocked at

at the cruelty of his countrymen in sacrificing their prisoners to idols, and at their impiety in paying divine honours to evil spirits, had meditated a voyage to some distant coast; with which intent, pretending to prepare for an expedition against some rival nation, he had built a number of barques, and secured to his interests a company of enterprizing youths, but was doubtful whither he should direct his course, till his attendant spirit, Ramiel, appeared to him in a vision, commending his pious resolution, and advising him to seek a beautiful isle in the west, where, after a variety of dangers on earth and sea, he would reign in peace, and be the progenitor of a noble race, who would profess a true and benevolent religion, and excel all other nations in learning, arts, and valour. At the same time, the spirit shewed him the picture of a lovely nymph who then ruled the island, attended by

damsels of her own nature. The prince, animated by this vision, and deeply enamoured with the idea of the nymph, who, in the allegorical sense, represents Liberty, left the coast of Phœnicia, and sailed towards Egypt.

These circumstances, being previous to the action, are not related till the second book: for, at the opening of the poem, after the usual introduction, the prince is brought with his companions to the mouth of the Nile; he lands, and advances towards the city of Memphis, but is met in a forest by Ramiel, in the shape of a venerable sage, who conducts him to the palace of the Egyptian king, where he sees the temple of science, the pyramids (then just begun), and other amazing edifices. After a splendid repast, he is desired to relate the motives of his voyage.—The subject of the next book has been already explained; but it will be diversified,

sified, like all the rest, with several speeches, descriptions, and episodes. — The third book begins with a consultation of the evil deities worshipped in Phœnicia; whose various characters are delineated. The debate is opened by Baal, who, in a furious speech, complains of the insult offered to their temples by the expedition of the Tyrians, and discourses with malignity on the future happiness of their descendants. Various stratagems are proposed, to obstruct their progress. At last, Astarte offers to allure the chief with the love of pleasure, Mammon to tempt him with riches; Dagon promises to attack his fleet, Nisroc to engage him in a desperate war, Moloch to assist his enemies by his enchantment, and Baal himself to subvert his government, by instilling into his mind a fondness of arbitrary power. In the mean while, the Tyrians are at sea, accompanied by Ramiel, who, in the character

racter of a sage, had offered to conduct them; they are driven by a tempest back to Cyprus, where Astartè, in the shape of a beautiful princess, like the nymph before described, attempts to seduce the hero by all the allurements of voluptuousness, which he resists at length by the assistance of the guardian spirit, and leaves the island, where he had almost been induced to settle, mistaking it for the western isle described to him in his vision. — In the fourth book, after an invocation to the nymphs of Thames, the virgin Albina is represented conversing with her damsels in Albion ;— her dream, and love of the Tyrian prince, whose image had been shewn to her in a rivulet by the Genius of the isle. The Phœnicians, landing in Crete, are received by Baal, who had taken the form of the Cretan king, and discourses to the prince in praise of tyranny, but is confuted by the sage. — The fifth book represents a na-

tion in peace; a meeting, raised by the instigation of Baal, is appeased; arts, manufactures, and sciences begin to flourish. As the Tyrians sail along the coast of the Mediterranean, the sage, at the request of Britan, describes to him the state of Greece, Italy, and the Gauls, and relates rather obscurely, by way of prophecy, the future glory and decline of Athens and Rome.—The Phœnicians reach the streights, at the opening of the sixth book. The evil spirits assemble, and determine, since most of their stratagems had failed, to attack them by violence. Dagon raises a tempest and a great commotion in the elements, so that the whole fleet is covered with darkness: Ramiel encourages the prince, and, pretending to retire from danger on account of his age, summons a legion of genii, or benevolent angels, and engages the evil spirits in the air. Nisroc, in hopes of intimidating

Britan,

Britan, appears to him in all his horrors; the prince expostulates with him, and darts a javelin at the spirit, but is seized by Mammon, and carried in a cloud to a distant part of the globe; upon which, Ramiel, whose power may be supposed to be limited, and who might think that the virtue of the prince should be put to a severe trial, leaves him for a time, and flies, in his own shape, to the mansion of the beneficent genii. — The seventh book is wholly taken up with a description of the opposite hemisphere, to which the prince is conveyed by Mammon, whose palace and treasure are described; the Tyrian chief is almost tempted to desist from his enterprise, and to reside in America with the adorers of Mammon: — the inconveniences of an oligarchy displayed. The evil spirits being dispersed, light returns to the Tyrians, who find themselves in the ocean, but, missing their leader and

the sage, dispute about the regency, and are on the point of separating;—the danger of anarchy: at length having an admiral and a commander, they land on the coast of Gaul, at the beginning of the eighth book. Nisroc incites the king of that country to attack them; hence is deduced the origin of the national enmity between the English and French. The guardian spirits assemble; their speeches; the genius of Albion proposes to conduct Albina to the palace of Mammon, in order to rouse the hero from his inactivity.—In the ninth book, the war in Gaul is supported with alternate success, and various heroes distinguish themselves on both sides by their valour or virtue. Moloch contrives an enchanted valley between the Gallic city and the Phœnician camp, which distresses the Tyrians extremely, who, despairing of the prince's return, are encouraged and assisted by Ramiel.

In

— In the tenth book, the genius appears to Albina, relates to her the situation of Britan, and passes with her disguised like young warriors, through the centre of the earth; they rise on a sudden in the gardens of Mammon, and discover themselves to the prince, who returns with them to Europe. — The malevolent spirits, thus baffled in all their attempts, debate, in the eleventh book, upon taking more vigorous measures, and resolve to hazard a decisive battle with the guardian angels. The war in Gaul continued; a bloody combat; the Tyrians put to flight: Britan and Albina appear and rally them; the evil deities defeated; Gaul subdued; the Phœnicians pass the enchanted valley. — In the last book, the victorious army march along the coast of France, till they discern the rocks of Albion; upon which, they embark and cross the channel, attended by the invisible genii, who

sit

sit in the sails. The nuptials of Britan, who gives his name to the island, with Albina, that is, in the more hidden sense, of royalty with liberty. The Tyrians choose their brides among the other nymphs. Ramiel conducts the king and queen of Britain to the top of a high mountain, since called Dover Cliff, whence he shews them the extent of their empire, points to its different rivers, forests, and plains, foretels its future glory, and, having resumed his celestial form, flies to heaven; the hero and nymph descend from the mountain astonished and delighted.

BRITAIN DISCOVERED.

BOOK I.

The daring chief who left the Tyrian shore,
And, led by angels, durst new seas explore,
Commands my boldest strain. Thro' dire alarms,
The shock of tempests, and the clash of arms,
He sought the main where blissful Albion lay,
And, heav'n-defended, took his anxious way.
Tho' air-born fiends his wand'ring fleet assail'd,
With impious rage; yet love and truth prevail'd.

BRITAIN DISCOVERED:

AN

HEROIC POEM.

THE ARGUMENTS.

BOOK I.

THE *Phœnicians* having landed near *Tartessus*, are unkindly received by the natives; their leader, BRITAN, sends *Phenix* and *Hermion*, as his ambassadors, to the king of *Iberia*, who treats them with indignity, rejects the proffered union, and commands them to leave his coast. In the mean time, the prince of *Tyre* wanders, to meditate on his destined enterprise, into a forest; where his attendant spirit appears to him in the character of a *Druid*, warns him of approaching dangers, and exhorts him to visit in disguise the court of king LUSUS; he consents; is con-

conducted to the banks of the *Tagus*, with a harp and oaken garland; and is hospitably entertained by the sovereign of *Lusitania*, who prevails on him to relate the history of his life and fortunes. The narrative begins from his vision of ALBIONE in the groves of *Tyre*, and his consultation of the *Memphian* sages, to his arrival in *Greece*. He visits DIDO, his father's sister, then employed in building *Carthage*. A debate between *Phenix* and the *Carthaginian* chiefs on the best possible form of government.

BOOK II.

The gods of INDIA convened on Mount *Cailás*, by *Rudra* or *Mahádéva*, the power of destruction; their numbers, characters, attributes, and attendants. The goddess *Gangá* announces the views and voyage of the *Tyrian* hero; expresses her apprehensions of his ultimate success, but advises the most vehement opposition to

him; declaring, that his victory will prove the origin of a wonderful nation, who will possess themselves of her banks, profane her waters, mock the temples of the *Indian* divinities, appropriate the wealth of their adorers, introduce new laws, a new religion, a new government, insult the *Brâhmens*, and disregard the sacred ordinances of *Brihmâ*. After a solemn debate, it is agreed to exert all their powers, and to begin with obstructing the passage of the *Phœnician* fleet into the *Atlantic*, by hurling a vast mountain into the straits; they proceed immediately to a variety of hostile machinations.

BOOK III.

The narrative of *Britan* continued, with a description of the *Grecian* islands, of the *Italian* and *Gallic* shores, and closed with an account of the tempest that compelled him to land on the coast of *Iberia*. The king of *Lusitania*, foreseeing the future greatness

greatness of the prince, secretly envies him, but promises friendly aid in *private*, assigning reasons for his inability to give *open* succour. *Britan* departs, and proceeds toward *Gaul*, in order to view the channel and beautiful isle, that were destined to perpetuate his name.

BOOK IV.

The hero, still disguised, and attended by his tutelary genius, travels to the coast of *Gaul;* learns that the king of that country, GALLUS, invited by an embassy from *Iberia*, and instigated by the HINDU god of battles, had resolved to concur in extirpating the *Phœnicians;* and is apprised, that the *Tartessians* had actually assailed the works which his army had raised. On this, he returns with incredible celerity; while the benignant genii or spirits, permitted to attend on favoured mortals, hold a splendid convention in the Empyrean.

BOOK V.

War is begun in form, and various actions of heroes are related; the *Indian* gods intermix in fight, and are opposed by the guardian spirits. *Tartessus* taken by storm: in a council of *Tyrian* chiefs, it is proposed by *Lelex*, to leave the coast victorious, and sail instantly to *Albion*; but the impracticability of that plan is evinced by a messenger, who announces the sudden obstruction of the ships. *Britan* then proposes, as a measure distressful but necessary, to pursue their course with vigour through *Iberia* and *Gaul*; that, if conquered, they might perish gloriously; if conquerors, might seize the hostile galleys, and in them pass the channel. The proposal is received with bursts of applause, and the *Phœnician* troops are drawn out in complete array.

BOOK VI.

Various exploits and events in battle.

The

The actions of *Indra*, god of air, with his *seven* evil genii; of *Rama*, *Belabadra*, *Nared*, and *Cartic*. The *Tyrians*, in deep distress, apply to Lusus, who assists them coldly. The *Celts* are every-where successful; and the *Gallic* fleet covers the bay.

BOOK VII.

The guardian spirit prepares the nymph *Albione* for prosperous events; encourages *Britan*, but announces imminent perils; then leaves him on pretence of assisting at certain *Druidical* rites. A terrible combat in the air, and at the straits, between the opposing gods and the tutelary angels; the mountain is rent from the mouth of the straits, and becomes a floating island, which, being fixed, has the name of *Madera*, and is given to Lusus. The *Phœnician* fleet having been with difficulty preserved from the *Agnyastra*, or fiery darts of *Mahésa*, sails triumphantly into the

the *Atlantic*, after a surprising retreat of the army under the conduct of *Britan*.

BOOK VIII.

The *Druid* returns with a relation of oracular answers in the *Celtic* temples, concerning the destiny of *Albion*, and the *Atlantides*, or New World: the future *American* war and the defence of *Gibraltar* by different names, are obscurely shadowed in the prediction. An obstinate naval fight; in which, BRITAN is wounded by an arrow of fire, but protected and carried from the fleet by his attendant angel.

BOOK IX.

The genius transports *Britan* to the isle of *Albion;* which is described by its mountains, vales, and rivers; then uninhabited, except by nymphs and beings of a superior order. The palace and gardens of *Albione;* who completes the cure of her lover, and acquiesces in his return to the army,

army; having first, at his request, told her own adventures, and related the separation of her island from the coast of *Gaul*.

BOOK X.

The *Gallic* army arrayed: the actions of their chiefs. A variety of distress involves the *Tyrians* by sea and land; they are driven to their works, and enclosed on both sides; until their prince appearing suddenly among them, rouses their courage, and performs the most heroic achievements, by which the scale of success is completely turned. This book contains a number of events and episodes; among them is the death and funeral of MELCART, the *Tyrian* Hercules.

BOOK XI.

The *Indian* deities invite those of *Tyre* and *Syria* to co-operate with them; prophesying darkly the invasion of their empire by the Croisaders; they excuse themselves, equally averse to the *Gauls* and to all

all the nations of *Europe*. A final conflict; and a complete victory in every element by the *Phœnicians* over *Gallus* and *Iberus*, and by the protecting, over the malignant spirits. The victors land in *Albion*, since called *Britain*, on the coast of *Hama*, now *Hampshire*; a description of the triumph, entertainments, and sports.

BOOK XII.

The nuptials of *Britan* and *Albione*, or, allegorically, of *Royalty* and *Liberty* united in the constitution of *England*. The attending *Druid*, appearing in his own form and in all his splendour, predicts the glories of the country, and its disasters; but animates, rather than alarms, the hero and nymph, whom he consoles, whenever he afflicts them; he recommends the government of the *Indians* by their own laws. He then flies, his object being attained, to the celestial regions; they apply themselves to the regulation of their domain and the happiness of their subjects.

The

The discovery of the BRITISH Isles by the *Tyrians*, is mentioned by *Strabo*, *Diodorus*, and *Pliny;* and proved as well by the *Phœnician* monuments found in IRELAND, as by the affinity between the *Irish* and *Punic* languages. NEWTON places this event about the *Eight-hundred-eighty-third* year before CHRIST, and in the *twenty-first* after the taking of TROY.

BOOK I.

GENIUS, or Spirit, or tutelary Power
Of virtue-loving heav'n, yet uninvok'd
By prophet rapt, or bard in hallow'd shades
To grace his native minstrelsy, though oft
Thy cares for BRITAIN, thy celestial aid
Grateful her sons have mark'd; if e'er thou ledst
Her glitt'ring ranks unmatch'd o'er hostile fields,
Or, when her navies hurl'd dismay through GAUL,
Pointedst their light'ning, and on some bright mast
Satst like an eagle plum'd with victory,
Oh! fill this glowing bosom, whilst I sing
Her charms, her glories, and thy love divine.

What Chief, what Sage, what Hero, train'd by thee
To wisdom, first on this delightful isle
Struck his advent'rous prow? That sacred form
Of state, self-balanc'd, harmony sublime,
Freedom with sov'reignty in sweet accord,

Who

Who constituted first? The Prince of TYRE
Long wand'ring, long depress'd, yet e'er impell'd
Right onward, till fair triumph bless'd his toils,
By godlike worth and beauty's heav'nly charm.

Now were his light-oar'd galleys tempest-tost
To rich TARTESSUS, on the far-sought shore
Of that proud realm, where BŒTIS, ample flood,
Rush'd o'er the manors of IBERUS old,
Fam'd for the laughing sheaf, the silky fleece,
And many-cluster'd vine; not fam'd her sons
For meek deportment, or the soothing voice
Of hospitality, and reception mild
In sure abode, to strangers visitant.

From BOOK VII.

As *Tibetian* mountains rise
Stupendous, measureless, ridge beyond ridge,
From *Himola*, below the point far seen
Of *Chumaluri*, to more lofty steeps,
Cambala vast, then loftier without bound,
Till sight is dimm'd, thought maz'd; the traveller
Perplex'd, and worn with toil each hour renew'd,
Still through deep vales, and o'er rough crags proceeds:
Thus on the beech, now died with horrid gore,
Warrior o'er warrior tow'ring, arms on arms,
Dire series, press'd; one slain, the next more fierce,
Assail'd the *Tyrian*: he his falchion keen
Relax'd not, but still cloth'd its edge with death,
Disturb'd, yet undismay'd; stung, not appall'd.

Appendix. B.

A

PREFATORY DISCOURSE

TO

AN ESSAY ON THE HISTORY OF THE TURKS.

THERE is no people in Europe, which has raised the terror, and excited the curiosity of the Christian world more than the *Turks;* nor any, I believe, of whose true genius and manners we have so imperfect a notion; for though a great number of travellers, and among them several excellent men, have from time to time published their observations on various parts of the *Turkish* empire, yet few of them, as it evidently appears, understood the languages that are spoken in it, without

out which their knowledge could not fail of being very superficial and precarious.

It has generally happened, that the persons who have resided among the *Turks*, and who, from their skill in the *Eastern* dialects, have been best qualified to present us with an exact account of that nation, were either confined to a low sphere of life, or engaged in views of interest, and but little addicted to polite letters or philosophy; while they, who, from their exalted stations and refined taste for literature, have had both the opportunity and inclination of penetrating into the secrets of *Turkish* policy, were totally ignorant of the language used at *Constantinople*, and consequently were destitute of the sole means by which they might learn, with any degree of certainty, the sentiments and prejudices of so singular a people: for the *Mahometans*, naturally ignorant and reserved to men of our religion,

will disclose their opinions to those only who have gained their confidence by a long intimacy with them, and the Greek subjects, who have a just detestation of their oppressors, can hardly be supposed to speak of them with tolerable candour. As to the generality of interpreters, we cannot expect from men of their condition any depth of reasoning, or acuteness of observation; if mere words are all they profess, mere words must be all they can pretend to know.

It may therefore be given as a general rule, that no writer can exhibit a just picture of the manners of any people, who has not either conversed familiarly with all ranks of them for a considerable time, or, by a more tedious process, extracted their sentiments from the books that are written in their language; and it is equally true, that the justest description of the *Asiatic* manners must necessarily be given by those, who,

who, besides a complete acquaintance with *Oriental* literature, have had the advantage of a long residence in the *East*; for which reason, the most authentic account of a *Mahometan* nation, that ever was published, is that of the *Persians* by the traveller *Chardin*, who not only had the most familiar intercourse for many years with the greatest men in *Ispahan*, but was perfectly acquainted with the *Persian* histories and poems, from which he has given us many beautiful extracts.

We have great reason to regret, that no relation of equal authority, has been written on the manners of the *Turks*; for among the many narratives on that subject which have been presented to the public, there are very few that can be recommended to a sensible reader. There are indeed some works in the languages of *Europe*, from which, as from so many copious sources, we may draw a variety of real knowledge

on

on this head; and it will not be improper in this discourse to give a list of them, with a few remarks on each, before I proceed to mention the *Eastern* books, both printed and in manuscript, from which the materials of the following essay were taken. This seems to me a more reasonable, and less ostentatious method of producing my authorities, than to fill every page with useless quotations, and references to sections or chapters, which few readers will take the pains to consult.

One of the most ancient, and perhaps the most agreeable of these works, comprises the *four epistles of* BUSBEC on his embassy to *Soliman the Second*, and his *oration on a plan for supporting a vigorous war against the Turks;* in all which pieces, his diction is extremely polished and elegant, his observations judicious, his account of public facts indisputably true, and his anecdotes tolerably authentic: but

by

by neglecting to make himself a complete master of the *Turkish* language, or by his long confinement at *Constantinople*, he omitted an opportunity of conversing with the finest writers and ablest scholars, whom the Othman empire ever produced, and whose beautiful compositions added a lustre to the reign of *Soliman*.

The *Turkish* articles in the vast compilation of M. D'HERBELOT, are of the highest authority, since he drew them from a number of Eastern manuscripts, many of which were composed by *Turks* themselves, who had at least as fair a chance of knowing *their own manners and opinions*, as any *European* whatever. It is not possible to be too lavish in the praises of that excellent work, which has the uncommon merit of being no less agreeable than learned; and though it is disposed according to the order of the alphabet, yet it is so judiciously contrived by the help of references, that

that with all the convenience of a dictionary, it may be read for the most part like a regular treatise.

The *History of Timúr* or *Tamerlane*, written originally in *Arabic*, by a native of *Damascus*, and translated into *French* by *M. Vattier*, deserves to be credited, as far as it relates to the conquests of that hero in the *Lower Asia*, and to his war with the sultan *Bayazid the First*, who was forced by the *Tartars* to raise the siege of *Constantinople*. The actions of *Timúr* are related at large in this elegant work, which displays a faithful and interesting picture of the *Asiatic* manners in the *fourteenth century*; the author of it was contemporary with the *Tartarian* warrior, and was eye-witness of the principal facts which he records.

The *Tales of the forty Visirs*, translated by *M. de la Croix*, are also undoubtedly authentic; and though they are very inelegant,

gant, and in some parts trifling, yet upon the whole they are ingenious, and shew in some degree the turn of mind of the people for whom they were invented; but the most useful translation of a *Turkish* book that has yet appeared, is that in *Italian*, of an admirable history by the Mufti SAADEDDIN, which reaches indeed no lower than the reign of *Selim the First;* but for the beauty of its composition, and the richness of its matter, may be compared with the finest historical pieces in the languages of *Europe.*

It will seem ridiculous to place a *Turkish dictionary* among these authorities; but it is certainly true, that *the great repository of Eastern learning, compiled by* MENINSKI, contains not only the clearest explanation of common words, and proper names, but exhibits the most exact specimens of the colloquial expressions and forms of speech used by the *Turks;* and a judi-

a judicious writer will not fail to observe the minutest phrases, or even the commonest proverbs of a nation whom he intends to describe, since they sometimes comprise an allusion to local customs, and often include some maxim or received opinion, which may serve to set the character of the people in a striking light. It is a remark of Mr. *Pope*, in answer to a line of Lord *Hervey*, that *a dictionary, which gives us any thing but words, must be not only an expensive, but a very extravagant one*; yet, methinks if a dictionary can be found, which is *not very expensive, nor very extravagant*, it cannot reasonably be censured for giving us a little *real knowledge* as well as *words*.

The History of the Turks by the prince * CANTEMIR, far surpasses, in authority and method,

* It will give me pleasure to pay a small tribute in this place to the memory of that excellent man, by vindicating his character from the very unjust and groundless

method, every work on the same subject in any *European* dialect. He was educated

groundless charges of *M. de Voltaire*, who allows indeed, that he possessed the united talents of the ancient *Greeks*, a taste for polite letters, and a skill in the art of war. He adds, this *Cantemir* was supposed to be a descendant of *Timúr*, known by the name of *Tamerlane*, because *Timur* and *Temir* sound nearly alike, and because the title of *Kan*, which *Tamerlane* bore, is found in the name of *Cantemir*. Now the truth is, that the syllable *Cán* is not خان *khán*, a title of honour, but قان *kán*, blood; and the words *Timúr*, or *Temir*, are used indifferently in the *Turkish* language for *Demir*, that is *iron*, which was the precise meaning of *Tamerlane's* true name: so that *Cantemir* literally signifies *the blood of Timur*; and the propriety of this name was confirmed by a *Tartarian* chief, who assured *Demetrius*, that a prince of his nation, lineally descended from *Tamerlane*, had married a Christian woman, from whom the family of the *Cantemirs* had their origin. But, continues the *French* historian, whatever might be the lineage of *Cantemir*, he owed all his fortune to the *Turkish* court; and was no sooner invested in his principality of *Moldavia*, than he betrayed the sultan, his benefactor, to the *Russian* emperor, from whom he had hopes of greater gain: the *Czar*, he adds, relying on his promises, advanced in the month of June to the banks of the river *Hierasus*,

or

cated at *Constantinople*, and acquainted from his earliest youth with the genius and manners

or the *Pruth*, where, by depending on *Cantemir*, he met the same hardships, that his rival *Charles* had suffered at *Pultava* by having trusted to *Mazeppa*. It must have cost this ingenious writer some pains to have crouded so many errors into so few words. *Cantemir* inherited an ample fortune from his father, and lived at *Constantinople* in a splendid retreat, where he amused himself with building palaces near the *Bosphorus*, and adorning them with the finest remains of old *Grecian* sculpture, that could be procured: while he was engaged in these, and other agreeable pursuits, *Brancovan*, prince of *Valachia*, was accused of holding a secret correspondence with the *Czar*; and *Cantemir*, who accepted, much against his inclination, the title of *Prince of Moldavia*, was sent by the *Turkish* court with orders to seize the person of the rebel. As his revenues were not sufficient to support his new dignity without some indulgence from the court, the sultan promised to dispense with his paying the usual fine* upon his investiture, and to defray the additional expences that he might incur on account of the war; but the prince had no sooner reached the capital of *Moldavia*, than he received orders from the ministers to remit without delay the fines due to the sultan and the

* Called by the Turks پیشکش pishkesh.

vizir;

manners of the *Turks*; and as he was eminently skilled in the *Arabic*, *Persian*, and *Turkish* languages, he was enabled to draw his knowledge of their affairs from the fountain-head: for which reason, if his narrative were not rather too succinct, and

visir; to collect provisions for an army of sixty thousand *Turks*; to complete the bridge over the *Danube*; and to march in person towards *Bender* before the festival of *St. George*. The prince, on receiving these commands, with which it was not in his power to comply, resolved to join the Czar, and was of signal service to him, as it appeared by the great regard, which that monarch professed for him till the hour of his death. The distress of *Peter* was owing to his dependence on the promises of *Brancovan*, who had engaged to supply the *Russians* with provisions, yet remained an idle spectator of their calamity, till their camp was threatened with a famine. Thus, one of the finest writers of our age accuses a generous and amiable prince of ingratitude, avarice, and perfidy, merely for the sake of comparing him with *Mazeppa*, and of drawing a parallel between the conduct of *Charles XII.* and *Peter I.*; and he deserves still more to be censured, for deviating knowingly from the truth, since it appears from some parts of his *General History*, that he had read the works of *Cantemir*, and admired his character. See *the Life of Charles XII.* book v.; and *the History of the Russian Empire*, vol. ii. chap. ii.

if

if he had dwelt somewhat longer on the subject of the *Eastern* government and literature, or had unfolded all the causes of the greatness and decline of the *Othman* empire, his work would have been complete, and my present attempt entirely superfluous. As to his piece, considered as a literary performance, it contains all the qualities which *Tully* lays down as necessary to constitute a perfect history*: nothing is asserted in it that has the appearance of falsehood; nor any essential thing omitted that has the least colour of truth; there is no reason to suspect the writer either of partiality or disaffection; the order of time is accurately preserved, and the description of remarkable places frequently inserted; the author gives his judgment, openly, on the counsels of kings and generals; he relates the circumstances of every memorable act; and shews

* Cicero de Oratore, ii. 15.

both

both the causes and consequences of every important event: with regard to the persons, he describes the lives and characters not only of the sultans, but of all the eminent men who bore a considerable share in the great transactions of the nation: and he dresses the whole piece in an easy, natural, and flowing style, without affecting any merit, but that of clearness; except where, for the sake of variety, he drops a few flowery expressions in the Oriental manner. To which may be added, (a qualification that *Cicero* seems to have omitted in the passage just referred to,) that he has made his work extremely agreeable, and has infused into it that exquisite charm†, so necessary in all finished compositions, which makes the reader leave it unwillingly, and return to it with eagerness. It is almost needless to say, after this just encomium, that CANTE-

† Φίλτρον καὶ ἴυγγα, as the *Greeks* called it.

MIR'S

MIR's *history* renders the compilations of *Knolles* and *Rycaut* entirely useless; though both of those works are well written, and the former even elegantly for the age in which the author lived: yet I must do them the justice to acknowledge, that I have borrowed several hints from them, though I could not make any positive assertion upon their authority, as they were both ignorant of the *Turkish* language; and since a very sensible writer * observes even of *Plutarch*, that though he was supposed to have resided in *Rome* near forty years at different times, yet he seems never to have acquired a sufficient skill in the *Roman* language to qualify himself for the compiler of a *Roman* history, the same objection may certainly be made to the two historians above mentioned, one of whom spent most of his time in a college, and the other, though he resided

* Middleton, in the preface to his Life of Cicero.

many years in *Turkey*, was forced to converse with the *Turks* by the help of an interpreter.

The letters of a lady, famed for her wit and fine taste, are in every body's hands; and are highly estimable, not only for the purity of the style, and the liveliness of the sentiments, but for the curious picture they give of the *Turkish* manners in the present age, and particularly of the women of rank at *Constantinople*, whose apartments could not be accessible to a common traveller.

The author of *Observations on the Government and Manners of the Turks* had, from his residence in their metropolis, and the distinguished part that he bore in it, an opportunity of inspecting their customs, and forming a just idea of their character. It is a singular pleasure to me to find many of my sentiments confirmed by the authority of so judicious a writer;

nor do I despair, if this essay should fall into his hands, of giving him a more favourable opinion of the *Turkish* language, which he supposes to be *formed of the very dregs of the* Persian *and* Arabian *tongues;* and a higher notion of the *Persian* poetry, which, he observes, it is almost impossible, as far as he can find, for the best translator to convert even into common sense *.

But the latest, and, perhaps, the most curious publication on the subject of the *Turks*, was, *A Treatise on Tactics*, written in *Turkish*, in the year 1731, and translated two years ago by a foreign nobleman, who added to it *a very sensible preface, and learned notes.* It was the object of this little work to recommend to the *Othman* court the military discipline of the *Christians*, and to display the advantage of that artful disposition of their troops, by

* Second Edit. p. 38.

which

which the timorous and suspected men are put under a necessity of fighting, even against their will; a disposition, which *Hannibal*, and other great masters in the art of war, have followed with success, and which, if we believe *Homer*, was even as ancient as the siege of *Troy*:

> The horse and chariots to the front assign'd;
> The foot, the strength of war, he rang'd behind;
> The middle space, suspected troops supply,
> Enclos'd by both, nor left the power to fly.
>
> POPE's *Iliad*, iv. 342.

The whole treatise is entertaining and instructive; and though it is very imperfect, and often erroneous where the *Christians* are mentioned, yet it supplied me with many important lights, in my enquiry concerning *the causes of the greatness and decline of the* Turkish *empire*.

These are the principal works in the languages of *Europe*, that have fallen into my hands, on the same subject with the

following *Essay*; and, though I have borrowed very freely from them all, yet by making this general acknowledgment of my obligations to them, I obviate, I think, any objection that can be made on that head, and cannot justly be reputed a plagiary, if to the passages taken from others, I add a series of remarks peculiar to myself. I very soon desisted from my search after the other books on the Turkish affairs, in the *French* and *Italian* languages; for, after having run over a great number of them, I found them to contain little more than the same facts, which are related more elegantly by the above-mentioned authors, with the addition of some idle fables and impertinent projects. As to the *Greek* writers of the *Byzantine* history, who have given us an account of the *Turks*, it was the less necessary to examine them with attention, as *Knolles* seems to have reduced them to their quintessence; and indeed,

indeed, the generality of those historians were more attentive to the harmony of their periods, and the beauty of their expressions, than either to the truth of the facts which they related, or to the solidity of the remarks deduced from them. They were no longer those excellent *Greeks*, whose works remain to this age, as a perfect example of the noblest sentiments delivered in the purest style: they seemed to think, that fine writing consisted in a florid exuberance of words, and that, if they pleased the ear, they were sure to satisfy the heart: they even knowingly corrupted the *Asiatic* names, to give them a more agreeable sound *, by which they have led their successors into a number of ridiculous errors, and have given their histories the air of a romance.

* Thus they changed *Togrul Beg* into *Tangrolipix*, and *Azzo'ddin* † into *Azatines*.

† عز الدين the strength of religion.

Before

Before I proceed to the books, which the *Turks* themselves have written on their own affairs, it will be necessary to make a digression on their *literature* in general, lest the opinion which most men entertain of the *Turkish ignorance*, should induce some of them to suspect the authority of these works, or even to doubt of their existence.

It is a ridiculous notion, then, which prevails among us, that *ignorance is a principle of the Mohammedan religion*, and that the *Koran* instructs the *Turks* not to be instructed. I have heard many sensible men inveighing against the mean policy of *Mohammed*, who they say commanded his followers to be ignorant, lest they should one day or other learn that he had imposed upon them. There is not a shadow of truth in this; *Mohammed* not only permitted but advised his people to apply themselves to learning. He says expressly

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in his strange book, where there are many fine ideas mixed with a heap of rubbish, *that the man who has knowledge for his portion, has received a valuable gift;* and among his sayings, which were preserved by his intimate friends, and are now considered as authentic, there are several which recommend learning in the strongest terms; as, *the ink of the learned and the blood of martyrs are of equal value in heaven,* and *learning is permitted to all believers both male and female:* not to mention that precept of his, which is well known, *Seek learning, though it were in* China.

There would be no end of quoting all the striking expressions of this singular man, and the ablest professors of his religion, in praise of knowledge and letters; indeed, we all know, no modern nation was ever more addicted to learning of every kind than the *Arabians;* they cultivated some

branches of science with great success, and brought their language to a high degree of clearness and precision; a proof that they had not only men of taste, but even many philosophers among them; for, that language will always be most clear and precise, in which most works of real philosophy have been written. We are willing also to allow, that the *Persians* have been a polite and ingenious people, which they could not have been without a sufficient culture of their talents. They lay for a long time astonished and stupefied at the rapid progress of the *Mohammedan* arms; but when they began to revive, and had embraced the religion of their conquerors, they followed their natural bent, and applied themselves with great eagerness to the improvement of their language; which was by that time grown very rich by its mixture with the *Arabic*. We are no less candid to the *Indians*, whom we know

know to have been a wise and inventive nation; we read with pleasure their fables of *Pilpai*; we adopt their numerical characters; we divert and strengthen our minds with their game of *Chess*; and of late years, we have condescended to look into their writings; but by a strange degree of obstinacy, we persist in considering the *Turks* as rude, savage, and not only unacquainted with the advantages of learning, but even its avowed persecutors.

This prejudice, absurd as it may seem, is of very ancient growth; it was first brought into *Europe* at that memorable period, when letters began to revive in the west; and has continued to this day without any diminution. It was the fashion in that age to look upon every person as barbarous, who did not study the philosophy of the old Academy; and because the *Turks* had

had driven the *Greeks* from their country, it was immediately concluded that they persecuted even *the language and learning of that nation.*

It is certain, indeed, that the *Turks* were for many years wholly addicted to arms; but when they had secured their conquests in *Asia*, and especially when they were settled in *Constantinople*, they began to cultivate every species of literature; and their sultans often set them the example. At that time, they were so sensible of the high polish which learning gives to the manners of every nation, that they reflected with disdain on their ancient rudeness; and one of the best poets, quoted by *M. d'Herbelot*, says, *although the rude disposition of the* Turks *seemed to be a disorder that had no remedy, yet when they dispersed the clouds of ignorance with the study of polite letters, many of them became a light to*

the

*the world**. But here we must be understood to speak merely of poetry, rhetoric, moral philosophy, history, and the less abstruse parts of knowledge; for, we must confess, and the *Asiatics* confess themselves, that they are far inferior to the natives of *Europe* in every branch of pure and mixed mathematics, as well as in the arts of painting and sculpture, which their religion forbids them to cultivate: a very absurd piece of superstition! which the *Persians* and *Indians* wisely neglected, as

* In Turkish,

ترکلک طبعی گرچه اودہ
بر مرض در که یوقدر انه علاج *
لیک علیله ظلمت جهلی
محو ایدوب اولدیلر جهانه سراج *

But this opinion is contradicted by a satirist, who asserts that, if a *Turk* excelled in every branch of science, and were the ablest scholar of his age, yet a certain rudeness would ever adhere to his disposition.

فرید روزگار اولسه فنون علیله بر ترک
اشکلک ذرّه چه اولمز مزاجندن اتک رایل

they knew that their legislator prohibited the imitation of visible objects to the *Arabs* of his age, lest they should relapse into their recent folly of adoring images; and that when the reason of the law entirely ceases, the law itself ought also to cease. They begin, however, to imitate our studies; and they would undoubtedly have made a considerable progress in the sciences, if the press at *Constantinople* had not failed upon the death of *Ibrahim*, an officer of the Porte, and, what was more singular, a very learned and able printer, whose place has not yet been supplied. This enterprising *Turk*, who had learned *Latin* by his own industry, and was no contemptible writer in his native language, founded a set of *Arabic* types, and printed, under the protection of the court, several pieces of Oriental history, some treatises of geography with maps, and an essay of his own upon the military discipline of the

Euro-

*Europeans**, but none of his countrymen have continued his project; because it is impossible to understand the classical writings of the *Turks* without more than a moderate knowledge of *Persian* and *Arabic*, to which none can pretend, who have not made those languages their particular study for many years; and this is no doubt the reason, why there are fewer men of letters among the *Turks* than among us; for though an intimate acquaintance with the *Greek* and *Roman* authors is necessary to support the character of a scholar, yet a very slight tincture of the ancient languages is sufficient for a popular writer, and scarcely any is requisite for a superficial reader.

The *Mohammedans* in general are passionately fond of history, and not less so of that miscellaneous kind of learning which

* See a catalogue of the books printed by *Ibrahim*, at the end of this discourse.

the

the *Greeks* called πολυμάθεια, of a general knowledge of a vast variety of subjects*. The *Turks* have more historical pieces in their language, than most *European* nations; and we may judge of their erudition by the large work composed in the seventeenth century by *Catibzadeh*, which contains an accurate account of all the books that had been written till his time in *Turkish*, *Arabic*, and *Persian* †.

* This kind of learning was called *varia eruditio* by the *Romans*, among whom *Varro* was the most eminent for it. The most curious and entertaining works of this nature are, *the Banquet of Athenæus*, *the Nights of Aulus Gellius*, and *the Chiliads of Tzetzes*; but the *Arabians* were fonder of this *various erudition* than any people whatever. This species of writing begins to grow contemptible among us, since nothing can be more trifling than to transcribe our common-place book, and nothing more easy than to quote a multitude of authors in the margin.

† The title of this book is كشف الظنون *Cashfo'zo-nn*, or *the Discovery of Opinions*; but it might justly be intitled, افوار الافلاك في اظهار علم الاعراب والاعجام والاتراك or, *A comprehensive View of the Learning of the Arabs, Persians, and Turks.*—*M. d'Herbelot* has inserted the best part of this work in his *Bibliothèque Orientale*.

These works are very imperfectly known in *Europe*; for though *Donado*, a senator of *Venice*, and ambassador from that state to the Porte, published a short essay, in *Italian* on the *literature of the Turks*, yet he knew little or nothing of their language, and took all his accounts of their books from an interpreter, who led him into several mistakes.

The golden age of the *Turkish* learning, was the reign of *Soliman* the Second, or *The Legislator*, in the sixteenth century: and indeed the most shining period in the history of any nation must certainly be that, in which the example of the sovereign gives the nobles a turn for letters, and in which a reputation for knowledge opens a way to riches and honour.

Ali Chelebi, who wrote a very celebrated book of morality, was appointed *Molla*, or ecclesiastical judge of *Adrianople*, and had he lived, would have been raised to the

the dignity of Mufti, or supreme interpreter of the law. He had spent several years in composing an elaborate paraphrase of *Pilpai's Fables*, in which, however, he was a close imitator of an excellent *Persian* author, named *Çasheſi*. His work, which he intitled *Homaiún Nâmeh*, contains fourteen sections in prose and verse, and a very elegant introduction, and an entertaining preface. I may justly assert, that it comprises all the beauties of the *Turkish* language; but it is so mixed with *Persian* and *Arabic* phrases, that a *Turk* of no education would not be able to read a page of it. A beautiful copy of this book is preserved in the *British Museum*, among the manuscripts of Sir *Hans Sloane** ; and it would be highly useful to any person, who

* No. 3586. In the same collection, No. 5456, is a very agreeable romance, intitled, *the Life of Abu Sina*, by *Hassan*, preceptor to *Morad* the Third. Both these books, as well as the rest, which follow, are often cited by *Meninski*.

had

had access to that collection, and wished to learn *Turkish;* especially as part of it has been translated into *French*, and part very elegantly into *Spanish*, by the help of which translations he might pursue his study with incredible ease, provided that he had a moderate knowledge of *Arabic*, which may truly be called the basis and groundwork of Eastern learning.

This is the principal system of *Ethics* among the *Turks*, if we except, perhaps, a moral work *on the duties of man*, intitled, *Icsîri devlet*, which seems also to be written in a very polished style. The *Tales of the Forty Visirs*, composed by a preceptor of *Morad* the Second, are amusing and ingenious; but, as they are not remarkable for any beauty of language, they do not deserve to be mentioned as a classical work; since an elegance of diction, as well as a loftiness of sentiment, are necessary to constitute a fine piece of writing.

The noblest historical work in the *Turkish* language was composed by *Sadaeddîn*, who was Mufti of *Constantinople* in the reign of *Morad* the Third. It contains the history of the *Othmans*, from the founder of that family to *Selim* I. This elegant work has been translated into *Italian* by a very able interpreter of the *Eastern* languages; and the excellent prince *Cantemir* has inserted the substance of it in his history of the *Turks*.

There are a great number of other histories in *Turkish*, some of the whole *Othman* family, and some only of distinct reigns; as Solimám Nâmeh, the *Life of Solimán*; Selím Nâmeh, *the Life of Selim*; and many more, which are highly esteemed by the *Turks* themselves: yet it must be confessed, that the style of these writers, and principally of *Saadeddîn*, by no means answers to our ideas of the simple and graceful diction, the kind of writing which

which *Cicero* commends, *diffused, expanded, and flowing with a natural smoothness;* on the contrary, most of their figures are so extravagant, and many of their expressions so ridiculously bombast, that an *European* must have a very singular taste, who can read them either with pleasure or patience*: but such is the genius of the nation; and we can no more wonder, that their rules of composition are different from ours, than that they build their palaces of wood, and sit on sofas instead of chairs.

The *Byzantine* historians cannot be so easily excused; they had the finest models of composition before them, which they

* Thus a *Turkish* historian, instead of saying that a prince was just and pious, tells us that the footstool of his sovereignty was decked with the ornament of piety, and the throne of his dignity embellished with the rich mantle of justice;—Rutbeti khilafetleri zineti tekwa ileh arásteh, we seriri seltanetleri hilyei maadilet ileh pirásteh; the two members of which sentence end like a poetical couplet, with similar sounds.

neglected: but the *Turks* cannot be condemned for departing from a standard of taste, of which they were wholly ignorant.

It is by no means true, however, that the *Asiatic* histories are no more than chronicles, and contain no sensible remarks on the conduct of princes, whom they consider, we are told, as something more than mortal; there are, indeed, many dull compilations in the languages of *Asia*, as well as in those of *Europe;* but the most approved historians of the East intersperse their narratives with excellent maxims, and boldly interpose their judgment on the counsels of ministers, and the actions of monarchs, unless when they speak of very recent events, and living characters, on which occasions they are more circumspect: and probably *Saadeddîn* continued his history no lower than the reign of *Selim*, that he might not be restrained in his

his reflections by any fear of giving offence.

I have not yet been fortunate enough to meet with the valuable work of *Ali Efendi*, containing the history of the lives of *Mohammed II. Bayazid II. Selim*, and *Soliman*, of which Prince *Cantemir* gives so high an encomium;—"*This book*, (says he,) "*which is extremely scarce, contains every* "*quality of an excellent history; a noble* "*simplicity of style, a warm love of truth,* "*and an abhorrence of flattery.—I am in-* "*debted to this author*, (continues the "Prince,) *for many striking passages in my* "*own piece.*"

The *Turks* have also many treatises on their *government*, *laws*, and *military institutions*, which, if they were translated into some *European* language, would throw a wonderful light on the manners of this extraordinary nation, and present us with a full view of their real character.

One

One of the most curious manuscripts that I have seen in the *Turkish* language, is a very long roll of silky paper *, containing, as it were, a map of the *Asiatic* history from the earliest times to *Selim the Second*; the names of all the patriarchs, prophets, kings, sultans, and califs, who at any time flourished in *Asia*, are set down in a genealogical order, in which the chronology also is carefully observed; and a summary account of their lives and actions is added to most of them. The writer of it is more explicit with regard to the *Othman* family. I took care to compare his remarks with my other materials. The whole work is beautifully transcribed; and the name of *Mohammed* in particular, is adorned with a garland of tulips and carnations, painted in the brightest colours.

In the same collection with the preced-

* Bodl. Marsh. 190.

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ing work*, is *An History of the Othmans*, from the founder of that race, to *Bayazid the Second:* it is finely preserved, and written in an easy style. The prefatory chapter contains a just encomium of the first *Turkish* sultans, whose eminent abilities were a principal cause of the greatness of their empire.

There is another work among *Golius's* manuscripts †, which has been extremely useful to me. It is a register of all the officers of state, the servants of the court, and the *Turkish* forces, both by land and

* No. 313. Most of the manuscripts in this valuable collection of *Marsh*, belonged to the very learned *Golius*, who has written notes in the margins with a black pencil.

† *Marsh.* 454. *Golius* has written the following title to this book: Imperii Osmanici ‡ Canon, continens quæ et quibus stipendia soluta fuerint, imperante AHMEDE: unde patet quæ sit imperii illius potentia, TURCICE, ex autographo imperiali descriptum.

‡ In Turkish قانون

sca,

sea, with the daily and yearly expences of supporting them, as they were established in the reign of *Ahmed the First*, at the opening of the last century: the second part contains an enumeration of all the *Othman* subjects in *Europe* and *Asia*, who hold their estates by a military tenure; with the exact number of soldiers that each province and district can produce. As this register was copied from an original in the imperial treasury, there can be no doubt of its authenticity. But the best *modern histories of the Turks* are those printed by *Ibrahim*, in the middle of the present century, which, together with several other fruits of that printer's industry, were brought from *Constantinople*, by a late excellent ambassador, and presented to the *Royal Society*, in whose library they are preserved.

The most agreeable of them is called

by

by the florid title of *Gulsheni Kholafa**, or *the Rose-garden of the Califs*, and comprises,

* In Turkish گلشن خلفا

The author of this fine work was نظمي افندي زاده

Nazmi Zada Efendi, who seems to have been in high favour with the *Ulema*, or *Lawyers* and *Ecclesiastics* of his age. The *Mufti*, and the two *Chief Justices* of *Asia* and *Europe*, wrote the most profuse encomiums of it, which are prefixed to the book. That of the *Mufti* has something so ridiculously bombast in it, that the reader will perhaps be pleased to see it literally translated, as it will give him an idea of the flowery style of the *Asiatics* :—

بو مجلد شريف ومجموع لطيف مزكر و قايع
سابقه وباعث حوادث لاحقه او لوب يناييع
عباراتندن جريان ايدن زلال معاني ومراع
تعبيراتندن سربرآورده اولان ازهار مباني مجاهدان
دين ودولتك آب رويي ومرابطان جهاداندیشه
تك كل خوشبويي اولمغله لايق انظار ذوي
الاعتبار وسزاوار مطالعهٔ اولي الابصار اولمشدر*

As

prises, in a thin volume in folio, a very elegant history of the *Turkish* nation, from the Califs of the house of *Abbas*, one of whom imprudently established a militia of young *Turks*, to the year of CHRIST 1717, when *Ahmed the Second* sat on the *Othman* throne.

The next is *an History of the Turkish Empire*, from the year 1591, by *Naîma** ; it is printed in two large volumes, and the continuation of it by *Rashed Efendi*† fills two more; the fifth volume was added by another hand, and brings it down to 1728,

As this noble volume and elegant compilation records past events, and lays open the causes of succeeding transactions; the pure stream of sense, that flows from the springs of its expressions, and the flowers of perspicuity, that arise from the borders of its rhetoric, together with the splendour of those chiefs, who fought for the faith and the empire, and the fragrant roses of the fame of those valiant heroes, are worthy of the attention of all intelligent men, and deserve the inspection of the discerning reader.

* In Turkish نعيما † راشد افندي

two

two years before the rebellion, and the deposition of Sultan *Ahmed*. This excellent work contains a narrative of all the memorable events that happened in the dominions of the Sultan, *for a period of above an hundred and thirty years;* the embassies from all foreign powers, among whom the *English* are mentioned with regard; the reigns of eleven *Othman* emperors, from the death of *Morád III.* to the last great sedition at *Constantinople;* the lives and characters of the most eminent visiers, and learned men, who flourished in those reigns; together with a view of the affairs of *Asia*, and even of *Europe*, according to the notion that the *Turks* have of them; which may serve to show how far their intelligence reaches, and in what light they consider the genius, manners, and influence of the *Christian world;* we must not be disgusted at their false and absurd opinions concerning us; since

since the less they know of our counsels and interests, and even the less respect they have for us, the greater advantage we shall obtain in our transactions with them; and the less they are apprised of our real force, the fewer provisions will they have made against it, whenever we shall chuse to exert it. For my part, I cannot help thinking, that a juster notion of the government, laws, and policy of the *Turks*, may be formed by an attentive perusal of *Naîma's History*, than can be acquired from all the relations of our *European* travellers; and that a single volume of it, accurately translated, would be more useful to us, than the vast collections of *Rycaut* and *Knolles*, to which, however, I readily allow the praise that they deserve.

It may reasonably be supposed, that having drawn my materials from these plentiful sources, I mean to present the public with a *complete history of the Turks;*

but

but I reflected, that among the numerous events which must be recorded in the *general history* of any nation, there are very few which seem capable of yielding either pleasure or instruction to a judicious reader, who desires to be acquainted with past transactions, not because they have happened, but because he hopes to derive from them some useful lesson, for the conduct of his life. It seemed, therefore, more respectful to the public, and it was far more agreeable to my own inclination, to trace out, in the form of an essay, the great *outlines only* of the *Turkish history*, leaving all its minuter parts to be coloured by some abler pencil, and perhaps the most interesting of them to be filled up by my rough crayon, as some future occasion, or greater leisure may invite me. Whatever then be the fate of my performance, I have a claim in one instance to the indulgence of my reader,

reader, by having spared him the trouble of running over all the *idle fables*, and even the *dull truths*, with which my originals abound, and which I have suppressed in great number; since both of them are, in my opinion, highly disgraceful to an historical piece, in which *nothing should be written that is fabulous, nor any thing, how true soever it may be, but what deserves to be read**.

As to the nature of my piece, though I have intitled it *an Essay on the History of the Turks;* yet, from the age of *Elizabeth* to the present century, *the history of our Trade to the Levant* is interwoven with it, and a few hints are respectfully offered for its improvement; an object of the highest importance to the whole nation. The part which relates to *the Causes*

* Three pages of the original are here omitted, as it appears by a manuscript note, that it was intended to alter them.

of the rise and decline of the Turkish Empire was written after the model of *M. de Montesquieu's Considerations on the greatness of the Romans;* nor am I under any apprehension of being censured for imitating so excellent a pattern, to which I may justly apply the words of *Cicero* :— "*Demosthenem imitemur. O Dii boni! quid ergo nos aliud agimus, aut quid aliud optamus? at non assequimur.*"

APPENDIX.

THE following pages contain some compositions of Sir William Jones, which have not been printed. The *first*, a little Essay on the Grecian Orators, was written at the University, and exhibits an elegant specimen of his early talents in the composition of Latin; more of the same kind might be added, but the curiosity of the reader on this subject, may be gratified by a reference to the second volume of Sir William Jones's Works. The reader will observe the connection between the Essay now presented to him, and the quotation which concludes the *Preliminary Discourse* in the preceding page.

The *second* is an Italian composition, written by Sir William Jones when he was studying

studying that language; and I rely upon the judgment of a native of Italy, who has pronounced it classical and elegant. The *third* exhibits a curious specimen of the *form* and *measure* of a Persian Ode of Jami, and on this account it is inserted. The *fourth*, a song from the Persian, is in the *measure* of the original, and will not be thought deficient in beauty. The remaining compositions require no particular observation.

For want of a fitter opportunity, I here transcribe from the writing of Sir William Jones, the following lines:

Bahman (a native of Yezd, and follower of the doctrines of Zoroaster) repeated this morning four glorious and pious verses, which ought to be engraven on every heart:—

VERSES.

Make the worship of the Great Giver habitual.
Reflect maturely on the day of thy departure.
Fear God, and do no wrong to man.
This is the way to salvation, and this is enough.

No. I.

DE GRÆCIS ORATORIBUS.

Cùm id potissimùm dicendi studiosis adolescentibus præcipi soleat, ut unum è summis oratoribus deligant, quem totâ mente, tanquam pictores, intueantur, et quem labore maximo imitentur; cùm verò studioso cuivis perdifficile sit oratorem deligere, cui similis esse aut velit aut debeat, visum est mihi pauca de Græcis oratoribus disserere, interque eos præcipuè de DEMOSTHENE, quem nemo est, opinor, qui non imitari cupiat, nemo qui eximias ejus virtutes imitando se assequi posse confidat; sed *prima appetenti*, ut pulchrè ait Cicero, honestum est in *secundis* vel tertiis consistere.

De oratoribus autem, qui *Athenis* floruerunt, tractaturus, vereor ut *Lysiam* et *Isocratem*, in eorum numero possim reponere, quos

quos magis *politè scribendi*, quàm *diserlè dicendi*, palmam consecutos esse puto, magis *elegantiæ* laude fuisse insignes, quàm eloquentiæ gloriâ. Is enim, qui sive pudore, sive imbecillitate deterritus, in arma nunquam prodeat, sed in ludo solùm oratiunculas scriptitet, utcunque eæ subtiles sint atque eruditæ, *scriptor* quidem venustus ac diligens dici potest, sed quomodo *orator* appellandus sit non video.

Alii tamen complures, quorum orationes ad nos pervenerunt, non in pompâ et gymnasio, sed in ipsâ acie habitæ, *eloquentes* verè nominantur; inter quos, acumine *Dinarchus* præstitisse videtur, vi ac lepore *Demades*, gravitate *Lycurgus*, sonitu *Æschines* et splendore dictionis; sed hæ dicendi virtutes in *Demosthene* uno omnes reperiuntur; gravis idem fuit ac subtilis, vim habuit paritèr et splendorem; nec lepos sanè illi defuit, licèt plerique alitèr

 sentiant,

sentiant, sed elatus, minax, et sui proprius.

Illum igitur unicuique vestrûm, qui legum et eloquentiæ studio incenditur, propono, quem in primis miremini, quem imitemini summo studio, cujus orationes non perlegatis solùm, sed patrio sermone reddatis, sed memoritèr recitetis; ea vos exercitatio diligentèr continuata, tales et verborum oratores, et actores rerum efficiet, qualis apud *Athenienses*, præter ipsum DEMOSTHENEM nemo fuit.

No. II.

TERZETTI.

Già rosseggiava intorno all' orizzonte
Dolce color d'oriental rubini,
E innanzi al biondo padre di Fetonte
Spargea l'Aurora rose e gelsomini:
Cantando a gara amorosetti lai
Sen gian di ramo in ramo gli augellini,
Quando presso al ruscel così cantai:
" Abi, Ninfa mia ritrosa e vezzosetta,
La prima ond'io m'accesi e m'infiammai,

Quando

Quando ti vidi pria sopra l'erbetta,
Pien di viole e di ligustri il grembo,
Tessendo un' amorosa ghirlandetta,
Sedevi, oimè ! sotto un soave nembo
Di rose, e la tua mano alabastrina
Sostenea di tua gonna il ricco lembo,
E sulla mano era la guancia inchina,
Qual fior che pende sul nativo stelo,
Che imbianca, o gelo o pioggia cristallina.
Scendesti allor cred' io dal terzo cielo
Per ingannar gl' incauti e rozzi petti ;
O la sorella del gran Dio di Delo,
O colei fosti che ne' boschi eletti
Di Cipro e Pafo per Adon sospira.
Dacchè mirai tuoi risi leggiadretti,
Rauco era il suon di canna e flauto e lira
Nè piacque più l'usata compagnia.
Or ogni pastorella che mi mira
Si burla della mia malinconia ;
Chè fra romiti monti, e sopra il sasso
Sempre sfogando vo' l'ambascia mia ;
Ed erro, non so dove passo passo,
Piangendo sì, che da sua stanza nera
Eco risponde a' miei singulti : Ahi lasso !
Ah, se mai mi darà la donna altera
Soavi baci, o quel che più desio,
Allor allor con voce lusinghiera
Canterò lietamente il fausto Dio
D'amore : Amor risponderanno i colli :
Vedranno i vezzi nostri, e'l gaudio mio
I cespugli fioriti e gli antri molli.

IMITATIONS.

Line 2. Dolce color, &c.

Dolce color, d'oriental zaffiro
Che s'accoglieva nel sereno aspetto
Dell' aer puro. Dante, Par. c. 1.

Line 5. Cantando a gara, &c.

Odi quel rusignolo
Che va di ramo in ramo
Cantando; Io amo, io amo. Tasso Am. at. i. S. 1.

Line 13. Sedevi oimè, &c.

Da' be' rami scendea
Dolce nella memoria,
Una pioggia di fior sopra'l suo grembo;
Ed ella si sedea
Umile in tanta gloria
Coverta già dell' amoroso nembo;
Qual fior cadea sul lembo,
Qual su le treccie bionde
Ch'oro forbito e perle
Eran quel dì a vederle:
Qual si posava in terra, e qual su l'onde;
Qual con un vago errore
Girando, parea dir; "qui regna Amore."
Pet. par. 1. Can. 14.*

Line 35. Soavi baci, &c.

Ella mi seque
Dar promettendo a chi m'insegna a lei
O dolci baci, o cosa altra più cara.
Tasso Am. Prologo.

* Sir William Jones has given a beautiful translation of this passage of Petrarch. See Works, vol. iv. p. 456.

No.

No. III.

An ODE of JAMI,

In the Persian *form* and *measure*.

How sweet the gale of morning breathes! Sweet news of my *delight* he brings;
News, that the rose will soon approach the tuneful bird of *night*, he brings.
Soon will a thousand parted souls be led, his captives, through the sky,
Since tidings, which in every heart must ardent flames *excite*, he brings.
Late near my charmer's flowing robe he pass'd, and kiss'd the fragrant hem;
Thence, odour to the rose bud's veil, and jasmine's mantle *white*, he brings.
Painful is absence, and that pain to some base rival oft is ow'd;
Thou know'st, dear maid! when to thine ear false tales, contriv'd in *spite*, he brings.
Why should I trace love's mazy path, since destiny my bliss forbids?
Black destiny! my lot is woe, to me no ray of *light* he brings.
In vain, a friend his mind disturbs, in vain a childish trouble gives,
When sage physician to the couch, of heartsick love-lorn *wight*, he brings;
A roving stranger in thy town no guidance can sad Jami find,
Till this his name, and rambling lay to thine all-piercing *sight* he brings.

No.

No. IV.

A SONG, from the PERSIAN, paraphrased in the measure of the original.

1.

SWEET as the rose that scents the gale,
Bright as the lily of the vale,
Yet with a heart like summer hail,
Marring each beauty thou bearest.

2.

Beauty like thine, all nature thrills;
And when the Moon her circle fills,
Pale she beholds those rounder hills,
Which on the breast thou wearest.

3.

Where could those peerless flowrets blow?
Whence are the thorns that near them grow?
Wound me, but smile, O lovely foe,
Smile on the heart thou tearest.

4.

Sighing, I view that cypress waist,
Doom'd to afflict me till embrac'd;
Sighing, I view that eye too chaste,
Like the new blossom smiling.

5.

Spreading thy toils with hands divine,
Softly thou wavest like a pine,
Darting thy shafts at hearts like mine,
Senses, and soul beguiling.

6.

See at thy feet no vulgar slave,
Frantic, with love's enchanting wave,
Thee, ere he seek the gloomy grave,
Thee, his blest idol styling.

Lady Jones having been exposed to some danger in an evening walk over the plains of Plassey, Sir William almost immediately wrote the following stanzas:

No. V.

PLASSEY-PLAIN*,

A BALLAD, addressed to Lady JONES, by her Husband.

Aug. 3, 1784.

'Tis not of Jâfer, nor of Clive,
On Plassey's glorious field I sing;
'Tis of the best good girl alive,
Which most will deem a prettier thing.

The Sun, in gaudy palanqueen,
Curtain'd with purple, fring'd with gold,
Firing no more heav'n's vault serene,
Retir'd to sup with Ganges old.

When Anna, to her bard long dear,
(Who lov'd not Anna on the banks
Of Elwy swift, or Testa clear?)
Tripp'd thro' the palm grove's verdant ranks.

Where thou, blood-thirsty *Subahdár*,
Wast wont thy kindred beasts to chase,
Till Britain's vengeful hounds of war,
Chas'd thee to that well-destin'd place.

* It can scarcely be necessary to recall to the recollection of the reader, the victory gained by Lord Clive, over Seraj'uddoula, Subahdár or Viceroy of Bengal, on Plassey Plain.

She

She knew what monsters rang'd the brake,
Stain'd like thyself with human gore,
The hooded, and the necklac'd snake,
The tiger huge, and tusked boar.

To worth, and innocence approv'd,
E'en monsters of the brake are friends:
Thus o'er the plain at ease she mov'd:—
Who fears offence that ne'er offends?

Wild perroquets first silence broke,
Eager of dangers near to prate;
But they in English never spoke,
And she began her moors * of late.

Next, patient dromedaries stalk'd,
And wish'd her speech to understand;
But Arabic, was all they talk'd;—
Oh, had her Arab been at hand!

A serpent dire, of size minute,
With necklace brown, and freckled side,
Then hasten'd from her path to shoot,
And o'er the narrow causey glide.

Three elephants, to warn her, call,
But they no western tongue could speak;
Tho' once, at Philobiblian stall,
Fame says, a brother jabber'd Greek.

Superfluous was their friendly zeal;
For what has conscious truth to fear?
Fierce boars her pow'rful influence feel,
Mad buffaloes, or furious deer.

* A common expression for the Hindustanee, or vernacular language of India.

E'en

E'en tigers, never aw'd before,
And panting for so rare a food,
She dauntless heard around her roar,
While they the jackals vile pursued.

No wonder since, on Elfin Land,
Prais'd in sweet verse by bards adept,
A lion vast was known to stand,
Fair virtue's guard, while UNA slept.

Yet oh! had ONE her perils known,
(Tho' all the lions in all space
Made her security their own)
He ne'er had found a resting place.

No. VI.

On seeing Miss * ride by him, without knowing her.**

Cardigan, August 14, 1780.

So lightly glanc'd she o'er the lawn,
So lightly through the vale,
That not more swiftly bounds the fawn,
In Sidon's palmy dale.

Full well her bright-hair'd courser knew,
How sweet a charge he bore,
And proudly shook the tassels blue,
That on his neck he wore.

Her vest, with liveliest tincture glow'd,
That Summer-blossoms wear,
And wanton down her shoulders flow'd,
Her hyacinthine hair.

Zephyr

Zephyr in play had loos'd the string,
And with it laughing flown,
Diffusing from his dewy wing,
A fragrance not his own.

Her shape was like the slender pine,
With vernal buds array'd,
O heav'n! what rapture would be mine,
To slumber in its shade.

Her cheeks—one rose had *Strephon* seen,
But dazzled with the sight,
At distance view'd her nymph-like mien,
And *fainted with delight.*

He thought *Diana* from the chace,
Was hastening to her bow'r;
For more than mortal seem'd a face,
Of such resistless pow'r.

Actæon's fatal change he fear'd,
And trembled at the breeze;
High antlers had his fancy rear'd,
And quiv'ring sunk his knees.

He well might err—that morn confess'd,
The queen with silver beam,
Shone forth, and *Sylvia* thus address'd,
By Tivy's azure stream:

"Let us this day our robes exchange;
"Bind on my waxing moon;
"Then through yon woods at pleasure range,
"And shun the sultry noon."

"Whilst

" Whilst I at Cardigan prepare
" Gay stores of silk and lace,
" Like thine, will seem my flowing hair,
" Like thine, my heav'nly grace.

" My brother Phœbus lost his heart
" When first he view'd thy charms,
" And would this day, with dang'rous art,
" Allure thee to his arms.

" But Cynthia, friend to virgins fair,
" Thy steps will ever guide,
" Protect thee from th' enchanting snare,
" And o'er thy heart preside.

" In vain his wiles he shall essay,
" And touch his golden lyre;
" Then to the skies shall wing his way,
" With pale, yet raging fire.

" Should he with lies traduce the fair,
" And boast how oft he kiss'd her,
" The gods shall laugh while I declare,
" He flirted with his sister."

No. VII.

Au FIRMAMENT.

" Would I were yon blue field above,
(Said Plato, warbling am'rous lays)
" That with ten thousand eyes of love,
" On thee for ever I might gaze."

My

My purer love the wish disclaims,
For were I, like Tiresias, blind,
Still should I glow with heavenly flames,
And gaze with rapture on thy mind.

No. VIII.

S O N G.

Wake, ye nightingales, oh, wake!
Can ye, idlers, sleep so long?
Quickly this dull silence break;
Burst enraptur'd into song:
Shake your plumes, your eyes unclose,
No pretext for more repose.

Tell me not, that Winter drear
Still delays your promis'd tale,
That no blossoms yet appear,
Save the snow-drop in the dale:
Tell me not the woods are bare;—
Vain excuse! prepare! prepare!

View the hillocks, view the meads:
All are verdant, all are gay;
Julia comes, and with her leads
Health, and Youth, and blooming May.
When she smiles, fresh roses blow;
Where she treads, fresh lilies grow.

Hail! ye groves of Bagley, hail!
Fear no more the chilling air:
Can your beauties ever fail?
Julia has pronounc'd you fair.
She could cheer a cavern's gloom,
She could make a desert bloom.

Amongst

Amongst the manuscript papers of Sir William Jones, written in Bengal, I find the delineation of the plan of a Tragedy on the story of SOHRAB, a Persian hero, who acts a short, but conspicuous part in the heroic poem of Ferdûsi, the Homer of Persia. The story in the original, is in substance as follows:

RUSTUM, the hero of Oriental Romance, was married to *Tahmina*, the daughter of the king of *Summungan*, a city on the confines of Tartary. He left her in a state of pregnancy, giving her a bracelet, which, in the event of the birth of a child, she was to bind on its arm. She was delivered of a *son*. *Tahmina*, apprehensive that *Rustum* would deprive her of him, informed him, that she had a daughter, and *Rustum* entertained no suspicion of the deceit. *Sohrâb* inherited the heroic spirit of his father, whom when he grew up he was most anxious to see, and when he had attained

attained the age of puberty, he formed a plan for attacking KAOOS, the king of Persia, in the declared intention of depriving him of his crown, and placing it on the head of *Rustum*.

AFRASIAB, the sovereign of Tartary, who was apprised of the parentage of *Sohrâb*, eagerly seconded the views of the youth, as a long hereditary enmity had subsisted between the two monarchs of Persia and Tartary. He accordingly offered to furnish *Sohrâb* with an army, sending with it, at the same time, two generals, on whom he relied, with secret instructions to prevent the discovery of *Rustum* by *Sohrâb*, and to endeavour to bring them to a single combat, hoping that the youthful vigour of *Sohrâb* would overcome *Rustum*, and pave the way to the conquest of Persia. After the death of *Rustum*, he proposed to destroy *Sohrâb* by treachery. This insidious scheme succeeded

ceeded in part. *Sohrâb*, with the Tartarian army invaded Persia, and was opposed by the Persian troops, whom he defeated in several engagements. The anxious endeavours of *Sohrâb*, to discover his father, were frustrated by the falsehood and treachery of the generals of *Afrasiab*, and the two heroes met in battle without knowing each other, although *Sohrâb* suspected his antagonist to be *Rustum*, and even mentioned his suspicion to him, which *Rustum* denied. The two warriors engaged in single combat three times; on the second day, *Sohrâb* had the advantage, and *Rustum* saved his life by artifice; on the third, the strength and skill of *Rustum* prevailed, and he seized the opportunity by plunging his dagger in the breast of his son, who, before he expired, discovered himself to his father, and was recognized by him. The distress of *Sohrâb*, the affliction of *Rustum*, increased to

agony by the sight of the bracelet, which he had presented to *Tahmina*, on the arm of *Sohrâb*, and afterwards exasperated to madness by the refusal of KAOOS, to supply him with a remedy which he possessed of infallible efficacy, and the inconsolable anguish of *Tahmina* on learning the death of her son, are described by *Ferdusi*, with great beauty and pathos; and the whole story forms one of the most affecting and poetical incidents in the Shahnameh.

I wish it were in my power to gratify the reader with a translation of it, but I want both time and abilities for the task. I shall, however, venture to present him with the version of a few lines, which *Ferdusi* puts into the mouth of *Sohrâb*, immediately after he had received the fatal wound, describing the mode in which the two heroes discovered each other; the passage (in the original at least) is neither deficient in merit nor interest.

To

To find a father only known by name,
Wretch that I am, I sought the field of fame.
Vain hope! thy hand has seal'd a mother's woes;
On the cold sod, my head must now repose.
Yet, hero! deem not unreveng'd I bleed,
Paternal vengeance marks thy ruthless deed.
No! couldst thou quit this earth, and viewless trace,
On airy pinions borne, the realms of space,
Or like a fish, the ocean's depths pervade,
Or like the night, involve thy form in shade
My sire, pursuing, shall revenge my death.
"What sire?" the victor cries; with fault'ring breath,
"RUSTUM!" (the youth rejoins) "*Tahmina* fair,
"My spotless mother, nam'd me *Rustum*'s heir."

The plan of the proposed Tragedy, appears to have been frequently revised and corrected; the business of each act is detailed, but after all, it is too imperfect for publication. From the introduction of a chorus of Persian Sages or Magi, it may be inferred, that Sir William Jones proposed writing it, after the model of the Greek tragedy, and he certainly intended to observe a strict adherence to the costume of the age and country, in which the

the events of his Tragedy were supposed to have occurred.

The following Epode, is the only part of the composition sufficiently complete for the reader's perusal.

EPODE.

What pow'r, beyond all pow'rs elate,
Sustains this universal frame?
'Tis not nature, 'tis not fate,
'Tis not the dance of atoms blind,
Etherial space, or subtile flame;
No; 'tis one vast eternal mind,
Too sacred for an earthly name.
He forms, pervades, directs the whole;
Not like the macrocosm's imag'd soul,
But provident of endless good,
By ways nor seen, nor understood,
Which e'en his angels vainly might explore.
High, their highest thoughts above,
Truth, wisdom, justice, mercy, love,
Wrought in his heav'nly essence, blaze and soar.
Mortals, who his glory seek,
Rapt in contemplation meek,
Him fear, him trust, him venerate, him adore.

I annex a *fac-simile* of the writing of Sir William Jones, and I close the volume with

Father and God of Mercy, give me Wisdom, the
assistant of thy Seats: send her from thy
holy heavens, from the seat of thy greatness;
that she may be present with me, and
labour with me, and teach me what
is acceptable to Thee!

with some lines on his death, written by her Grace the Duchess of Devonshire, and inserted at the particular request of Lady Jones.

On the Death of Sir WILLIAM JONES.

Teignmouth, 1795.

Unbounded learning, thoughts by genius fram'd,
To guide the bounteous labours of his pen,
Distinguish'd him, whom kindred sages nam'd,
"The most enlighten'd of the sons of men."*

Upright through life, as in his death resign'd,
His actions spoke a pure and ardent breast;
Faithful to God, and friendly to mankind,
His friends rever'd him, and his country bless'd.

Admir'd and valued in a distant land,
His gentle manners all affection won;
The prostrate Hindu own'd his fostering hand,
And Science mark'd him for her fav'rite son.

Regret and praise the general voice bestows,
And public sorrows with domestic blend;
But deeper yet must be the grief of those,
Who, while the sage they honour'd, lov'd the friend.

* Dr. Johnson.

FINIS.

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